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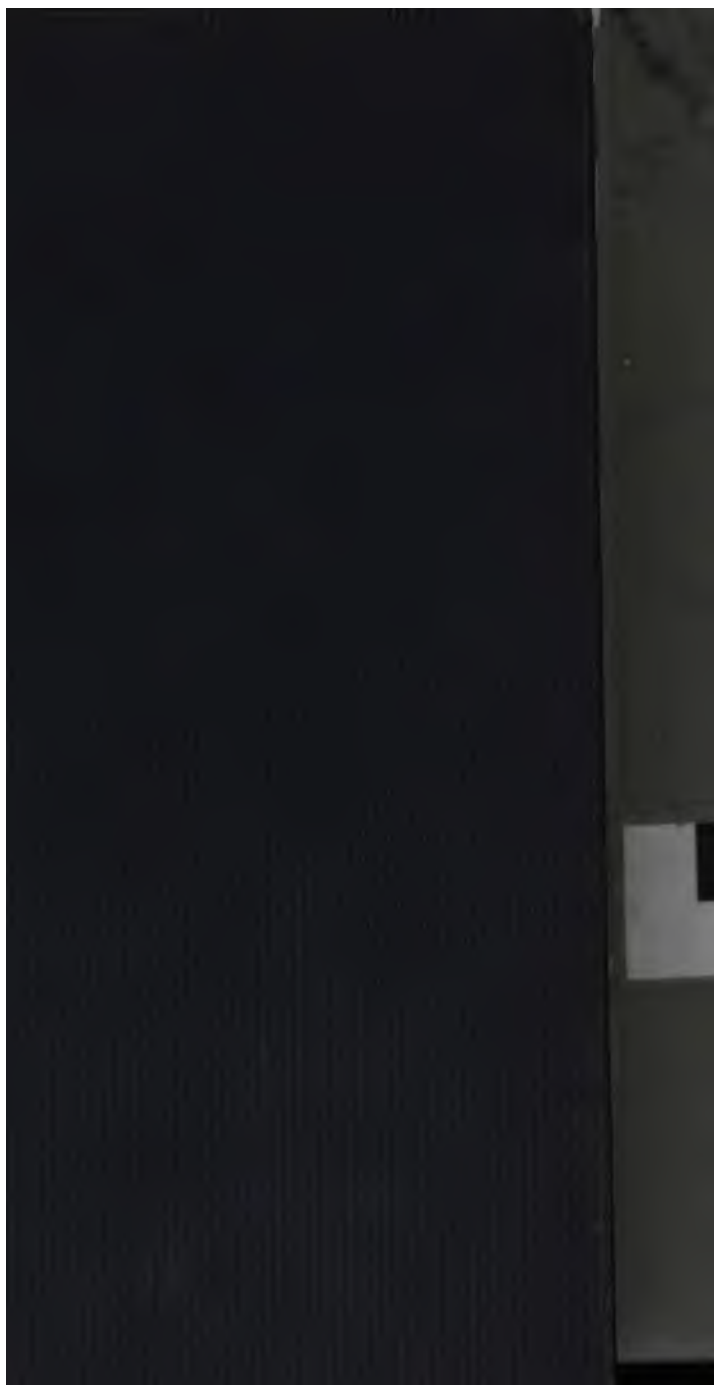
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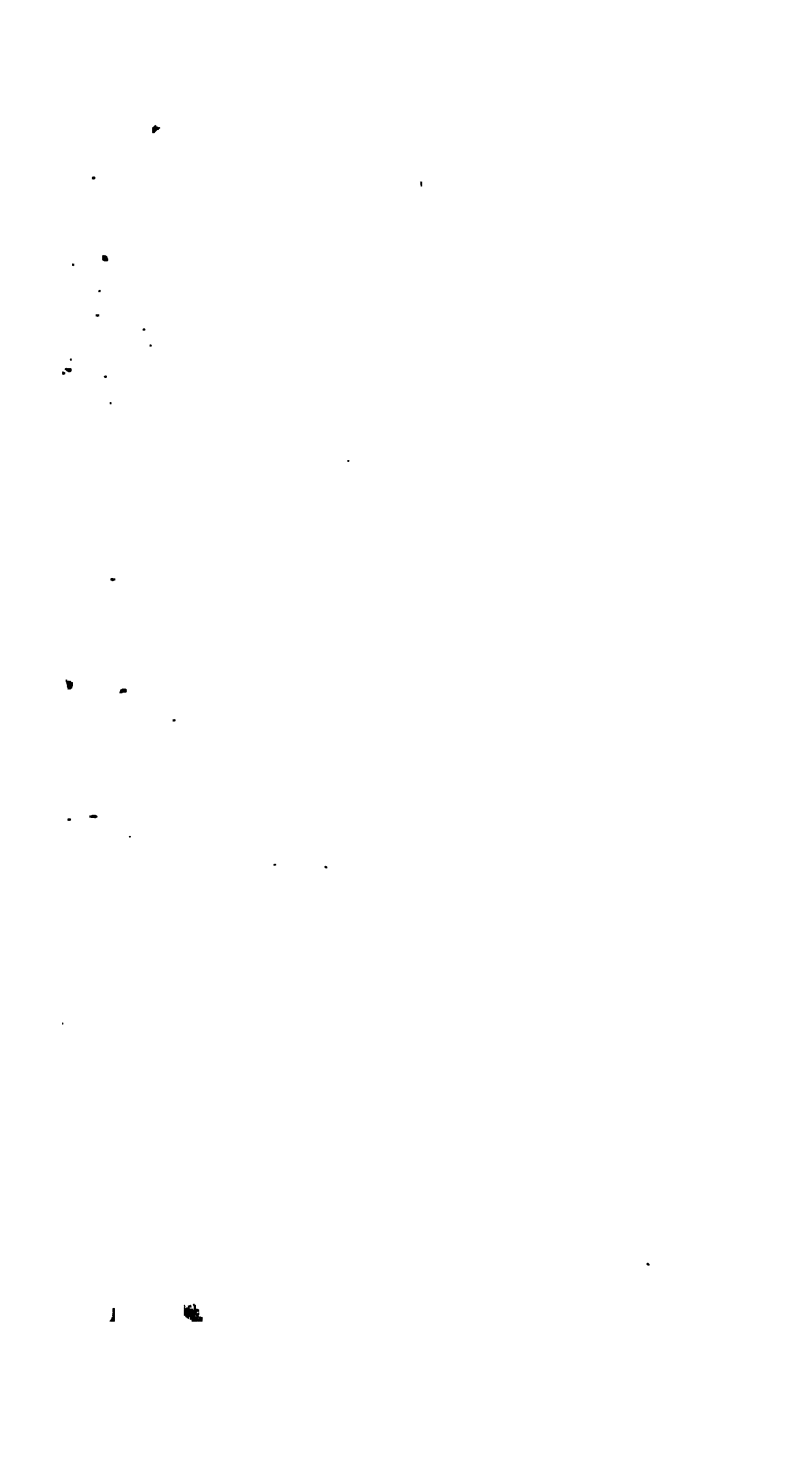
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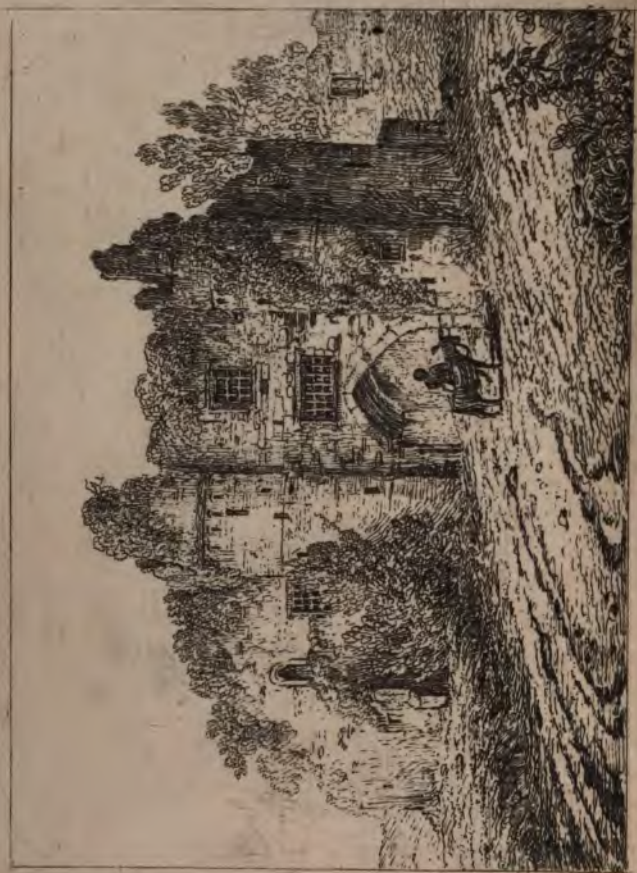
BEGUN IN 1858











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**LEGENDARY,
GOTHIC, AND ROMANTIC**

TALES,
IN VERSE, AND OTHER
ORIGINAL POEMS,
AND
TRANSLATIONS.

BY A NORTHERN MINSTREL.

"Listen to the Tale of other years."

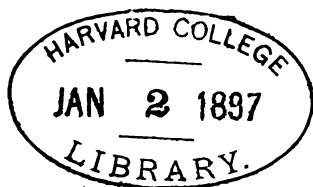
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VOL. I.

SHREWSBURY:
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1825.

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ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

SIR WALTER SCOTT has, with a master's hand, embodied many of the traditionary Tales of the Scottish Border, in the most delightful Poetry.— An unassuming Minstrel has attempted to give poetical locality to some of the hereditary Stories of the Northern Counties of England ; in which form, the publisher trusts that they will be found as pleasing to the reader, as they appeared to the author when related by the peasantry, among whom they have been preserved.

The Publisher imagines, that the interest contained in the following introductory Lines to the Lay of the Last Minstrel by the above mentioned illustrious Poet, will be sufficient apology for their being inserted, as not altogether inapplicable to the present Volumes ; at least every lover of genuine Poetry must consider the book enriched by such an addition.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old ;
His withered cheek, and tresses grey
Seemed to have known a better day ;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy ;

The last of all the bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry.
For, well-a-day ! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead ;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He carolled, light as lark at morn :
No longer courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay :
Old times were changed, old manners gone ;
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne ;
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering Harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door ?
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp, a king had loved to hear.

He passed where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower :
The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye—
No humbler resting-place was nigh.
With hesitating step, at last,
The embattled portal-arch he past,
Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
Had oft roll'd back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.
The Duchess marked his weary pace,
His timid mien, and reverend face,

And bade her page the menials tell,
That they should tend the old man well :
For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree ;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb !

When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride :
And, would the noble Duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain,
Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak
He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,
That, if she loved the harp to hear
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtained ;
The aged Minstrel audience gain'd :
But, when he reached the room of state,
Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
Perchance he wished his boon denied :
For, when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease,
Which marks security to please :
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain –
He tried to tune his harp in vain.
The pitying Duchess, praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time,
Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.
And then, he said, he would full fain
He could recall an ancient strain,
He never thought to sing again

It was not framed for village churls,
But for high dames and mighty carls ;
He had play'd it to King Charles the Good.
When he kept court in Holyrood ;
And much he wished, yet feared, to try
The long forgotten melody.

Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head :
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face, and smiled ;
And lightened up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstasy !
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along ;
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot ;
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost ;—
Each blank, in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied ;
And, while his harp responsive rung,
'Twas thus the NORTHERN MINSTREL sung.

LEGENDARY, GOTHIC AND ROMANTIC

TALES, &c.

THE PLEASURES OF CONTEMPLATION.

QUEEN of the halcyon breast, and heaven-ward eye,
Sweet Contemplation, with thy ray benign
Light my lone passage through the vale of life,
And raise this siege of care : this silent hour
To thee is sacred, when the star of eve,
Like Dian's virgins, trembling near the bath,
Shoots o'er the Hesperian wave its quivering ray.
All nature joins to fill my lab'ring breast
With high sensations : awful silence reigns
Above, around ; the sounding winds no more
Wild through the fluctuating forest fly,
With gust impetuous, zephyrs scarcely breathe
Upon the trembling foliage ; flocks and herds
Retir'd, beneath the friendly shade repose ;
Fann'd by Oblivion's wing. Ah ! is not this ?
This, the dread hour, as ancient fables tell,

2 THE PLEASURES OF CONTEMPLATION.

When flitting spirits, from their prisons broke,
By moonlight glide along the dusky vales,
The solemn church-yard, or the dreary groves,
Fond to revisit their once lov'd abodes,
And view each friendly scene of past delight :
Satyrs and fawns, that in sequestered woods,
And deep embow'ring shades, delight to dwell,
Quitting their caves, where in the reign of day
They slept in silence ; o'er the daisied green
Pursue their gambols, and with printless feet
Chase the fleet shadows, o'er the waving plain :
Dryads and Naiads, from each spring and grove
Trip blithsome o'er the lawns, or near the side
Of mossy fountains, sport in Cynthia's beams.
The fairy elves, attendant on their queen
With light steps bound along the velvet mead,
And leave the green impression of their dance,
In rings mysterious, to the passing swain :
While the pelucid glow worm, kindly lends
Her silyer lamp to light the festive scene.
From yon majestic piles in ruin great,
Whose lofty towers, once on approaching foes
Look'd stern defiance ; the sad bird of night,
In mournful accent to the moon complains.
Those tow'rs, with venerable ivy crown'd,
And mould'ring into ruin ; yield no more
A safe retirement to the hostile band ;
But there the lonely bat, that shuns the day,
Dwells in dull solitude ; and screaming thence
Wheels the night raven, shrill with hideous notes,

Portending death to the dejected swain.
Each plant and flow'ret, bath'd in evening dews,
Exhal'd refreshing sweets, from the smooth lake,
On whose still bosom sleeps the tall trees shade,
The moon's soft ray, reflected, mildly shines.
Now, tow'ring fancy takes her airy flight
Without restraint, and leaves this earth behind;
From pole to pole, from world to world she flies,
Rocks, seas, nor skies can intercept her course :
Is this what man, to thought estrang'd, miscals
Despondence ? this dull melancholy's scene,
To trace th' Eternal Cause thro' all his works,
Minutely and magnificently wise :
Mark the gradations which thro' nature's plan,
Join each to each, and form the vast design ;
And tho' day's glorious guide withdraws his beams
Impartial, cheering other skies and shores,
Rich intellect, that scorns corporeal bands,
With more than mid-day radiance gilds the scene,
Roves unrestrain'd thro' the wide realms of space,
Where, thought stupendous, systems infinite,
In regular confusion taught to move,
Like gems, bespangle yon ethereal plains.
Ye sons of pleasure, and ye foes to thought,
Who search for bliss in the capacious bowl,
And blindly woo intemperance for joy,
Durst ye retire, hold converse with yourselves,
And in the silent hours of darkness, court
Kind contemplation, with her peaceful train ;
How would the minutes dance on downy feet ?

4 THE PLEASURES OF CONTEMPLATION.

And unperceiv'd the midnight taper waste,
While intellectual pleasure reign'd supreme.
Ye Muses, Graces, Virtue, heav'n-born maid,
Who love in peaceful solitude to dwell,
With meek ey'd innocence, and radiant truth,
And blushing modesty that frighted flies
The dark intrigue, and midnight masquerade :
What is this pleasure that enchants mankind ?
'Tis noise, 'tis toil, 'tis frenzy ; like the cup
Of Circe, fam'd of old, who tastes it find
Th' eternal spark divine, to brute transform'd.
And now methinks I hear the libertine,
With supercilious leer, cry, preach no more,
Your musty morals, hence to deserts fly,
And in the gloom of solitary caves,
Austerely dwells, What's life, debarr'd from joy ?
Crown, then the bowl, let music lend her aid,
And beauty her's to sooth my wayward cares.
Ah ! little does he know ! the nymph he styles
A foe to pleasure, pleasure is not more
His aim than her's, with him she joins to blame
The hermit's gloom, and savage penances,
Each social joy approves : Oh ! without thee,
The page of fancy would no longer charm,
And solitude disgust e'en pensive minds,
Nought I condemn, but that excess which clouds
The mental faculties, to sooth the sense ;
Let reason, truth and virtue guide thy steps,
And ev'ry blessing heaven bestows, be thine.

MICHAEL SCOTT.

A LEGENDARY TALE.

THE ARGUMENT.

MICHAEL SCOTT, so famous in the border Legends, was a Monk of the Cistercian order, who flourished in the thirteenth century; according to common report he was a native of Tor-diff, near Annan, in Dumfriesshire. There is a strange emulation that exists to this day betwixt the border counties of England and Scotland, who equally lay claim to, and boast of his being a resident with them; perhaps they are both in the right and both in the wrong, for as the kingdom of Scotland continued to do homage to that of England for the county of Cumberland till the reign of John Baliol, and as Scott was Lord Abbot of the abbey of Holmcultrum, in that county, and his residence alternately at Wolstey Castle on the English Border, and Melross Abbey, in Scotland.

The inhabitants of both countries may with equal propriety challenge this great man. He seems to have been equally illustrious as a scholar and a statesman; he was profoundly skilled in mathematics, and was a professor of astrology to the then Emperor of Germany; it is undoubtedly owing to his pretended skill in this latter science that he afterwards acquired such a reputation for his knowledge in the art of necromancy. Be it as it will, he translated the works of Aristotle, from the Greek of Avicinas. Demster, a famous old Scottish dogrel poet and historian, tells us, that there

were many books of Scott's in his day, at Melrose Abbey, but, that nobody durst open them for fear of the infernal consequences that might ensue, as it was the general opinion of the vulgar, should they pretend to read them, they would by their temerity and inadvertency, in all probability, raise the devil : and as they knew of no method of conjuring him down again, they thought he might make bad work, so wisely thought it best, to let him stay where he was. Now, as it was likely that Scott's books were written in the Greek character ; or else were mathematical works, which being filled with angles and circles, —things, which they could not possibly understand, it was very natural for the common people to pronounce the whole, nothing less than a body of magic ; indeed, Camden, in his *Brittania*, says, that there were several books of his, at Wolstey Castle, at the time when he visited Cumberland ; but they were then in such a state of decay, as to render it impossible to open them, or make any thing of them. Marvellous, as numerous, are the legends reported of him ; the principal opinion of him amongst the vulgar people was, that he had the devil as his humble servant, and indeed it must be confessed, that his infernal majesty had but a sorry service under him, when we consider the odd sort of employment he frequently set him about,

There are a number of bridges and ancient causeways, which he compelled him to make ; a sad sort of drudgery for a being of his dignity ; even churches, one of which at a place called Bolton, in Cumberland, he caused him to build in a single night, which must have been a very unpleasant, and even unreasonable task, to impose on a devil of any spirit. As Beelzebub, under certain conditions, had engaged to serve him, no doubt, for a limited term of years, and readily to perform whatever he might desire of him ; it had been stipulated, if ever an occurrence happened, when Michael could not find him a job, Lucifer should then be at liberty to pursue his own course ; hence it is reported, that at one time, ~~nothing~~ of any considerable importance to do,

set him to work, to make some cables out of sea-sand; the poor devil, who was bound to comply, fell to work, and twisted, and twined, and foamed, and sweat, but there was so little texture or tenuity in his materials, that he could make nothing of it, he therefore very humbly begged, that Michael would have the lenity to let him mix a little chaff with the sand; but the other, who was well aware of the devil's sly tricks, would not trust him, well knowing, that should he find an opportunity to slip from his engagement, he would never be able to command him again.

A certain old woman, who lived in Scott's neighbourhood, had long had the reputation of being a witch; Michael, therefore, one day called at her house, and questioned her very closely, on the mysteries of her profession, but the sagacious sybil, very cautiously denied all knowledge of the necromantic art; it happened however, in the course of their conversation, that the wizard had inadvertantly laid his stick, or conjuring rod on the table, which the old woman observing, hastily snatched up, and immediately proceeded to experiment its influential powers on the incantious Michael, who was in an instant transformed into a hare: in this metamorphosis he was as instantly pursued by his own greyhounds, who then happened to be attending. The conjurer had a hard race with them, who pursued him very closely, and he was at last compelled to take shelter in a common sewer, before he could get an opportunity of repelling the incantation, and escaping from the murderous jaws of his pursuers. Scott, however, was determined to be revenged on the old witch, for this outrage, and accordingly sent his servant to her house, to desire her to give him something to eat; at the same time giving him proper instructions how to proceed, in case of a refusal. The old woman as was expected, declined to give him anything on which, the man went out, and stuck a written charm, which he had with him for the purpose, in the eaves of the house, upon which, the old woman, instead of following her

occupation, which was that of baking bread for the reapers, began to sing and dance round the house ; the husband, who was in the field, wondering the dinner was so long in coming, sent the reapers one by one, to see what was the occasion of such delay. These successively reached the house, joined with their frantic mistress in dancing and singing about the ingle. The good man, whose patience was, at last, exhausted, determined to go in person, to know the reason of such a proceeding. On his arrival near his habitation, he was soon aware of what was to do, but not caring to mingle with the merry multitude, he contented himself with looking in at the window, where he beheld his servants, like a set of madmen, dragging his wife about, in the midst of them, and not unfrequently through the midst of the fire, (which was according to custom, in the middle of the floor) capering and dancing, and singing the following rhyme,

“Maister Michael Scott’s mon,

“Wanted meat, and got none!”

The farmer was not long in guessing, that Michael had been the author of the mischievous vagary, and immediately posting away to his house, desired him, in the most submissive manner, to remove the incantation, which Scott very cautiously consented to do, by telling him where the charm was laid which he was to take down, and walk backwards into the house, on which the spell was ended.

It is said that at one time, Scott, who had a great partiality for the town of Kelso, was very desirous of making it a seaport, and for that purpose applied to his faithful agent, the devil, to bring the tide up to that place, although it is more than twenty-four miles from the sea ; to this Lucifer conditionally consented, and ordered that Scott’s servant should go on horseback, on the banks of the Tweed, and that the tide should follow him, as far as he proceeded without looking back, but the poor fellow, actuated by a curiosity, somewhat, per-

haps, like that of Orpheus to behold his restored Eurydice, or may be like that of Lot's wife, to view the destruction of her beloved Sodom, incautiously peeped over his shoulder, to see how things were carrying on, on which, the tide stopped, and has never come any farther even until this day.

It happened one time, that Scott, like Sampson of old, had, very unthinkingly told his concubine, (for it seems, according to tradition, that he kept one) that in consequence of his mixed skill, in pharmacy and magic, that there was no bone or poison in nature, that could have any effect on his stomach, except it were the broth made from the belly of a new breasted sow. She, perhaps, inflamed by a spirit, but too common to women of her character, immediately determined to make proof of the experiment, and the unhappy wizard, as it is said, fell a victim to her incontinence and cruelty, but not till he had taken signal vengeance on his faithless paramour.

Scott, who from his knowledge of futurity, was particularly acquainted with the time of his death; but as common tradition has it, from his profound skill in necromantic lore, was equally sensible, that he should not, as is the common lot of mortals, submit to a perfectly mortal dissolution, had provided by his spells, that after a few day's interment, he should be able to accomplish his own resurrection; with this impression he enjoined his confidential servant not to avow or reveal the place of his interment to any being; but as he knew his attendant was likely to be much pestered by his old acquaintance Lucifer, whom he knew was as well aware as himself, of all these circumstances, and who, it must be acknowledged, had but a sorry servitude under him, desired his servant, in a most particular manner, and under a most solemn engagement, however he might be teased, or however he might be tormented, never to discover to that arch-enemy, the place of his inhumation.

The devil, who was not ignorant of Scott's death, and equally undesirous of being plagued again with such a master,

immediately repaired to the habitation of his own confidant, whom he tormented, and turmoiled, with all that malice which we may suppose a devil to be capable of. The servant, who was a trusty fellow, and made up with a better disposition, that is to say, with more honesty, than many of our grooms and stewards now a days, held it out toughly, although the tormentor relaxed nothing in his persecution till the last day of Scott's incarceration, and about the very hour that he had predicted his resurrection, when the poor fellow, wasted almost to a cuticle, no longer able to hold out, and thinking all was safe, told Satan, the place of his entombment; away they posted, when, wonderful to tell, on the instant of their arrival at the place, the grave had separated, Scott had opened his eyes, and was just in the act of getting up, but the devil who was determined to be no longer plagued with such a customer, struck him a kick with his hoof, so that we have heard nothing of his resurrection, from that day to this, and in all human probability he sleeps as soundly as all the necromancers, sorcerers and magicians, witches, wizards, and warlocks that have been in the world from the days of Moses down to the time of Mary Bateman.*

Amongst the numberless tales that are told of Michael Scott, I have selected the following one, which submitted more easily to versification, and contained a greater variety of incident than any of the others which I have met with.

*The famous Yorkshire Witch.

THE TALE.



IN haste, the Scotian monarch rose,
 Impatience glisten'd in his eye,
 His changeful look, right plainly shews
 The conflict which his bosom knows,
 A conflict that a stab bestows,
 To gall his pride,—unhinge repose :
 And with a tempest vex his mind,
 Like the rude gusts of northern wind,
 That in their fierce impetuous sweep,
 Tear up the surges of the deep,

And drive the tortured clouds along the sky :
 “ Go,” said the sov’reign to his page,
 “ Seek out the fam’d Cistercian sage,
 “ Whose vast researches can explore
 “ The depths of necromantic lore ;
 “ His counsels to my troubled heart,
 “ Perhaps, kind solace may impart ;
 “ Go, find the venerable seer,
 “ And say, I wait his coming here :
 “ At Melross and at Bransham call,
 “ At fair Carlisle, and Wolsley Hall,
 “ Begone ! nor lingering stand or stay,
 “ But, on thy palfrey post away,
 “ And, find him with what speed thou may.

Away, the serf, obedient, flew,
 And fair Melross soon held in view;
 But here no tidings got,
 Nor onward hence, for many a mile
 At bonny Bransham, or Carlisle;
 'Till distant far, in Cumberland,
 Where Wolstey's ~~once-famed raine stand,~~
 There found he, Michael Scott:
 "Most rev'rend Sire," the servant said,
 "Great Alexander* wants thy aid,
 "And has commissioned me,
 "That I should with the utmost need,
 "Urge your departure with all speed;
 "That to his court you may proceed,
 "With all the haste may be."
 "In sooth" exclaim'd the flayman wight,
 "Our prince must be in piteous plight,
 "My feeble help to need,
 "But, since it is his high behest,
 "In liege accord to his request,
 "Go, tell the king, by duty prest,
 "I'll join him with all speed."
 Thus charg'd, thus answer'd by the sage,
 With speed, return'd the trusty page,
 The courteous priest's reply to bring,
 To the expectant Scottish king:
 Nor long the abbot lagged behind,
 For well his comprehensive mind,
 Within its more than human view,

*Alexander the Third. King of Scotland.

The present, past, and future knew ;
He needed not by post to learn,
The occasion of the king's concern ;
To him was known his deep distress,
Long e'er the page arrived express ;
Vers'd in astrology, full well
From heavenly signs could he foretel,
What various destiny awaits
At once, the sov'reign and the states ;
And by this more than vulgar sense,
From cause predict the consequence,
For he, as Demster sings of yore,
Was deeply skilled in magic lore,
And, by that science could command
The whole of the infernal band ;
All Pandemonium, great and small
To move obedient to his call ;
Strange are the antics as 'tis said,
That he with Lucifer has play'd
Hath summon'd him by mystic spell
From the low depths of inmost hell ;
And on him mounted thro' the air
Has rang'd,—old nick alone knows where.

With speed that mortals seldom know,
To Scotland's court the wizard hies,
At once his counsels to bestow,
And strike his sov'reign with surprise.
Soon to the royal presence led,
The monk, thus to the monarch said
“ Great prince, to thee long life and health,
B. Vol. I.

- “ Extended power, augmented wealth !
“ Say, what occasion caused thy need,
“ That martials with such urgent speed ;
“ What reasons can with care o’erwhelm
“ The ruler of this mighty realm ?
“ What new disaster, what distress,
“ Can my liege sov’reign’s mind oppress ?
“ Doth Denmark, with Norwegian aid,
“ Your kingdom menace to invade ?
“ Or, have the Southernns from afar,
“ Renew’d their predatory war,
“ And all their hostile arts employ,
“ Our fenceless frontiers to annoy ?
“ Say, mighty prince, of all those woes,
“ That neighbouring or remoter foes
“ So often pour with ruthless hand,
“ On this devoted, injured land ;
“ Of all those, tell me, mighty sire,
“ Which can my feeble aid require ?
“ Whate’er the ill, whate’er the wrong,
“ Or be the reason weak or strong,
“ Be it from near or foreign foe,
“ Let me, great Alexander, know ;
“ Whate’er depends upon this hand,
“ That my liege sov’reign may command.
When, thus the king to Scott replied,
“ Thou learning’s boast, and Scotland’s pride !
“ To courtesy alike allied ;
“ How princely thy reply !
“ What sentiments hast thou expres’d !

“ What generous motives fire thy breast,
“ Approved by friendship’s surest test,—
“ That of adversity !
“ The adage says, “ a friend in need
“ Should be esteem’d a friend indeed” ;
“ Such friendship, friend ! is thine ;
“ My future gratitude shall shew,
“ How much I, to that friendship owe,
“ Since now the need is mine.
“ Nor Denmark’s rage, nor England’s power,
“ Nor these at once combin’d,
“ Afflict my bosom at this hour,
“ Nor ought disturb my mind.
“ But the proud, holy pontiff, he,
“ Romes’ haughty bishop threatens me ;
“ Not from contempt of canon laws
“ Or heresy, proceeds the cause.
“ Or dues, or mulcts, or vows unpaid,
“ Or aids withheld from the crusade ;
“ But Saxon guile and Edward’s pride,
“ Have turn’d the papal power aside,
“ And hence poor Scotia need not hope,
“ A kind protector in the pope.”
“ Fear not, my liege,” the abbot cried,
“ Dismiss your fears,—be satisfied ;
“ I’ll win the pontiff to your side,
“ And that before two days are o’er,
“ Or never credit Scotus more.”
Off hied the flayman to his cell,
And there, with incantations fell,

And many a dark mysterious spell,
He thus invoked the powers of hell:

“ Spirit of darkness, thou whose power
Rolls in the whirlwind and the storm.

Attend me at this midnight hour,
My urgent purpose to perform :
From thy infernal depths arise,
Nor dare the summons to despise;
The cause admits of no delay,
Then haste, Beelzebub, come away :
Or on thee, and thy legions, all,
Ten thousand added helms shall fall.”
The cloister shakes, the fiend appears;
The monk conceives no vulgar fears

At the terrible sight,
So well accustomed to the view,
As well the personage he knew,

As he erst Merlin hight
Though terror sat upon his mien,
Though hell through all his front was seen,
With unconcern the power he views,
And thus his purpose he pursues.

“ Transform thee, Satan, with all speed,
And stand me here, a coal-black steed,
And bear me to the court of Rome,
Before to morrow's dawn shall come.”

'Twas done, the priest, the fiend bestrides,
And thro' the airy regions rides.
Swift as the light'ning mounts on high.
And towers along the midway-sky.

Thus bearing on with furious sweep,
 High soaring o'er the foaming deep,
 The devil turning thus address'd
 In crafty wise, the wily priest,
 "'Tis now the zenith of the night,
 And we are in our airy flight;
 What will the good old women say,
 In Scotland, that kneel down to pray?"
 But subtle Scotts knew full well,
 The malice and the craft of Hell,
 Indignant, made him this reply,
 "'What's that to you? ascend and fly."

The fiend conceived a more than devilish hope,
 The abbot haply might be off his guard;

But, knowing well, with whom he had to cope,
 The priest was for the artifice prepared;
 For had he luckless, chanced to say
 What old Scotch women do that pray,
 He would have said, "The Lord of Light
 Bless all within his house to night";
 And had his tongue pronounced the word,
 Of Holy Jesus, or of Lord,
 The adversary, there and then
 Had hurl'd him headlong to the main;
 For magic lore explains full well,
 That name dissolves the strongest spell:
 Of this the wily priest aware,
 Could easily avoid the snare,
 And spurr'd him faster thro' the air,
 And long e'er morning's dawn was come

They reached the gates of far-famed Rome.

Towards the papal palace fast,

Upon his coal-black steed,

With haughty mien the abbot past,

And gained the postern door at last,

His embassy to plead.

And loudly thundering at the ring,

In haste the surly porter came ;

Said he, " what errand may you bring,

That you thus noisily proclaim ?"

" I'm an ambassador," said he,

" From Alexander, Scotland's king ;

I've come, his holiness to see,

As I to him the business bring."

Then, quick dismounting from his steed,

He tied him to the postern gate,

And with the porter went with speed,

Without a crucifix, or bead,

Up to the pontiff's chamber straight.

Into the sacred presence brought,

The abbot bowed in guise profound,

He flattered, nor abated ought ;

But to his king and country thought

Himself in duty bound.

" Say, saucy monk ! what brings thee here ?"

Exclaimed the pope, in tone austere,

" What business hads so soon ?"

" Most Holy Father !" cried the priest,

I come at Scotland's king's request,

From you to beg a boon !"

" What !" in a rage, exclaimed the pope,

“ Can Scotland’s impious monarch hope
To win a boon or grace from me,
Or favor from the Holy See ;
He who my thunders dare condemn,
And our proceedings would condemn,
Our canons and our bulls despise,
And call our holy councils lies,
Doubt our infallibility,
And questions our supremacy ;
Can he, I say, our grace expect,
Who treats the church with such neglect ?
The guerdon fits him full as well,
Of curse, by candle, book, and bell.”
To him the abbot thus replied ;
“ Poor Scotia’s king has been belied,
Most vilely injured and aspersed.
As heretic the most accursed ;
Believe me, Sire, I dare avow,
That from St. Peter’s time ’til now
There’s not a prince in Christendom,
From whatsoever state he come,
That can evince more loyalty
Or rev’rence to the Holy See,
Than does our pious Scottish king,
From whom this embassy I bring.
’Tis England’s state, and Edward’s * spite
Have placed him in this impious light ;
Then, let me beg, Most Holy Sire,
That you would ’tend to my desire ;

*Edward the, First.

For, this I dare be bold to tell,
These charges are as false as hell !"—
That instant, shook the lofty dome ;
 As when the earth convulsive throes ;
The stroke was felt through mighty Rome,
The Pontiff's face puts on a ghbom,
 His terror plainly shews.
Again the priest his suit renews,
Again, the parley he pursues,
Urges, intreats,—but all in vain ;
Nought with the prelate can obtain :—
Again, the stately structure shook ;
The pontiff stares, with startled look,
 In wild amazement, round ;
The lofty turrets from on high,
With dreadful crash, a ruin lie
 Confusedly on the ground ;
“ Ave Sancta Maria ! ” cried the pope,
“ Thou source and fountain of our hope !
What may these dire convulsions mean ?
Or, cause these wonders I have seen ?
Say, Priest, art thou in magic spell
Leagued with the bands and powers of hell ? ”
“ No ! ” sternly cried the flayman wight,
 What need had I of magic spell,
Or, pleading, in the cause of right,
 League with the bands and powers of hell ?
’Twas but my angry coal-black steed,
Who serves me oft, in time of need,
Which I left haltered at the gate,

Impatient there so long to wait,
And, with indignant rage inspired,
And failure of my suit, too, fired,
The pavement struck, with devilish wrath ;
And, such amazing power he hath.

That, should he strike again, beware !
This palace, in a moment falls,
Rome, with its temples, and its walls

A mingled heap of ruins are."

" Go, take thy suit !" the Pontiff cried,
For hell and thee, too much allied,

I plainly can behold ;
Since nothing but infernal power
Could shake this dome,—throw down this tower ;

Oh, priest ! thou art too bold."
The monk retired, with angry speed,
And mounted on his coal-black steed,

Retraced his airy course
And, long before the fall of night,
Stood in king Alexander's sight,
But, vanish'd was his horse.

SIR OSWALD OF ALLERDALE.

A SAXON TALE.

WHO, that deep versed in ancient lore,
Has read, regardless of the tale,
Of brave Sir Oswald of the north,
The far-famed chief of Allerdale?

For he was erst, a valiant knight
As e'er of Saxon birth could boast,
Who ne'er in battle turned aside
But oft hath singly stood a host,

For tilt and tourney then in use;
And justings far renowned of yore;
And eke at court esteemed was he,
Whilst England's crown our Edwin wore.

His castle near Aspatria* stood,
Close where the winding Ellen flows,
For hospitality renowned,
Which now that country little knows.

*Aspatria, a village in the west of Cumberland; by some supposed to be fantastically corrupted from the name of Cospatrick, Earl of Dunbar, formerly Baron of that place; though etymology might have been, as probably, from an aspen tree which grew in that place.

Full oft the fierce invasive Danes
His force, superior, had confest ;
And oft poor Cumbria he'd relieved
When by the eastern pirates press'd.

His eye was as the eagle's keen,
Imperative, his lordly word ;
But, when he raged amid the war,
Destruction sat upon his sword ;

But tho' amidst the deadly fight,
The furious lion roused was he,
Yet, when distress implored his aid,
His heart and hand were ever free.

Sir Oswald loved a lady, fair ;
And Ethelinda was her name ;
Her sire, Sir Anselm of the Lake,
A baron of no vulgar fame.

The maid, the knight had often seen,
Nor his proposals could disprove ;
His courteous mien from her soon won
Confession of a kindred love.

Nor could the father ought oppose,
Their happy union to compleat ;
For much did he affect the knight,
Whose fortune, as his fame, was great.

Nor long their time ~~they anxious waste,~~
For, soon the nuptial day is set,
By times around Sir Oswald's hall
His numerous friends were gaily met.

And fair and clear the morning shone ;
The party decked with youthful pride.
And lovely looked the gallant train ;
And lovely looked the blushing bride.

Saint Gill the benediction gave,
A neighbouring monk of pious fame,
From whom, as ancient legends say,
Gilcreux had erst derived its name.

Within fair Keswick's lovely vale,
Where Derwent rolls so clear and bright,
There Whilome Divelt, a giant Dane,
Of yore the haughty mordon hight.

Terror, and tyrant of the dale,
More like a monster than a man ;
For, if we credit Saxon lore,
He stood six cubits and a span.

Great was the Scandinavian's power ;
His cruelty was greater still ;
And so was all the country awed,
That no man durst oppose his will.

OF ALLERDALE.

He ne'er had Ethelinda seen,
Until the morning when he spied
Her passing with her virgin train,
To be Sir Oswald's bride :

A passion seized the giant's breast,—
A passion, quite, till now unknown ;
And by his country's gods he swore,
She should be his, and his alone !

“ Shall I,” said he, “ the lovely prize,
In quiet to a Saxon yield ?
And like a low-born, dastard slave,
Avoid the undisputed field ?

No ! heaven forbid, a thought so base
Should e'er avert my fixed design !
I never knew I loved 'till now,
And Ethelinda shall be mine !

What tho' the beauteous dame refuse !
Tho' Oswald arm in her defence !
Tho' thousands martial ! need I fear ?
This single arm shall drive them hence !

And more, should he whose mortal hate
Is on our nations ruin bent ;
Should he uninterrupted hold
A prize which Mordon can prevent.”
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So said, resolved, the giant sped,
His massy limbs in armèur cas'd
His pondrous sabre sidelong hung,
And to the bridal hied in haste.

But e'er he reached Sir Oswald's hall
The matrimonial rites were o'er
And festive revelry and joy
Had set the mansion in a roar;

When loud his horn fierce Mordon blew,
And furious thundered at the gate;
Alarmed, the party rush to arms,
The hostile summons to await.

But, when the huge gigantic form
Of mighty Mordon they beheld,
The flush of mirth forsook each face,
And terror every bosom filled,

Save bold Sir Oswald's; to the gate
He hied alone, devoid of fear,
And cried, "proud Mordon say, what means
This rude unprefaced visit here?"

"My errand thou shalt quickly know,"
In haughty mien, the Dane replied,
"In sooth, Sir Knight, I'm come resolved
To sleep all night with thy fair bride."

“ And so thou shalt,” Sir Oswald said,
 Whilst anger scarce allowed him breath,
“ And long, and hushed thy slumbers be,
 For thou shalt sleep the sleep of death.

What means thy mock, imperious Dane ?”
 Sir Oswald said, “ thy jests forbear !
Ill suits it monster, such as thee,
 To think of pleasing ladies fair.

Then turn thee Mordon ! nor too late
 My vengeance venture to despise ;
For, know, that Oswald when provoked,
 Means not to parley, but chastise.”

“ How impotent thy threats appear !”
 The towering Mordon sternly cried,
“ Thy boasting and affected rage
 Are but the fumes of Saxon pride.

All which, I equally despise ;
 Nor shall to thee my claims resign ;
For if fair Ethelinda live,
 Spite of thy rage she shall be mine !

To many a Scandinavian chief
 Thy vengeful sword hath ruin dealt ;
And numbers of my valient friends
 Have thy vindictive malice felt.

But now, proud knight, the gods to me,
To punish thee the power have given !
This sword shall piece-meal hack thy limbs,
And cast thee to the fowls of heaven !”

So spoke the giant, and enraged
The yielding gates he inward threw,
And headlong with his pondrous spear
On Oswald like a tiger flew ;

But, nimble as the bounding roe,
The Saxon shunned the threatening spear,
The giant reeled whilst Oswald turned,
And thrust him furious on the rear ;

The Dane recovering soon returns,
And deals his vengeful blows around ;
But Oswald still eludes the stroke,
And oft his faulchion cleaves the ground :

Till nearly spent with useless rage,
The twain in closer combat join ;
Whilst death and dire revenge appear'd
Their mutual purpose and design :

The mingling blood and sweat besmeared
Each visage, and distained each shield.
But both alike infuriate grown,
Refuse to slack, and scorn to yield :

Like two contending lions, fierce,
They wield the instruments of death;
'Till spent with toil and loss of blood,
Great Mordon stands, and gasps for breath.

“ Restrain thy sword !” exclaimed the Dane,
And let us cease this deadly strife !
I feel, the combat I have lost !
Then Oswald, spare my forfeit life !”

“ What tempts thee, monster !” Oswald said,
From me, such mercy to expect ?
The time but now occurs, for me
Thy haughty meanour to correct.

Is there a Saxon in the realm,
With thee would hold his conquering hand ?
Are not thy cruelties, proud Dane !
Become a proverb through the land ?

Wide o'er the country hath thy sword
A rueful devastation spread :
By thee, our towns demolished lie ;
Our provinces are filled with dead !

Say when, amidst the bloody fight,
Didst thou, to others, mercy shew ?
Why then, expect, that I should here,
That clemency on thee bestow ?

What tempted thee ! imperious Dane !
To mock my power, with foolish pride ;
To interrupt our marriage mirth ;
And insolently claim my bride ;

To treat my anger as a jest ;
My just resentment to defy ?
This insult, of itself, alone,
Doth for my vengeance loudly cry :

Yet, will I sheath th' uplifted sword,
And cesse at once the bloody strife ;
Yet, will I all my wrongs forego,
And on conditions, spare thy life."—

" Propose thy terms !" rejoined the Dane,
As faint and faltering, now he stood,
" Propose, ere mercy comes too late,
For see, I sink from loss of blood."

" Then listen, Mordon," said the knight,
Be these thy terms : I will thee bring
In manacles unto the court
Of Edwin, our much-injured king :

There, for his sport, in merry mood,
Revile thy gods, and clank thy chain ;
Whilst hooting children, as they pass,
Shall cry, behold the Giant Dane !"

“ By Woden, nay !” great Mordon cried,
“ Before this base submission be !
Though certain death sat on thy sword !
Yet, would I try the last with thee !”

So said, with equal rage inflamed,
The combatants together flew,
And tossing high their bloody spears
Their deadly purpose they renew ;

But weak, and smarting with his wounds,
The Dane, the combat ill sustained ;
Whilst from the momentary pause,
The Saxon had new vigour gained.

Sir Oswald aimed a deadly thrust ;
His glave an easy entrance found ;
It pierced the giant to the heart,
Who lifeless tumbled on the ground :

“ Rest there, proud giant !” said the knight ;
“ Thus might I by one lucky stroke
My hapless countrymen release
From your detested, slavish yoke .

But now the throng courageous grown
To see the mighty Mordon fall ;
With acclamations rend the air,
And rush tumultuous from the hall.

When to his friends Sir Oswald said,
 'T has been a bitter bridal day,
But pleasure shall, I trust, ere night
Our morning's labours well repay.

Here Mordon lies, here let him lie,
 The base disturber of our mirth;
But as a monument we'll raise
 O'er him a ponderous cairn of earth.

And now my Bebelinda fair,
 I hope no future claimant may
With impious outrage thus presume
 To interrupt our bridal day."

From danger and from terror freed
 The company their sports resume;
Convivial pastimes thronged the hall,
 And mirth and laughter filled the room.

And long respected lived the pair,
 Sir Oswald and his lovely dame;
By all his countrymen confessed
 The bulwark of the Saxon name.

A few years ago at Abpatria, a village in Cumberland, as Mr. Rigg, a surgeon of that place was clearing a small mount in his garden, for the purpose of levelling the ground, they fell

in with the skeleton of a giant, of enormous dimensions: on being bared the whole of the anatomy appeared very perfect: but whether he had fallen in combat as I have here related, or had been some residentiary chieftain of the neighbourhood, who, as was customary at that day, had been buried beneath this tumulus; and the implements of war deposited with him, at this distance of time would be very difficult to ascertain; but as the developement and elucidation of those puzzles of antiquity more properly belong to the department of the poet than the historian, it is on this incident I have founded the foregoing story; be it as it will, the skeleton here mentioned was fully the size specified in the ballad; and many of his bones were collected and preserved by the virtuosi of the neighbourhood; several of his teeth, with some other relics, are still to be seen at Mr. Crosthwait's Museum, in Keswick. In the mount or barrow, beside the skeleton was a sword of extraordinary size; but it was so rusted, that on being moved it easily dropped to pieces. Around him was a leathern belt, fastened with a large golden buckle or gorget, which is yet preserved.

If the romantic reader has a mind to consider the whole as authentic, he is perfectly at liberty to do so.

THE SWORD.



FAIR shone the moon o'er Brougham's tower,*
And fair on Emmont's streams,
And fair down Eden's fertile vale,
Far shone its lengthening beams ;

When Lady Eleanor arose,
And listless left her bed ;
For peace her pillow had forsook,
And slumber from her fled.

And she has climbed the highest tower,
And traced the turrets round ;
And she has sighed, and she has wept,
But ease has no where found.

*Brougham Castle, which stands on the borders of Westmoreland near, the banks of the river Emmont, and about two miles from Penrith, is a place with whose history I am perfectly unacquainted ; only that I know, at present it is one of the most magnificent ruins in the north of England.

“ Ah, me ! (she said) was e'er before
So sad forlorn a wife.
For though I am Lord Herbert's spouse,
I lead a widowed life.

“ Twelve tedious months are past and gone,
Since last he left these arms :
O'er distant shores he wins afar,
'Midst danger and alarms.

“ Ye gentle gales that round me blow,
Augmented by my sighs,
Oh ! gently waft him home again,
To cheer these longing eyes !

“ For here, with anxious sad distress
My nights are passed away ;
And cheerless solitude and grief
Attend me through the day.

“ But, if the morning dawn were come
Full quickly would I ride
To the weird woman where she dwells
Close by the Black Fell* side.

*Part of a chain of mountains running on the east of
Cumberland.

“ There with her will I counsel take,
Her forecast’s famed on far,
To know when he, Lord Herbert, shall
Forsake the cruel war.”

Lord Herbert he on Syria’s shores
With martial squadrons sped
With princely Edward, to the fight
The Christian forces led.

Much by his prince approved was he,
Much by his peers renown’d ;
For through the host of Christian knights
A braver was not found.

Destruction followed where he led
And marked his furious course ;
Nor could the Saracen’s whole power
Check his resistless force.

Up with the light rose Eleanor ;
She’s ta’en the swiftest steed
And quickly she to Black Fell side
Has posted with all speed.

And soon she’s gained the fated place,
And soon an entrance found ;
And the weird woman soon has met,
For forecast far renown’d,

“ O Lady, say, (the beldam cried)
What brings you here so soon?”

“ I come (dame Eleanor replied)
From you to beg a boon ;

“ Which you must grant ere I depart,
Or else must go with me ;
And as your 'bodings shall betide,
So shall your guerdon be.”

“ What would'st thou have, sweet lady fair ?
What would'st thou understand ?
For, be assured, what I can do
Thou freely may'st command.”

“ My husband, brave Lord Herbert, he.
Now wins on Syria's plains ;
Fain would I know his plight and how
This warfare he sustains.”

“ Then back to Brougham you must hie,
(Replied the wither'd crone)
And all that you would learn, shall there
To you be fully known.

“ Spur on your palfrey with all speed,
Nor stop, nor make delay ;
I shall be there as soon as you,
So, Lady, post away.”

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Now, Lady Eleanor thus warned,
Has homeward turned her steed ;
O'er hill and dale, o'er bog and bourne,
To Brougham with all speed.

And when she passed the castle-moat,
Who readier was to wait
Than the weird-woman of Black Fell side,
All at the castle gate !

And she has lighted from her steed,
And entered by the hall ;
And she has to the chamber passed,
The sybil too withal,

And she has bolted fast the door,
All with a silver pin,
That none without might hear or see,
And no one might come in.

“ And now, I'll tell thee, Lady fair,
(The caitiff said with speed)
What things must first be done, ere we
Can with our spell proceed..

“ And first with vinegar and meal
Yourself must knead a cake,
Which on the embers must be laid,
That it may slowly bake.

“ Then hie to some south-running stream,
Of no man ask you leave,
But take your shift, and in the brook
There wash well the left sleeve*.

“ Then haste you back, and hang the same
Before the fire to dry ;
What of the process yet remains
We'll finish by and by.

“ Wait 'till the castle-bell strikes One,
Nor dash'd ner daunted be ;
For be assured that at that hour
Lord Herbert you shall see.”

Slow wind their way the tedious hours ;
Slow passed the parting day ;
And anxious grew dame Eleanor
At midnight's tardy stay.

The magic cake, the new-wash'd shift
Were both before the fire ;
Whilst the weird-woman muttering sat
Her incantations dire.

*See Burn's "Hallo E'en"

At length the castle-bell tolled One ;
The stately mansion shook ;
The doors were burst !—Lord Herbert stood
With stern revengeful look ;

In arms accoutred cap-a-pee,
With sword and buckler bright ;
And gaily harness'd, as became
A gallant Christian knight.

And he has ta'en and turn'd the cake
That on the embers burn'd ;
And eke the shift before the hearth
As carefully has turned.

Then up and crew the shrill-voic'd cock,
The sable and the grey ;—
Lord Herbert rushed forth from the hall ;
Nor longer might he stay :

But as with hasty stride he flew
Forth at the chamber-deor,
Lord Herbert in his hurry dropp'd
His sword upon the floor ;

And sythe was heard a hollow groan,
And eke a mournful sigh ;
The lady she took up the sword,
And careful put it by.

But sadly sank the Lady's heart,
Now that the shade was gone ;
And sadly seemed she to repent
The deed that she had done.

Two ling'ring, anxious, irksome years
A widow'd bride she mourn'd :
At length Lord Herbert with the Prince
And England's pow'rs return'd.

Straight to the Hall the Baron flew,
Nor made he stop or stay ;
And Lady Eleanor, I ween,
Was joyful on that day.

The costliest banquet was prepar'd ;
The minstrels shook the hall ;
The copious bowl was push'd around,
And mirth pervaded all.

For all to see the Lord's return,
Express'd unfeign'd delight ;
Whilst he resolv'd that ev'ry heart
Should feel no care that night.

It chanc'd that on a future day,
Lord Herbert, ranging round
The various chambers of the dome,
His sword, ill-fated ! found :
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With horror he the weapon view'd,
With rage, and wild surprize;
For well he knew the luckless blade,
Yet, scarce could trust his eyes.

But swift he from the chamber hies,
The faulchion in his hand ;
And of fair Lady Eleanor
Thus sternly does demand ;

“ Where got'st thou that fair sword, lady ?
Now tell me, on thy word :
From what young knight, or warrior wight,
Dame, got'st thou that fair sword ?”

“ Why sternly dost thou thus enquire,
Lord Herbert, this from me ?
Within your armoury, good sooth !
Great store of swords there be !

“ Swords are not things for women's use !
Then, why this question ? say ;—
You look most angrily, my lord !
What is the reason, pray ?”

“ Where got'st thou that fair sword, Lady ?
Now, tell me, on thy word ;
From what young knight, or warrior wight,
Dame, got'st thou that fair sword ?”

“ My Lord, if I must say the truth,
And tell you on my word,
I almost durst be bound to swear
It is my Father’s sword.”

“ No, no ! ’tis not Lord Osrick’s sword ;
I know that blade too well :
Thou shalt not thus prevaricate,
But truth be forc’d to tell.”

“ Doth it become Lord Herbert’s wife
To tamper him with lies ?
Or doth it suit Lord Herbert’s wife
His menace to despise ?”

“ Where got’st thou that fair sword, Lady ?
Now tell me on thy word ;
From what young knight, or warrior wight,
Dame, got’st thou that fair sword ?”

Then down upon her bended knees
Dame Eleanor did fall ;
And, barring parley or disguise,
The Lady told him all.

And loud did she for mercy call,
And smote her breast full sore ;
Urg’d female curiosity,
But her affection more.

“ Wretch that thou art ! (Lord Herbert said,)
I knew the sword was mine !
Death is too slight a punishment
For such a fault as thine :

“ When press’d by much superier force,
And sinking ’midst the fight,
You from my body tore my soul,
To glut your foolish sight !

“ By witchcraft too !—detested thought !
Unpardon’d is the deed !
Mercy could not extend to thee,
Tho’ angels’ tongues should plead.

“ Not all the torments hell contains,
That most the damn’d dismay,
Can parallel the pangs I felt
On that unhappy day !

“ Whirl’d like a thunderbolt along,
O’er ocean, earth, and air,
O’er craggy steeps, and bri’ry breaks,
To rest I knew not where,

“ Whilst all the time my body lay
On earth, devoid of breath !
And all around the battle press’d,
And threaten’d certain death.

“ 'Twas there on first recov'ring life,
I vow'd, on knightly word,
That they should surely lose their lives
With whom I found the sword !

“ And should I break my plighted oath ?
Myself thus doubly curse ?
When, on some future day, perhaps,
Thy spells might use me worse.

“ No ! 'tis resolv'd ;—thy doom is pass'd !
No suit can e'er succeed ;
Revenge impels me to the act ;
Nor justice blames the deed :

“ Then, die !”—so said, the fatal blade
Deep pierc'd the shrieking wife !
She fell !—and at her husband's feet
Surrender'd up her life !

CLERC WILLIN.

A BALLAD.



CLERC Willin, he sat at King Allaric's board ;
And a cunning clerk was he ;
For he'd liv'd in the land of Oxenford,
With the sons of Grammarae.

And they listen'd to the harps of the merry minstrel
And they look'd at the banquet bright ;
But of all that was there, the young Queen, so fi
Shone brightest of all that night ;

High glitter'd the crown, on her graceful brow ;
'Twas with emeralds and sapphire pearl'd,
And roses enwreath'd the rim beneath,
Where the raven ringlets curl'd ;

And they quaff'd the red tide to the blooming brid
And their goblets heav'd on high ;
But Clerc Willin took up no brimming cup,
Nor join'd in the jovial cry.

“ Now Christ thee save, thou Clerc Willin,
Why sit'st thou sad and low ?
And why dost thou pry, with attentive eye
So long on the west window.”

“ I am watching the star that shines afar
On the rocks of the Giant's Grave,
“ That sinking soon with the sharp-horn'd moon
Will set in the western wave.”

Then, oh ! paler than the pale primrose
Wax'd the cheek of the fair ladye ;
And as she withdrew, on the Clerc she threw
A glance of her angry eye.

“ Now Christ thee save, thou king Allaric !
Why gloomily bends thy brow ?
And why athwart thy heavy eyelids
Hangs silent sorrow now ?”

“ O sad and dark, thou learn'd Clerc,
Is my life with sorrow riven ;
And thus I am doom'd with grief to be gloom'd
One night in every seven.

“ What tho' my splendid banquet board
With golden beakers shines ;
And friends fill up each costly cup
With the Mead and the Racy wines !

“ One night in each week does my blooming bride
In grief from my palace go :
But, what she does, or, where she goes
I dare not seek to know.

“ One night in seven she leaves my bed,
When the owls and the crickets cry ;
And cold as a stone, I lie all alone,
'Till the day-star burns in the sky ;

“ Then a thick slumber falls on my heavy eye-lids ;
And I start from a feverish sleep ;
And my blooming bride I find at my side,
When the red sun 'gins to peep.

“ And tho' she has been all night abroad
In a thin loose night-robe dress'd,—
Oh, strange to be told ! she is nothing cold,
But glows with a warmth increas'd.

“ Nine summers nigh, are now gone by ;
And I thought it a blessed day
When my aged bride I put aside,
And took this lady gay.

As a hunting I rode, in the Green Forest,
Fair Blodwell's rocks among,
By my side, each day, rode this lady gay ;
By thus she sung :

Oh, take me to thy fair Palace,
Oh, take me for thy Queen,
And racy wines shall then be thine
As never a man has seen.

And never shall fail thy rich banquet,
And my beauty no change shall know,
Till within thy hall the flag reeds tall
And the long green rushes grow.

Till instead of the cloth now spread on thy board,
And the goblets lin'd with gold,
The lillies of the pool spread their broad leaves cool,
And their chalic'd flowers unfold.

But e'er I become thy wedded wife,
Thou a solemn oath must make,
And let hap whate'er, thou must not dare
That solemn oath to break.

That to leave thy bed unfollow'd,
To me 'tis freely given,
And that none shall enquire where I retire
One night in every seven.

Then I vow'd : I put my old wife away
As firm to the oath I swore ;
But mayhap she had scent of my cruel intent
For I never beheld her more.

Yet no peace do I find in the rich banquet
And with peace is my bed unblest,
Tho' lies at my side no wrinkled bride,
But the Maid of the Green Forest."

"Then Clerc Willin he cried to the troubl'd King
Thy peace can I repair,
If each year from yon field ten beeves thoul't yield
To the Monks of the White Minster.*

'And peace shall preside in this fair palace,
And thy bed with peace be blest,
If to me thou'lt resign, with her racy wine
The Maid of the Green Forest.

For I can by a spell, that I dare not tell
Relieve thy fetter'd fate,
And I shew'd the young Queen my power I ween
By a sign that I dare not repeat."

Then the King he complied to resign his bride,
And each year on the monks bestow
The tenth of what fed on his palace green mead
And what in his vaults did flow.

Then Clerc Willin he took his clasped book,
And did the fair palace leave;
And arrived soon, e'er set the moon,
On the rocks of the giant's grave.

By the mouth of a cavern a bow shot beyond,
Clerc Willin he took his stand,
Which ev'n at this day, as the villagers say,
Leads down to the fairy land.

Tho' none now dare to adventure so far,
Yet many this day have aver'd
They its windings did tread, till over their head.
The fair Vyrnwy's stream they have heard.

Now soon did appear and enter there
A maid right royally drest,
Whose glittering crown on the moon beam shone,
'Twas the Maid of the Green Forest,

And while she was in, did the Clerc begin
His spells of potent skill,
While the rising blast sigh'd low as it past
Thro' the skirted bush on the hill.

Then he made that revokeless should be his word,
As thus to his spirits he said ;
“ Let peace be restor'd to King Allaric's board,
And peace be on his bed.

“ And may I and the Monks of the White Minster
No other fare e'er know,
Than what shall be fed on his palace green mead.
And what from his vaults shall flow.

“ And his Queen so fine, be for ever mine,
And no change let her form betide,
But thro’ all her years be as it now appears
And ne’er let her leave my side.

“ At the Cross near the Town of the White Minster
To make her my own I swear,
Then let her be borne ere glimpse of morn,
And I’ll meet her and wed her there.”

And then as he swore his book he tore
And hastened away from the cave,
It was dark ; for the moon it had long gone down
And set in the western wave.

It was dark as he pass’d the palace so fair,
Nor ought did his sight engross,
Till he came to the Cross of the White Minster,
Yet call’d Clerc Willin’s Cross.

Then he saw by the light of the torches bright,
That strange spirits there did hold
An old ogress grim that smil’d on him
And her rheumy eye balls roll’d.

On her wrinkled chin stood the grey hairs thin,
And the Clerc did her thin lips squeeze,
And thick on her brow did the grey hairs grow
Like the moss of old orchard trees.

And she reach'd to the Clerc her bony finger
On which was brightly seen,
And well it was known by its sparkling stone
The ring of King Allaric's Queen.

" Oh take me to thy cloister'd bed
To be thy bosom guest,
For I am the bride thou hast sworn to wed,
The Maid of the Green Forest.

" An ugly ogress now am I,
Though thrice ten years ago,
In youthful pride, the blooming bride
Of King Allaric I shone.

" But I found as I my beauties lost
I lost his love as well,
'Till nine years since I charm'd that prince,
With this, a spirits spell.

" That his eyes should delight in my beauty bright,
Which never should lose its hue,
Till within his hall the flag reeds tall
And the long green rushes grew.

" And this spell was given if one night in seven
Ere the pale moon set in the wave,
I alone did go to the grim Ogro,
And an Ogress form receive.

“ This night I sat late at the gay banquet,
And just ere my task it was done
Thy spells were said, and the pale moon’s head
Was down to the west wave gone.

“ Our power is pass’d, our spells have clask’d
No charm can our fate redress ;
And a Penitent now for life art thou,
And I a grim Ogress.

“ Thy spells more sure, for now peace secure
Doth bless King Allaric’s bed,
And peace is restor’d at his banquet board.
But it is the peace of the dead.

“ For down went the king and his palace and all,
And the waters now o’er it flow,
And already in his hall doth flag reeds tall
And the long green rushes grow.

“ Then take thy Bride to thy oblietred bed,
As by oath and by spell decreed,
And nought be thy fare but the pike and the dare,
And the water in which they feed.”

Still the villagers near, where the lake is clear,
Shew the tow’rs of the palace below,
And of Clerc Willin there will the traveller hear
And the cave call’d the Grim Ogress.

And oft from our boat on a summer's eve,
Sweet music is heard to flow
As we push from the side of the blue lake's tide
Where the long green rushes grow.

And our banquet is spread on the boat's flat head,
And our cool wine drawn from the hold, [cool
Where the lillies of the pool spread their broad leaves
And their chalic'd flowers unfold.

And we make good fare of the pike and the dare,
And merrily laugh at the jest,
How Clerc Willin was caught in his own dark plot
With the Maid of the Green Forest.

And quaffing the glass we pray that each lass,
May each constant lover bless ; [mate
And may guests that would cheat a kind host of his
Be match'd with a grim Ogress.

THE HARPER,

A FAIRY TALE.



THERE came a harper o'er the lee,
Just has the hour was getting late ;
And he has tun'd his harp with glee,
And play'd at our Lord Baron's gate.

And he has struck each trembling string,
That sweetly echo'd thro' the hall ;
And he has made the mansion ring,
And pleas'd the lords and ladies all.

In sooth, he was a harper rare,
As ever touch'd the quiv'ring wire ;
Harmonious sweetness grac'd the air,
The song bespoke poetic fire.

“ Come to my hall, (Lord Valens said)
Come to my hall and welcome be ;
Of all the lyrists that have play'd,
None ever surely equall'd thee !

“ I’ve heard the Cumbrian minstrel play,
I’ve heard the Caledonian chore ;
But such a sweet melodious lay
I swear I never heard before.”

Into the hall the harper wends,
Amidst the fair and gallant train ;
Where as he plays, his music mends,
And all are ravish’d with his strain.

“ Now tell me, minstrel, if you will,
(Lord Valens said) where have you been,
To gain so competent a skill,
And what strange regions have you seen ?

“ For your address informs me well
That you have been in foreign parts ;
And tho’ in music you excell,
Yet have you studied other arts.”

“ Your courtesy, my Lord is such,
That all my frankness it demands ;
Good certes, I have travell’d much,
And been in many foreign lands.

“ There’s not a nation, great or small,
In which I have not something seen ;
Nor yet a court amongst them all,
In which I have not sometime been.

“ Before the greatest kings on earth,
With loud applauses have I play’d;
For mightiest monarchs have made mirth,
And been by them profusely paid.

“ The Soldan of Damascus, he
On me this scimitar bestow’d,
Which I to you present as free,
For all this kindness you have show’d.

“ Its qualities, my Lord, are rare,
That like it in the world is none;
Whilst this you keep, and keep with care,
You never shall be overthrown.

“ Besides, with it you may with ease
Most strange appearances produce,
Or to advantage, or to please;—
Experience best will show its use.

“ And this, fair lady, is for you,
A mantle call’d—The Lease of Love;
With this past pleasure shall renew,
And age your beauty shall improve.”

Lord Valens had a daughter fair,
And Adeliza was her name;
Of beauty she had such a share,
That far and near was spread her fame.

Angelic sweetness flush'd her face,
Her eyes were sparkling, yet serene ;
And those who mark'd her easy grace
Were wont to style her beauty's queen.

To her a sparkling ring he gave,
Saying—" This, fair maid, is mete for thee,
Possessing this you still shall have
Increase of love and constancy."

" Now, by my troth, (Lord Valens cried)
Thy liberality is such,
That, setting courtesy aside,
I would avow it were too much."

Now Lady Anastatia rose,
And round her hath the mantle thrown ;
Her face its virtues plainly shows
In graces not before its own.

Lord Valens he has ta'en likewise
The sword, and struck it on the ground,
When lo ! a tree is seen to rise
With blooming grapes enclust'ring round.

But Adeliza, lovely maid,
Has on her finger put the ring,
And doubtful to herself hath said—
" Let's see what wonder this will bring !"

But when the ring her finger press'd,
She felt herself quite chang'd, I trow ;
New passions seem'd to warm her breast,
She saw, she felt, she scarce knew how.

For he, the harper, who appears
To all, save Adeliza fair,
Sore worn with labour and with years, ▲
And harrow'd by the hand of care.—

To her appears in beauty's bloom,
With youthful mein and comely face ;
Nor one besides in all the room
Might match with him in manly grace.

A flame had caught the fair one's breast,
A flame she never felt before ;
Nor for a moment could she rest,
But as she gaz'd she lov'd the more.

And to herself she silent said—
“ How comely is the harper ! he
Of all the world I'd wish to wed—
The harper is the man for me.”

The harper strikes again the strings,
His strains the passions well express'd ;
Again the vaulted mansion rings.
And pleasure thrills in ev'ry breast.

But most transported with the song
Was lovely Adeliza ; she
This chorus caroll'd all along,
“ The harper is the man for me !”

At length arriv'd the midnight hour ;
Well pleas'd the company withdrew ;
Nor one in chamber or in bow'r
But slept that night right sound, I trow ;

Save Adeliza, lovely fair,
The harper he so fill'd her head ;
Of sleep she had but little share,
And silently she's left her bed.

And she's put on her kirtle green,
Unmindful what the folks might say ;
And thro' the dark has ventur'd clean,
To where the wakeful harper lay.

“ Come to my bed, sweet lady fair,
(The merry minstrel whisp'ring cried)
Come to my bed, sweet lady fair,
For thou shalt be my-bonny bride,”

“ Ah ! what is this that makes me start,
Or what is it that urges me ?
Thou hast bewitch'd my virgin heart,
And I must come to bed to thee.”
F—Vol I.

The harper took her to his arms,
Right amorously they pass'd the night,
In full possession of her charms,
Till fairly shone the morning light.

Lord Valens rose by dawn of day.
And to his page aloud did call,
“ Go, bring the harper here straightway,
And let him join me in the hall.

“ For I’ve a curious vision seen,
The which perhaps he may unfold—
I dreamt my daughter was a queen,
And habited in robes of gold.”

The page at his Lord’s bidding ran
With all the speed that well might be ;
But when he to the chamber wan,
Nor harp nor harper there met he.

They search’d the castle round and round,
They march’d the chambers thro’ and thro’ ;
But harper no where could be found,
Tho’ none of his departure knew.

They call’d the porter from the gate—
When thus on oath did he declare ;
“ I’ve watch’d it soon, I’ve watch’d it late,
But man or mortal pass’d not there.”

Then said Lord Valens hastily,
“ Now to my daughter’s chamber go,
Enquire of her if haply she
May something of the harper know.”

Then to the chamber quick went they,
And back as quickly to the hall,
And to Lord Valens told straightway,
His daughter she was gone and all.

“ Now, by the rood, (Lord Valens cried)
Foul doings have been practis’d here ;
She’s some vile necromancer’s bride,
Or else some elfin wight’s I fear.

“ But, by the holy virgin dame !
If I this harper meet with soon,
I’ll teach the varlet other game,
And, for a season, change his tune.”

And he has ta’en the goodliest steed
That there was standing in the stall,
And he’s adventur’d forth with speed,
In comely armour clad withal.

Fast o’er the mountains did he hie,
As fast o’er haught and valley scour ;
But house nor hall did he espy,
Till ev’ning shades began to lour,

When, at a distance, he survey'd
A lonely mansion o'er the lee,
"Whate'er be here, (Lord Valens said)
To-night here must my lodging be."

He spurr'd his courser o'er the moor,
And soon he reach'd the castle gate;
But long he thunder'd at the door,
Ere page or porter came to wait.

At length a surly servant came,
From whose foul looks and frowning face,
Lord Valens might a passage take
Both of the master and the place.

"What brings thee here (he sternly cried)
Uncourteous knight, to knock so late?
My Lord is arming him aside,
And means to give thee battle straight."

"I did not come (Lord Valens said)
With ill intent much less to fight,
But only hop'd I might have made
A lodging here for one short night."

"'Tis like enough (the vaf replied)
That your request you may obtain,
And lodge here till you're satisfied,
Before I let you out again;

“ For know the terms that we afford
 To all that venture here like thee—
 Is to do combat with my Lord,
 Or yield them, and his prisoners be !”

“ Now, devil take thy Lord, say I,
 And thee and all, thou saucy knave !
 If with your boasts your valour vie,
 You, doubtless, both are very brave.

“ Go, tell him not to make delay,
 But hasten as I wait the fight ;
 For in his hall I mean to stay,
 With or without his leave to-night.”

“ Now, by my sooth, (the porter said)
 This menace suits thy station ill ;
 Thou may'st proud knight, perhaps be made
 To stay all night against thy will

“ But if it chance to be thy lot
 Here, maugre thy consent, to be,
 In solitude thou pinest not,
 For here is store of company.

“ Full many a Lord of high renown,
 And many a foolish-boasting knight,
 Have very humbly here sat down,
 As likely thou may'st do to-night.”
 F 2—Vol. I,

**"Now, God confound thee! Chattering off,
Thy words at least bespeak thy will;
Thy master comes not forth himself:
Take thou this earnest of my skill.**

“ At least, 'twill let thy master know
His menace is to me no dread.”
So saying, with a furious blow,
He from his shoulders smote his head!

At length the castle-knight appear'd,
In armour harness'd cap-a-pée ;
His pond'rous lance he held uprear'd,
And gaily mounted, too, was he.

With threats and execrations loud,
The traitor marshall'd his advance;
And from afar, in gestures proud,
He boastful shook his threatening lance.

But when the porter he beheld
All lifeless in the postern lie,
Increasing rage his bosom fill'd,
And death and vengeance was his cry.

" Full dearly shalt thou, stranger knight,
 This cruel outrage soon repay ;
 And tho' though dost condemn my might,
 Shalt rue a way."

He took his seat, and couch'd his lance,
 And ran his furious headlong course;
 Lord Valens saw his mad advance,
 And, turning, mock'd his idle force.

But as enrag'd he past him sped,
 This nimbly stooping to the place,
 Snatch'd from the ground the porter's head,
 And dash'd it in the braggart's face!

Provok'd beyond all common bounds,
 Pierce to the combat he returns;
 The welkin with his voice resounds,
 His face with indignation burns.

Pierce was the shock, for such a pair
 To neither would the other yield;
 Their shining lances glanc'd in air,
 And rudely shield encounter'd shield.

Lord Valens drew the blade so bright,
 The very blade the harper gave;
 To try its metal on the knight,
 And, sooth, it prov'd a gallant glive.

For at one well-directed blow,
 It cleft his glittering casque in twain,
 And passing onward deep below,
 It trenches wide the traitor's brain!

Prone from his horse he lifeless fell—

“ So fare all knaves ! (Lord Valens cried).
This outside promises right well,
Let's see what's here to do beside.”

Then to the castle he proceeds,
With all the haste that he could hie ;
No let his further course impedes,
The menials in confusion fly.

Fast thro' the hall the Baron went,
To search the vaulted dungeons round ;
And there in chains and darkness pent,
Full fifty captive knights he found.

“ Now shall you all right merry be
With me this night, (Lord Valens said).
I am your host : base Kenrick, he
Your former one, by me lies dead.”

Then were the knights well pleas'd to hear
These tidings as in sooth they might,
For in the lonely dungeon drear
They had but been in rueful plight.

And they're assembled in the hall,
Where plenteous dainties they have found ;
And ev'ry thought of former thrall
Is in the cheering goblet drown'd.

But soon as daylight streak'd the east,
The Baron he, without repose,
Deported, leaving all the rest,
Each one to take the road he chose.

And has on yesterday, with haste
O'er fen and forest fast rode he,
To-day thro' wilderness and waste
He swifter speeds, if such may be.

The sun had reach'd its noon-tide stage,
Ere ~~man~~ or mansion had he spied ;
For such was then his onward rage,
He scarcely ever look'd aside.

But, as he for a moment stood
To rest his jaded steed withall,
Within the curtain of a wood,
He there beheld a princely hall.

Too tir'd for ceremony, he
Resolv'd to wait not mickle grace ;
But, spurring forward o'er the lee,
He in a trice was at the place.

And as he drew towards the dome,
The sound of mirth assail'd his ears ;
Which from the mansion seem'd to come—
Quoth he—" This prelude rather cheers.

“ Well am I sure that where there’s mirth,
There cannot much ill nature be ;
Spleen gives to unpoliteness birth,
And cheerfulness to courtesy.”

And he has reach’d the castle gate,
And loudly at the ring rang he ;
But readier here were they to wait,
For servants there came two or three.

“ Now welcome art thou to our hall,
Most courteous stranger knight, (said they)
Most welcome, (answered one and all)
And long and pleasant be your stay.

“ Right glad will be my Lord I trow,
To entertain you with good cheer ;
And glad my Lady be also,
When she shall know that you are here ;

“ And fair and merry may you be,
(Lord Valens said) and fair betide,
For this you’re welcome frank and free,
Your courteous master and his bride.”

Now they have ta’en the Baron’s steed,
And led it to a goodly stall
And they’ve Lord Valens led with speed,
Politely to the mirthful hall.

But as he enter'd, more and more
His wonder was awake, I ween,
For he in all his life before
So fair a party ne'er had seen.

The tables groan'd with piles of food,
Whereon might kings and princes dine,
And flowing full the vases stood,
With rarest and with costliest wine !

The company who sat around,
Were rich in princely vestments dress'd;
And from each chamber music's sound
Gave to the banquet double zest.

“ Here, take your place, sir stranger knight,
And share right freely in our cheer ;
Lord Proteus should have been by right,
But he will presently be here.

“ But 'tis not needful we delay
Until my Lord's return ; at least,
We are his commoners each day,
And can without him share the feast.”

So said—the company fell on,
Without long waiting for the grace ;
The hungry Baron, too, anon,
Seem'd with the foremost to keep pace.

And now the banquet being o'er,
 The cheering minstrels strike the strings,
 The hall resounds with laughter's roar,
 And music thro' the mansion rings,

But how, amid the tuneful choir,
 Was he surpris'd the Baron bold,
 With those that struck the trembling lyre,
 His quondam harper to behold !

All seated on a gorgeous throne,
 In royal dignity he sat ;
 In splendour he might yield to none,
 That ever bore the badge of state.

Fair Adeliza by his side
 Sat on another throne as fair ;
 Array'd in royalty's fair pride,
 And beauty, more than mortal's share

“ Now by my troth, (Lord Valens said)
 Base harper whatsoever thou be,
 Thou hast foul incantations play'd,
 Both on my daughter and on me.

“ But now foul traitor ! to thy woe,
 This rape ungen'rous shalt thou pay,
 And curse the moment thou didst know
 My house, or stole my child away.

Then, in a rage, Lord Valens rose,
And furious rush'd across the floor ;
Towards the orchestra he goes,
But cursing, as he went, full sore,

Quick from its sheath his trusty blade
With hasty hand in wrath drew he ;
But from his grasp it was convey'd,
But how or where he could not see,

And by his side a lady stood,
All comely, affable and gay ;
Who press'd his hand, and begg'd he would
Politely dance with her that day.

“ Indeed, fair dame, (the Baron said)
I am not in a dancing mood ;
But when such beauty comes in aid,
The suit can be but ill withstood.”

Then up his mirth-inspiring lyre
In haste the merry minstrel drew ;
Its strains awoke the slumb'ring choir,
And to the dance Lord Valens flew.

And gaily hopp'd he round the hall,
And frisk'd and fidgets on the floor,
To the amusement of them all,
Who laugh'd till all their sides were sore.
G—Vol I.

And still the lovely lady gay,
In graceful air the measure led ;
And still Lord Valens danc'd away,
And blither still the harper play'd.

“ For pity, harper, hold thy hand,
Urg'd he, for I am out of breath ;
Do let me for a moment stand,
Or I shall dance myself to death.”

Then down his harp the lyrist laid,
A winsome wight I wot was he,
And to the weary wanton said,
“ This likes you more than chivalry.”

“ You see, Lord Valens, I have pow'r
To treat you in what wise I will ;
But be assur'd that from this hour
I never more will use you ill.

“ Your daughter, Baron, is my bride.
Right worthy of her rank, I ween ;
And understand, my Lord, beside,
That she is now an elfin queen !

“ There, take, Lord Valens, take the sword ;
’T may serve you on some future day ;
This, haply, succour may afford,
~~a, perhaps,~~ am far way.

“ But now and then depend that we
Will pay a visit to your hall ;
And now may all prosperity
Attend you till our casual call.”

“ Indeed, my son, (the Baron said)
If so it be, it must be so ;
And sorely have I been afraid,
To think what you resolv'd to do.

“ And since my daughter is your wife,
Take my consent now frank and free ;
And, thro' the residue of life,
In *God's* name may you happy be !”

Scarcely had that word the Baron spoke,
When, in an instant, all was gone !
The hall, the banquet, and the folk
Were vanish'd, and he left alone ?

But, what surpris'd him yet still more
Than all the rest, was now to see,
Tho' he two days had rode full sore,
Close by his own park-wall was he !

LORD BALDWIN,

A ROMANTIC TALE.



LORD Baldwin rose at early dawn,
And spurr'd his courser o'er the lawn,
To join the eager chase ;
His onward way the Baron took,
Along the banks of Caldew's brook ;
But with no tardy pace.
The devious windings he pursued,
Till Warnell's tow'ring heights he view'd,
With forests mantled o'er.
Here he resolv'd his sports to take,
And from the close embow'ring brake
To drive the bristl'd bear.
Full sweetly smil'd the op'ning morn ;
Full sweetly blew the echoing horn,
The landscape bloom'd around ;
The baying hounds, with op'ning throats,
Return'd the huntsman's clam'rous notes ;
The hills the whole resound.

Lord Baldwin spurr'd his mettled steed,

To join the party with all speed,

Devoid of vulgar fear :

Nor dimpling stream, nor swampy fen,

Ner tow'ring cliff, nor headlong glen,

Could check his bold career.

But as he turn'd the skirting wood,

Close by the margin of the flood,

A female form he spied.

Her features shone divinely fair ;

Angelic seem'd the damsel's air,

As down the dale she hied.

Her eyes were of the heav'nly bright,

Her robes were of the purest white,

Her hair like threads of gold :

The fairest flow'r that ever grew

Might blush at her superior hue,

All lovely to behold !

Lord Baldwin sudden stopp'd his horse,

Forgetful of his promis'd course,

To ask the damsel's name ;

For in his life, the Baron swore,

He ne'er as yet had seen before,

By far, so fair a dame.

The damsel she made no reply,

But bashfully seem'd hasting by,

Along the winding way ;

"Nay, by my sooth ! (Lord Baldwin said,)

You pass not thus my lovely maid—

A moment you must stay,"

So said, dismounting from his steed,

He onward rush'd with fiery speed

To seize the beauteous fair!

But, nimble as the bird of chase,

She springs and shuns his fierce embrace—

He clasps the yielding air.

“ Fair damsel say, why these alarms ;

Why thus affrighted shun my arms ?”

The baffled Baron said ;

I swear by all yon heav'ns above,

So fix'd, so ceaseless is my love,

Thou need'st not be afraid.

“ Then, damsel, doff thy foolish fear,

My declaration deign to hear,

Nor thus with panic start :

I swear that thou shalt be my bride,

If thou with this art satisfied,

And mistress of my heart.”

“ Lord Baldwin, (said the lovely dame,)

Right well I know thy rank, thy name,

Tho' I'm to thee unknown ;

But how shall I thy tale believe,

So long accustom'd to deceive,

To perfidy so prone ?

“ Since Adelaide, thy once lov'd wife,

Forsook this transitory life,

Has not within thy dome,

Fair Emma been, much injured maid,

By faithless promises betray'd,

From honour and from home ?

“ How often has she heard you swear
Your love to her was all sincere !

How long has she believ'd !

Then say, Lord Baldwin, how can I

On these your promises rely,

Which her have so deceiv'd ?

“ And say, were I your wedded wife,

Could I submit to life in strife

With her a rival there ?

Or rather you, Lord Baldwin, say,

Could you remorseless turn away

The hapless injur'd fair ?”

“ Yes, by my spoth ! (Lord Baldwin said),

I promise thee, most beauteous maid,

Upon my knightly word ;

Young Emma !—I'll discharge the fair,

No rival shall inhabit there,

That discord can afford.

“ But say, (said he,) most lovely dame,

What is your family, your name ?

Of these I wish to know ;

If ought like this you ask of me,

My answer should be frank and free,—

As much to me you owe.”

“ No, no ! (the lovely damsel cried).

Until I am thy wedded bride,

That obligation wants ;

A poor unskilful girl is she,

Who, while she holds her liberty,

Each asked-for favour grants.

“ Believe me, on my plighted word,
That though thou art a titl'd lord
Of most illustrious line ;
Yet, I a pedigree can shew,
That e'en ambition would allow
As eminent as thine.”

“ But why, (lord Baldwin said) sweetheart !
Why should not I, before we part
Enjoy the fond embrace ?”

“ No, no, (said she) some other time,
At present it would be a crime ;—
This is no proper place.”

“ But tell me, when and where (said he)
Shall our next happy meeting be ?

For sooth, my lovely fair !
I promise, by the Holy Rood !
Our nuptial contract to conclude
Demurless, then and there.”

“ Ill would it suit me to be seen
To walk with you, the forest green,
In vulgar slander's spite ;
But, if my councils you regard,
I'll meet you in yon lone church-yard,
At twelve o'clock at night.

“ Beneath the solitary yew,
Close-screen'd from each observer's view,
Free converse we may hold ;
What curious passenger would dare
To interrupt our meeting there ?
Not one would be so bold.”

Thanks for the terms that you propose,
 Lord Baldwin said) my beauteous rose !

The meeting suits me well :

In yon church-yard, beneath the yew,
 Conceal'd from each observer's view,

As midnight strikes the bell."

" Yes ! at that hour, (replied the fair)

That very place, just then and there,

No better could be found ;

But how shall I be sure that you

To this appointment will be true,

By no engagement bound."

" Love," answered he, " with him that loves,

A stronger obligation proves,

Than protestations are ;

And could my fair one once dispute

The truth, the ardour of my suit,

'Twould drive me to despair :

" Here on my bended knee : I vow,

No woman else on earth but you

Shall share my changeless love !

Fair Lady ! if thou wilt be mine,

Body and soul I will be thine ;

As time shall better prove."

" Enough !" the lovely lady cried ;

Lord Baldwin, I am satisfied :

Nor fortune shall us sever ;

Here do I swear that I am thine,

Body and soul thou shalt be mine,

For ever, and for ever !"

Thus said, swift o'er the winding brook,
Her homeward way the damsel took,

Nor waited his reply :

He joins the chase with double glee,
(I ween a well-pleas'd wight was he)

With thoughts of future joy.

But now their various pastimes o'er,
Lord Baldwin homeward hies, once more

To taste the cheering bowl ;

His bosom burns with strong desire :

Meanwhile determinations dire

Are gathering in his soul.

Fair Emma, beauteous injured maid !

In youthful innocence betray'd,

By practices most base ;

Had long the baron's heart engag'd ;

But time that passion had assuag'd,

And shunn'd was her embrace.

Thus oft too easy purchas'd joy

The libertine will soonest cloy,

And in aversion cease ;

So Emma, once tho' dearly lov'd,

Now cruelly must be remov'd,

To suit her Lord's caprice.

But how to manage this affair

Awhile employ'd the Baron's care,

And kept his mind in doubt ;

Dominion she too long had held

By easy means to be expell'd,

Or violence turn'd out.

Long time the subject he revolves,
At last on secreasy resolves,
 Since better might not be ;
For her he drugs the fatal bowl,
With baneful laurel, poison foul ;—
 Thus, murder sets him free !
The night came on ;—with passion fir'd
Lord Baldwin from his hall retir'd
 Toward the church-yard drear ;
Nor either did the place or time,
Or recently committed crime
 Impress his mind with fear.
Serene and peaceful was the night,
Clear shone the moon with silver light,
 Whilst all was hush'd around ;
No sound except the murm'ring stream ;
No voice except the owlet's scream,
 Disturb'd the calm profound.
At length the church-yard rose in view,
And full was seen the sable yew ;—
 Sad, melancholy tree !
The midnight bell had not yet toll'd
Lord Baldwin's blood was waxing cold ;
 No damsel could he see.
At length with deep and solemn knell,
The dreary hour rang on the bell !
 That moment fair in view,
Lord Baldwin, by the moon's pale light
A female view'd, in garments white,
 Beneath the lonely yew.

Quick to the place, the Baron press'd
Desire wild burning in his breast,

To moderation lost;

But soon his furious ardour fled;

His spirits sunk;—he hung his head;—

'Twas murder'd Emma's ghost!

"Accursed wretch! (the spectre said)

Betraying, thou hast been betray'd;

Thy wiles have wrought thy woe!

Yon yawning grave false man behold!

Thy body it shall soon enfold,

For Heav'n awards it so.

"Think, monster! in that shorten'd time

Thou hast to live, upon thy crime;

Think, ere too late it be!

Short is thy journey to the tomb!

Near is thy everlasting doom!

Lord Baldwin, think on me!"

No more she spoke, but softly fled;

Lord Baldwin shook with inward dread;

For horror fill'd his mind:

With speed he quits the fatal spot;

Straight homeward hies, and saunters not,

Nor dares to look behind!

Clear shone the moon with silver light,

Serene and peaceful was the night,

And all was hush'd around;

No sound except the murm'ring stream,

No voice except the owl's scream,

Disturb'd the calm profound.

When, as Lord Baldwin nearer drew
His castle gate, there, fair in view
A lovely damsel stood ;
Her vestments all appear'd the same
As those worn by the beauteous dame,
Near Warnell's skirting wood.
" Shame fall your heart ! (the damsel said)
Why, could a weak and wanton maid
Affright Lord Baldwin so ?
'Twas I that played the ghost, to try
Your courage ; but Lord Baldwin, why
Did you so quickly go ?"
The crimson blush of shame o'erspread
The baron's cheek ; his terrors fled ;
And fondly he replied,—
" Come to my arms, thou charming one !
'Tis thou, and thou art fit alone
To be Lord Baldwin's bride !
" Come then unto my longing arms,
Nor cruelly withhold those charms,
Since nothing shall us sever ;
For here I swear that thou art mine ;
Body and soul I will be thine,
For ever and for ever !"
" Body and soul ! (the Lady cried)
With that I am well satisfied,
The promise comes with grace ;"
Then as the vulture swift she sprung,
And on his neck and bosom hung
With eager fix'd embrace.

“Avaunt! detested fiend of hell!
(The baron roar’d, with dreadful yell)
What means this dev’lish strife!”

This was not she, the Lady fair
Of Warnell-wood, so debonair,

But Adelaide, his wife!
Her fleshless arms his neck embrac’d,
Her putrid lips to his were plac’d,
Chill horror shook his soul;
Her smell was like the scorpion’s breath,
Her icy touch was cold as death,
And horrible the whole.

“Shake off your fear, (the spectre said)
What makes Lord Baldwin thus afraid!

Where is your courage fled
Can he, who could destroy his wife,
Who reft poor Emma of her life,
Thus shake with childish dread?

“When sated with my bridal charms,
To take another to your arms,

What cruelty you us’d!
To me the poison’d bowl you gave,
And sent me to an early grave.

Degraded and abus’d.
“In love a second time with me,
The self-same cruel villainy

You practis’d with success:
Like mine with you, was Emma’s fate:
Short was your love;—severe your hate;
Abandon’d to excess.

“ What vice, what baseness has been thine ;

Who laws both human and divine,

Didst proudly set at nought !

By faithless protestations made,

What innocents hast thou betray'd ;—

To shame and ruin brought !

“ But now, Lord Baldwin, at the last,

I have thee, and will hold thee fast ;

On earth nought shall us sever :

Your oath was—“ By the powers divine,

Body and soul I will be thine,

For ever and for ever !”

Lord Baldwin made her no reply ;

Pale grew his face, and dim his eye ;

His heart it throbb'd full sore ;

At length with an expiring yell,

He on the pavement lifeless fell,

And words spoke never more :

Yet often, as the rustics say,

Lord Baldwin takes his midnight way

Along the winding stream ;

Two female forms, array'd in white

Pursue him thro' the live-long night,

And hoot with hideous scream !

THE RETURN ;

A NORTH COUNTRY BALLAD.



FAST the pattering hail was fa'ing,
And the sowing rain as thick ;
Loud and snell the whirl'wind bla'ing,
And the neeght as dark as pick :

When upon her strae couch ligging
Susan steep'd her wakerife ee'n,
And about her crazy bigging
Blew the hollow whirlblast keen.

In each arm a bairn lay sleeping ;
I'their looks lank famine sat,
And their een seem'd blear'd wi' weeping,
For the things they seldom gat.

On her lowly bed she toss'd her
Darking till the tempest ceas'd ;
But, poor lass ! nae change of posture
-sift of her breast.

In her face, a heart sair anguish'd
Meeght a stranger's eye survey ;
Six dree years had Susan languish'd
Sin her Walter went away.

He far o'er the stormy ocean,
Wand on India's distant shore;
Courting fortune and promotion,
E'en amid the battle's roar.

Sair again his inclination,-
Watty left his hame and ease,
Wife, bairns, and ilk kind relation
To traverse the dang'rous seas ;

Widow-like his absence mourning,
Monny a sleepless neeght she past,
Praying ay'e his safe returning
As she lyth'd the lengthning blast.

Bloated grew her e'en and squallid,
That before wi' lustre fill'd ;
Wan her lip, her cheek how pallid,
That vermillion once excell'd !

Ance the rose and lily blended
In fair Susan's bridal face ;
But folk said, whae erst had ken'd it,
Sadly alter'd was the case.

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She wae late sae doose and jolly
Need hae turn'd her face o' namè;
Soon thro' grief and melancholy
Turns to perfect skin and bene:

“Cruel fate, thy mandate alter!”
Oft she murmer'd in despair;
“Give me! give me back my Walter!
Give me him! I ask nae mair!”

Here disconsolate and weary
Are my days of sorrow past;
And my neeghts forlorn and eery
That ilk ane! I wish my last.

But a ray of hope yet cheers me;
And our wee anes' yamm'ring noise,
Mair than ought to life endear me;
Boding still some future joys.

Yes my love, tho' sair I mourn him,
Fate shall shield frae circling harms,
And kind providence return him
To these long expecting arms:

Hark! the whirl-blast louder blusters
Dreary, howling o'er my head;
And with rage the tempest musters
O'er my crazy, clay-built shed.

“ Wint’ry blasts that bluster o’er me,
 Waft my sighs to Walter’s ears !
 Gales auspicious, quick restore me
 Him whose smiles can dry my tears.

“ Fancy, whither wou’dst thou lead me ?
 Say what phantom to impart ?
 Visionary shades o’erspread me !
 To amuse my love-lorn heart.

“ There my Walter’s face I view now,
 ‘Mid the lightning’s transient glare ;
 Pleasing form ! I’ll thee pursue now ;—
 But, ’tis gone ! and I despair.

“ Hark ! what shriek was that, that mingles ?
 Wi’ the lifting tempest’s howl,
 On my ears like fate it jingles,
 Piercing to my varra soul.

“ Was it not my true love ca’ing ?
 Was’t not like his weel ken’d tone ?
 Say poor heart, where art thou fa’ing ?
 Fancy, say where art thou gone ?

“ Heavier now, the tempest musters,
 Down in plennets teems the rain ;
 Louder aye, the whirldblast blusters,
 Sweeping o’er the benty plain :

Susan fill'd wi' apprehension
At the dismall dangerous roar,
Soon is fix'd in mute attention
Wi' loud knocking at the door :

“ Susan, rise ! ” a voice loud bawling
Said, “ unbar the envious door ! ”
“ Whae commands ? ” she scream'd, then fa'ing,
Senseless, treck'd her on the floor..

Wi' a runge, the yielding hinges
Frae the parting stoothings flee ;
In the storm-struck stranger swinges,
Walter enters !—yes, 'twas he.

Swift to Susan's aid he hies him,
Graping round the weel ken'd bower ;
Light, the lightning's flash supplies him,
Her he spies upon the floor,

In his arms he gently rears her,
Softly lifts her drooping head,
Anxious o'er the room he bears her,
And reclines her on her bed :

But his tongue was pinch'd to falter,
Wake ! my fair one ! wake and see,
Wake ! and cheer thy long lost Walter,
Safe return'd to love and thee.

Lang she sleeps not ; struggling nature
Soon suspended life restores,
On his habit, form and stature
Wi' impatient look she glöres.

Frae his arms in deep confusion
Till her ingle swift she flies ;
Doubtful this 'twas a' delusion
That bewitch'd her ears and eyes ;

Prodling up the smoth'ring embers,
Fast the sweeling hether flies,
She nae trace of him remembers,
Alter'd sae by his disguise :

Sowp'd wi' rain, wi' glore bespatter'd,
Frowzy beard and visage wan,
Matted locks and garments tatter'd,
Mair he seem'd of gaist than man.

“ Ah !” cried he, “ can time so alter
Folks as thus to be forgot ?
Fare ane ! I'm thy faithful Walter !
Susan ! canst thou, know me not ?”

When his weel ken'd voice she listens,
A' her doubts are soon suppress'd,
In her een keen transport glistens,
And she sunk upon his breast.

Here awhile wi' ardour glowing
 Stood the lover and his wife,
 Baith their hearts wi' joy o'erflowing
 Soon he kiss'd her into life.

“ Yes !” she said, thou long lost stranger !
 Thou art still my husband dear,
 Safe, I hope, return'd frae danger,
 And nae mair to leave me here.

“ What tho' thou'rt wi' muck bespatter'd,
 What tho' thou'rt in wæsfu' plight,
 Matted locks, and vestments tatter'd,
 Still thou art my soul's delight :

“ Here my love let us together,
 Thro' life's mazy windings wade,
 Each assisting ane anither
 Oft may leeght our common lade.”

When thus Walter, lowly bending
 On his knees, wi' hands uprais'd,
 “ Heaven the virtuous still defending,
 Ever be thy goodness prais'd !

“ Now fulfill'd is a' I sigh'd for;
 Here are a' my sorrows lost,
 And the gear I sair have tried for
 Sweetened frae the pains it cost.

“ Now my love, tho’ foul and tatter’d
In my present garb and graith ;
Tho’ wi muck and mire bespatter’d,
I’ve enough to bless us baith ;

Fortune to my plans propitious,
Has bestow’d me rowth of wealth :
Heaven to virtue still auspicious,
Thro’ a’, has aye preserv’d my health.

Twice ten thousand pounds await me,
We shall yet see happier days,
Yet nae rank sall ere elate me,
Providence commands my praise.

’Midst the battle’s devastation—
Fell my captain : stunn’d wi’ blows :
I succeeded to his station ;
By his fall, my fortunes rose :

Wealth in heaps now seem’d to press me
Honours wait me day and night,
Fortune seem’d resolv’d to bless me,
In amends for former spite.

Thus wi’ riches in abundance,
Soon I quitted India’s shore ;
And securing that redundance
Sought my native land once more.

But of a' the joys I've tasted,
Or, mun e'er expect to taste
In time to come, or time far wasted,—
This, this moment joys me maist.

Soon as London's port we enter'd,
Off I set without delay;
Through the storm and tempest ventur'd,
Love nae patience had for stay:

Cheer thee then, my Susan cheer thee;
Pleasure yet thy cheek shall cheer,
Think thy Wat will aye be near thee,
Think thy love will aye be near.

TO A YOUNG LADY

GOING INTO THE COUNTRY.



THIS verse Belinda, I to thee assign;
Nor all my views to elder worth confine;
But what, on this occasion shall I say?
How form and turn the warm—the faithful lay?
Rather my fond affection let me shew,
Than teach the lines with artful tunes to glow.
While life's gay scenes before you sportive rise,
And tempt you forth with glowing forms and dyes:
Still as the flow'ry lengths you smiling pass
Beware the serpent lurking in the grass:
The serpent man, of all the reptile race
Most subtle, daring, treacherous, and base;
The serpent man who haunts the virgin's way;
Women his sport; women his constant prey.
bese your first views:—but make it still your care
f all extremes to be alike aware;

Nor life mistaking, and its social good,
Sink down and settle in the sullen prude,
The purport mark, and meditate the end,
To each man's overtures still doubtful 'tend,
And thus the false distinguish from the true :
As prudence bids you caution's plans pursue :
First try the man ; 'tis his remember well,
His to attack,—your's, fair one ! to repel :
Acquit yourself, maintain the well-fought field,
And only with, not at discretion yield.
Think that you fall for ever, if you fall,
A woman's honour is a woman's all.
In this wit, beauty, fortune, form and mind
She gives like atoms to the wistling wind.
All worth, all pleasure is with honour lost,
A truth that thousands witness to their cost.
The fate of women deeply we deplore ;
They fall like stars that set to rise no more.
But why this topic with such ardour press
To you with innocence, with virtue bless'd :
Not that I think you weak, proceeds my song,
But that I know the wretch, false man is strong,
My fears from fondness not suspicion rise,
No storm he dreads, who risks at sea no prize.
Indulgent then the friendly strain receive,
A friendly strain is all a bard can give ;
Some worth still waits, on poverty's rude call,
A mite has value, when a mite is all.

THE
STORY OF CADMUS,

FROM THE

Third Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses.



WHEN now the king had lost his darling child
He call'd his son in raving frenzy wild,
And bid him to his arms restore the fair,
Or never more dare breathe Phoenician air,
But live an exile in a clime unknown :
Thus was the father pious to the son.
The royal Cadmus trac'd the world around,
(But how can Jove in his intrigues be found ?)
Till tir'd at length his searches he withheld,
From country banish'd, and from friends expell'd,
He straight a suppliant goes to Delphi's shrine,
To see what fate might hence for him design ;
The Delphic god returns him this reply,
To stay his wand'ring, and his wants supply,
Behold, amidst the fields a milk-white cow,
Unworn with yokes, unbroken to the plough ;

Mark well where first she lays her on the earth
 And to a new-found city there give birth ;
 So from thy guide Bœotia call the land,
 Where here secure thy destin'd wall shall stand.
 Scarce had he left the dark and gloomy cell,
 Whilst in his breast the glad presages swell,
 When in the field the fatal cow he spied
 Grazing at large, unknown, without a guide ;
 He at a distance keeps her in his view,
 Whilst to the god his prayers he doth renew.
 Her way thro' flowery Panupe she took,
 And now Ciphyssus fords thy silver brook,
 Where raising to the east her snowy head
 She bellow'd loud ; then back began to tread,
 And gazing on her fellow herds behind,
 Down on the tender grass herself reelin'd :
 Cadmus salutes the soil, and gladly hails
 The new-found mountains, and the nameless vales :
 Then sends his servants to the neighbouring grove
 For waters clear to sacrifice to Jove.
 Wide o'er the mountains brow contiguous stood
 A lonely, spreading, solitary wood,
 Deep in the centre was a cave unknown
 Perplex'd with brambles and with shrubs o'ergrown :
 Within the dark recess, and hid from day,
 Sacred to Mars, a hideous dragon lay,
 Around his neck a golden collar placed,
 Whilst a huge crest his lofty forehead grac'd,
 With a right, of a stupendous size,
 Minglanc'd his fiery eyes,

Three tongues he brandish'd when he charg'd his foes,
His teeth stood jagging in three dreadful rows;
The Tyrians now attain the fatal place,
Led to their doom by a too speedy pace;
With empty urns they search the vault around,
From side to side their empty urns resound,
The slumb'ring dragon rousing with the noise
His venom'd armour now began to poize,
Enfuriate from the hidden den he flies,
And with tremendous hissings fills the skies,
The Tyrians frighten'd at the hideous sight
Forsake their empty jars, and seek for flight;
Wreath above wreath, aloft in air he rears,
And o'er the wood in dreadful form appears,
He now unwreaths,—'tis dreadful to behold!
Then springs upon them in a horrid fold;
In vain the Tyrians on their arms rely,
In vain attempt to fight, in vain to fly;
Some by his baneful teeth receive their death,
Others are stifled by his pois'nous breath.
But now the sun from his meridian height
Shot round the world his scorching beams of light,
When royal Cadmus wond'ring at the stay
Of his departed friends, who long delay,
Uneasy grown, with anxious discontent,
He seeks the way his dear companions went:
A lion's skin he round his shoulders wore,
A well pois'd jav'lin to the field he bore,
The trusty lance unus'd to rapine foul,
But yet still best of all, a noble soul,

Soon as the prince had reach'd the fatal wood,
He saw his servants weltring in their blood,
The scaly fiend amidst their corpse he sees
Licking their tender wounds and stretch'd at ease =
"My trusty friends!" the godlike hero cried,
What pity 'tis that you so basely died!
But I'll revenge this, your unhappy fate,
On your curst foe, but, ah! my friends too late."
He said, and from the ground a millstone drew,
Which like a whirlwind at the fiend he threw.
A tower assaulted by so rude a stroke,
With all its lofty battlements had shook,
With no effect the massive weight is found
On his close scales impervious to a wound;
The pointed jav'lin more successful flew,
Which like a lightning the vex'd hero threw,
Amidst his scales the sharpen'd steel he sent,
Which in its pervious guts its fury spent:
The monster raging with the piercing pain,
Writhes to and fro and bites the shaft in vain,
His rage and pain now equally advance,
Whilst from his eyes the flashing lightnings glance,
Churn'd in his teeth he holds the venem'd gore,
And from his nostrils pois'nous vapours pour,
Such as are near the Stygian waters found:
The tender shrubs are tainted all around:
Now in a maze of curls he lies enroll'd,
Now all unravell'd and without a fold,
Now poising forward like a rapid flood
Down the tow'ry wood,

Cadmus upon the lion's skin doth meet
His heavy charge, then makes him to retreat ;
The royal hero with his spear doth ward,
The raging foe as little doth regard,
The spear he bites, the pointed sword he chews,
Till from his throat the bloody poison flows,
But yet for all, his vigour scarce seems worse ;
For when the hero with redoubl'd force
Strikes home the dart, his yet still vigorous foe
Shrinks from the stroke and disappoints the blow,
The dauntless Cadmus yet the stroke repeats,
Then backward to a spreading oak retreats,
The foe he here retards in his career,
And plunges in his throat the fatal spear,
Which in his gaping maw a way receives,
The yielding hero an ample passage gives,
Fix'd to the sturdy tree, now with his tail,
The knotty boughs unrag'd he doth assail,
When tir'd at length and wearied with his toils,
He gapes for breath, then wreaths in various coils ;
Cadmus beholds the foe with raptur'd eyes,
Whilst lashing in his pois'nous gore he lies.
When sudden from on high, a voice was heard,
The sound distinct, and yet no form appear'd
Why dost thou thus with secret joy behold,
A state which shall ere long thyself unfold :
Seiz'd with a trembling at the awful sound,
He stands aghast and gazes all around,
When, lo ! Minerva from the clouds descends,
The goddess, who the wise and bold defends,

Who bids him round the neighbouring mountains plow
The serpents teeth in the new furrows sow :
Then tells the prince, before his wond'ring eyes
A warlike harvest from the earth shall rise.
At her command the serpent's teeth he sows,
And from his hand the future people throws.
The animated clods to life advance,
And now appears the spear and glitt'ring lance,
Next nodding plumes, and crests begin to rear,
And now the shoulders, and the breasts appear,
O'er all the field a warlike harvest swarms,
A living crop of men and glitt'ring arms.
So thro' the parting stage a figure rears,
Its body up, and limb by limb appears,
By slow degrees, at length the man ascends
Upon the stage, and all his form extends.
The prince astonish'd at the hostile shew,
Prepares for war, and stands to meet the foe ;
When one cried out, " forbear, fond man to fight,
Nor in a blind promiscuous war unite !"
So said, he strikes his brother to the heart,
Himself expiring by another's dart ;
Nor did the third long ward the stroke of death,
Dying, ere scarce he drew his infant breath ;
The sad example spreads o'er all the plain,
Till heaps of brothers are by brothers slain,
The furrows swim in blood, and only five
The direful conflict of the wars survive ;
Achion, one urg'd by Minerva's call
The guiltless weapon from his hand lets fall,

And with the rest a peaceful treaty makes,
Whom Cadmus as his friends and partners takes,
Then founds a city to conclude his toil,
And builds Boeotia on the promis'd soil.

FATAL OMENS.

A ROMANTIC TALE.



'TWAS early on a summer's morn,
Eudolpha, lovely fair !
Rose from her couch, and all alone
Walk'd forth to take the air ;

Along the winding streamlet's side
That wimpl'd thro' the grove,
The fair one walk'd and sweetly sung
The song of artless love ;

Her lay was like the linnet's strain,
As tuneful and as sweet,
And as she walk'd the primrose seem'd
To smile beneath her feet.

Orlando was the coming day
To take her for his bride,
And softly seem'd the fair one's heart
The lingering hours to chide ;

"Roll on ye hours," the damsel said,
"Nor thus my bliss delay,
Roll on, ye tardy hours! and bring
The happy bridal day.

How painful to the anxious heart
Procrastination proves ;
Nor better is that pain conceiv'd
Than by the lass who loves ;

Yet still Eudolpha sweetly sung.—
"The wedding-day is near,
Orlando is I know too true
'To leave me ought to fear."

But as she turn'd the mantling grove
An object met her eyes,
Which, tho' she was in merry mood
'Transfix'd her with surprise :—

Betwixt her and the grey-ey'd east
A female form she view'd ;
But soon it vanish'd from her sight,
Nor for a moment stood.

The vest'ments which the phantom wore
Were like the streams of light ;
Her steps were soundless as the breath
Her looks were heav'nly bright ;

But tho' around the spectre's face
 Angelic radiance shone,
 Eudolpha well could recognise
 The features of her own.

"Now this is surely my own wraith,
 (The fearful damsel said,)
 But it is morning,* sith I ween
 I need not be afraid."

Yet, pale and pensive to her home
 The fair Eudolpha hied;
 Her song was ceas'd, her heart was sad,
 And now and then she sigh'd;

And homeward as the heartless maid
 Her pensive course pursu'd,
 Four silent magpies† o'er the way,
 Came flutt'ring thro' the wood.

*It is a received opinion among the superstitious that an apparition of this sort seen in the morning is not of equally fatal consequence with such a sight in the evening.

†There is an old doggerel adage that says of these creatures, who are always considered extremely ominous, that

One is a sign of sorrow,
 Two are a sign of mirth,
 Three the sign of a wedding
 And four are a sign of death.

A hare* too cross'd, from her left hand,
The road with nimble pace,
And as the creature pass'd, it star'd
The damsel in the face!

“What mean these boding signs?” she said
Or, what may this forbear?
A strange dejection weighs me down,
And fills my heart with care.

“What would my fearful fancy urge?—
No, no! it must not be:
Orlando!—O may heav'n forbid
Mischance hath happen'd thee”

Eudolpha reach'd her father's house,
Orlando he was there,
The pensive gloom forsook her face,
Her heart forgot its care.

His presence ev'ry fear dispels,
His fondness calms her breast;
Again resumes the lovely maid—
“To morrow I am bless'd.”

*A hare has generally been considered the unluckiest of all animals; and one crossing the road from the right-hand the worst of all bad luck.

Soon as the dusky evening came,
Orlando and the maid
Again an am'rous saunter took
Along the woodland shade.

The winds were hush'd, the sky serene,
No zephyr shook the spray,
No sound throughout the grove was heard
But Philomela's lay.

When, feebly glimm'ring on the green,
A light the lovers view,
Which from the neighbouring hamlet came,
And to the church-yard drew.

Hoarse croak'd the raven on the spire,
The owlet rais'd her scream,
Whilst slowly onward sped the light
With faint but steady gleam.

Attendant with the twinkling ray
No person either view'd;
But slow it skimm'd along the air,
And o'er the church-yard† stood.

†These appearances, in the gloomy dogmas of superstition were denominated dead lights: it was universally considered of the most serious import. The luminary was said to take its way immediately from the house in which some death was shortly to happen, to move at the common pace of a funeral, and in the precise rout that would be followed to the church-yard; where it was said to remain stationary, and to continue visible every night till the time of the interment happened.

" Ah, me !" the fair Endolpha said,
Orlando, much I fear,
Strange omens, and most luckless signs
This day I've witness'd here.

" Good heaven ! in holy keeping have
Both us and ours this night !
For much I dread some dire mischance
Before to morrow's light."

" Dispel those foolish fears my love !"
Orlando smiling said,
If virtue be of heav'n the care,
Thou need'st not be afraid.

" To morrow, love, dost thou not know
Our bridal is to be ?
And sure thou know'st my heart too well,
To question ought in me."

" O ! heav'n forbid !" Endolpha said,
" A thought should e'er arise
To question my Orlando's love,
Which more than life I prize."

" But those repeated, dire portents
Have such impression made,
That I, in spite of all my hopes
Must own myself afraid."

When homeward o'er the dreary green
Return'd the youthful pair,
The fair Eudalpa's face still shew'd
The marks of inward care.

The damsel to her chamber hied,
But rest she could not find,
The recollection of the day
By night engross'd her mind.

Nor could Orlando's fondness ought
Her gloom of mind dispel :
Though ev'ry argument was tried
Her lab'ring fears to quell.

At length, the balmy hand of sleep
Her weary eye-lids clos'd ;
And for awhile her troubl'd mind
Appear'd to be compos'd.

But soon the fearful fair one 'wakes ;
E'en sleep could give no rest ;
For busy fancy kept alive
The terrors of her breast.

With feeble ray the wat'ry moon
Athwart her chamber shone ;
Hoarse down the chimney blew the wind,
With melancholy tone.

With sleepless eye and fearful heart
 The wistful fair one lay,
And long impatiently she watch'd
 The wish'd-for dawn of day.

But as she look'd with anxious eyes,
 Eudolpha thought she spied
A little old man, with aspect grim,
 Standing by her bedside!

Two cubits seem'd to be his height,
 As much around, or more;
 But of no common form was he;—
 Decrepitude all o'er!

His face was of a mouldy hue,
 But menacing his mein,
 His looks were like the heath-brown bent,
 His eyes were grassy green.

Eudolpha lay in sad affright,
 Her heart it beat full sore;
For such a foul-fac'd sprite as he
 She ne'er had seen before!

“Eudolpha, thou shalt be my bride!”
 The hideous spectre cried,
Eudolpha, by to morrow's night—
Yes—thou shalt be my bride!

“ I know that thou hast fondly hop’d,
But vain those hopes shall be ;
Expect not, howsoe’er it seem,
Orlando’s bride to be.

“ ’Tis true that thou hast fondly hop’d,
But hope will oft deceive ;
That thou shalt be Orlando’s bride,
Gay Lady, ne’er believe.

“ For know, that Destiny has doom’d
That union ne’er shall be ;
Eudolpha by to morrow’s night
Expect to sleep with me.”

But straightway crew the shrill-voic’d cock,
The frightful spectre fled :
Eudolpha, pale and sick of heart,
Lay trembling in her bed.

At length the weary morning came,
The woeful damsel rose,
The secret burthen of her heart,
Her fear full plainly shews.

“ What ails my love ?” Orlando said,
What makes her look so sad ?
Methinks on such a morn as this,
She rather should be glad :

“ For where’s the maid, or far or near,
Who on her bridal day,
Would not her loveliest looks assume,
And study to be gay ?”

“ Orlando, when the secret cause
Of all, you come to know,
Perhaps you’ll cease to ask why thus,
I wear a face of woe.”

Then to her list’ning lover she
Her wond’rous tale hath told ;
With added observations, drawn
From instances of old.

“ T’ indulge those fears,” Orlando said,
Is folly’s worst extreme ;
The little old man that you have seen
Is nothing but a dream.

“ The rest are but old women’s tales,
The whimsies of the weak ;
Then, fair one, let the smile of hope
Again adorn thy cheek.

“ Drive melancholy from your mind,
For dan’grous is its use ;
By it full oft, imagin’d fears
Will real ills produce.

“ Go to thy toilet, charmer ! go,
And let thy fears subside ;
The virgin blush, the willing smile,
Seem better in the bride.”

Eudolpha to her chamber went,
Her friendly glass she took ;
But, as she view'd her pallid cheek,
Her hand convulsive shook !

Down fell the mirror to the floor,
Which all in flinders flew ;
And if her face was pale before,
It now far paler grew ;

When, lo ! she heard a hollow groan
Behind the tap'stry'd wall :
And sharp and shrill, a voice unknown
Eudolpha's name did call !

The damsel dress'd herself with speed,
And to the hall she hied,
Where all the wedding-guests were sat,
To compliment the bride.

But right forlorn the lady look'd,
Tho' 'twas her bridal day ;
And sad and cheerless was her heart,
When others all were gay,

At length they leave the spacious hall,
And to the church repair ;
Orlando, comeliest of the youths,
And his Eudolpha fair.

But, scarcely had he left the gate.
When he cried out amain,—
“ I have forgot the wedding-ring,
And must return again !”

Swift to the hall Orlando flew,
And eke as swift return'd ;
But she, the ominous delay
With inward bodings mourn'd.

At length they came to the church-gate,
The ready priest was there ;
Each face the smile of pleasure wore.
Save her's, the pensive fair ;

For, wrapp'd in thought, she walk'd along,
Nor once a side-look gave ;
When, witless of her steps, she fell
Into a new-made grave !

All pale and speechless, from the tomb
They rais'd the hapless maid ;
And each, to soothe her heavy heart,
Employ their friendly aid.

But quite in vain the efforts prove
Of lover, friends and all ;
The glow of pleasure to her cheek,
No reason can recall.

But to the altar on she went,
Unconscious led along ;
Nor minded she one object round,
Nor notic'd ought the throng.

The nuptial rite, with solemn air,
The priest had just began,
When loud and sudden scream'd the bride,—
“ There comes the little old man !”

With consternation all were seiz'd,
Each heart with pity fill'd ;
But, save the hapless bride alone,
The spectre none beheld.

Fast fled the roses from her cheek,
The lustre left her eye ;
Her lab'ring breast convulsive heav'd
With many a heavy sigh.

Then with a loud and deadly groan,
Which shew'd the conflict o'er,
She lifeless sunk upon the ground,
Nor utter'd one word more !

THE CRUEL HUNTER.

A LEGENDARY TALE.



ARGUMENT.

The following story is founded on a current tradition of an apparition, once very famous, and equally troublesome, in the neighbourhood of Wigton, in Cumberland. The manner, with many of the circumstances, it must be confessed, have a striking resemblance to one of the stories in the Decameron of Boccaccio, translated by Mr. Dryden, in his tale of Theodore and Honora.

LONG o'er moss and moorland dreary,
Plunging slow, in piteous plight,
Albert wander'd, wet and weary,
Lost amid the gloom of night.

Not one ray the desert bright'ning,
To direct him thro' the maze,
Save by turns the gleaming lightning
With its transitory blaze,

Loud and hoarse the winds were howling,
Thro' the circumjacent woods ;
At a distance, headlong rolling,
Waver pour'd its furious floods.

Each advance evinc'd new danger,
Tho' with caution he proceeds,
Yet the weary 'wilder'd stranger
Wists not where his journey leads ;

Onward still with anxious toiling,
Doth he thro' the quagmire plod,
Hoping chance, and sore turmoiling
May conduct him to the road.

But at length, still more entangled
In the close, impervious wood,
With his feet all maim'd and mangled,
Quite irresolute he stood.

Pitchy darkness all surrounding,
Fill him with unusual fears,
And the tempest's roar confounding,
Deaf'ning thunder'd in his ears ;

Tho' with toil and terror harass'd,
Tho' inclement was the night,
He resolves within the forest,
To await the morning light.

Long in this dejected langor
Hapless Albert had not stood,
When he heard a hell-like clangor
Loudly sounding through the wood.

Shrill the huntsman's bugle winding
 Through the gloomy forest sounds,
 And as if there object finding
 Deeply yelp'd the clam'rous hounds,

Shouts of rage and indignation,
 Loud vibrated thro' the air,
 And, as if in supplication,
 Shriek'd the voice of sad despair,

Nearer seem'd the sounds advancing,
 Albert heard them with surprise,
 And athwart the forest glancing,
 Numerous torches struck his eyes,

And anon, full swiftly speeding,
 Fast a female figure flew,—
 Naked, mangled, breathless, bleeding,
 Whom the dogs as fast pursue :

Close behind a figure follow'd,
 Dress'd and harness'd as a knight,
 Who with dreadful menace halloo'd
 To the female in her flight.

Sable was the steed he drifted,
 Sable were the arms he wore,
 In one hand a sword uplifted,
 Whilst a scourge the other bore.
 L,—Vol. 1.

This in wrath, full oft resounded
On the female's back and sides,
And her tender limbs sore wounded,
Scatter'd fast their crimson tides ;

Whilst her undefended haunches
Oft the dogs remorseless tore;
And the shrubs and neighbouring branches
Were besprinkl'd with her gore.

Madly with her anguish roaring,
Shrieking many a piteous yell,
And for mercy loud imploring,
Down at Albert's feet she fell :

Whilst the fell pursuer urging
Forward, on his coal-black steed,
The sad dame, continued scourging,
Nor for ought might pity plead.

For awhile she seem'd to languish
With the pangs of parting breath,
But o'ercome with pain and anguish,
Silent hush'd, she sunk in death.

He the knight, whose fiend-like malice
E'en to death his fury press'd,
Now to all compassion callous,
Thrust his faulchion thro' her breast.

Rous'd by gen'rous indignation
At the cruel sanguine sight,
Albert with an imprecation,
Thus address'd the sable knight :—

“ Stranger, say, with guise uncommon,
Doth this well with knighthood suit,
Thus a feeble, helpless woman
Cruelly to persecute?”

“ Thus impetuously to urge her
Thro' the forest's ample bounds,
Thus inhumanly to scourge her,
And to tear her with thy hounds?”

“ Let amazement have suspension,
Check thy anger.” said the knight.
Far beyond thy comprehension
Are the things before thy sight.”

“ Of this work but little weening,
Do not hastily decide ;
Charitable tho' thy meaning,
Pity may be misapplied.”

“ Little know'st thou the occasion
Of this treatment, though severe ;
Less, the fatal ordination
That compels me to be here :”

“ But as pity prompts thine error,
 Prejudice awhile forego,
 Rage suspend, and banish terror,
 Listen and my story know :”

“ Haply hearing my narration,
 Chang’d thy sentiments may be,
 And a share of thy compassion
 Kindly may extend to me.”

“ All those lands that round are scatter’d,
 Once confess’d me as their lord,
 Then was I caress’d and flatter’d,
 Numerous vassals own’d my word;

“ Gen’rous, liberal, in my nature,
 Affluence then procur’d me fame,
 Comely form’d, and tall in stature;
 Alwin, stranger was my name.

“ Happy quite, if worldly treasure
 E’er could happiness bestow;
 But ’tis seldom perfect pleasure,
 Can from fortune’s favours flow ;

“ In those days when softest passion
 Steal upon the tender mind,
 When of love the first impression
 Entr’

! find.

“ Then it was, that at her window,
Gaily standing on a day,
First I saw the fair Lucinda,
And she stole my heart away,

“ All the arts that love makes use of
Now I tried with fondest care ;
Presents, prayers, alike profuse of,
All to gain the lovely fair.

“ She at length her love confessing,
Yielded to become my wife,
And possess'd of such a blessing,
Happy seem'd my future life.

“ Then it was I lov'd her dearly,
And her every word believ'd,
Hoping she lov'd as sincerely,
But how soon ! was I deceiv'd,

“ Yet, 'mid all this fond delusion,
On which all my hopes were built,
Soon I found, to my confusion,
All was perfidy and guilt,

“ Bred 'midst scenes of rural pleasure,
Frequent in a country place,
All my intervals of leisure
Were devoted to the chace.

“ In a fair autumnal morning,
Tir’d with sport and sylvan play,
Home I chanc’d to be returning,
Ere my wonted time of day :

“ But not with Lucinda meeting,
As was usual in the hall,
To salute with kindly greeting
My return, I mus’d withal :

“ Of the vassals then demanding
Where their lady had withdrawn,
One, who by my side was standing,
Told me she was on the lawn :

“ To the lawn with speed I hasted,
Careful trac’d the park around ;
But enquiry here was wasted,
No Lucinda could be found ;

“ In my garden next I sought her,
(Oh! that sad,—that fearful hour!)
With a stranger there I caught her,
Basely fondling in the bower,

“ On his breast her head reclining,
Whilst his arms embrac’d my wife,
At her fate she loud repining,
Cursing too the married life.

" **This was not an hour for chiding ;
Who would then have patience left ?
Frantic grown, beyond all bidding,
And of reason quite bereft ;—**

" **From its sheath my 'vengeful hanger
Suddenly, enrag'd I drew,
And with more than mortal anger,
Madly run the traitor through.**

" **She, without reply or speaking,
Wrung her hands and tore her hair,
And, with frantic fury shrieking,
Seem'd to rend the very air.**

" **Tho' till now I lov'd her dearly ;
Lov'd her ! yes, I must confess :
Yet I beat her now, severely ;
And what husband would do less ?**

" **Silently my blows sustaining,
Still she answer'd not a word ;
But her liberty regaining,
Suddenly snatch'd up my sword.**

" **Unsuspecting her intention,
With my fury quite oppress'd,
Ere a moment's intervention,
With its point she pierc'd my breast."**

“ Thus of life this wretch depriv’d me,
Unrepented,—unprepar’d,
Tho’ herself not long surviv’d me,
Ere an equal fate she shar’d.

“ On yon lake one ev’ning sailing,
Where I oft had pleasure found,
She by chance, her footing falling,
Tumbl’d over and was drown’d,

“ Since that time my rueful sentence
Is, when daylight disappears,
As I died without repentance,—
Here to range a thousand years.

“ And each year without abatement,
For her treason so impure,
What you thought such cruel treatment,
I must act and she endure.

“ Full an hundred years are pass’d of
Since this direful work began,
And nine hundred more still last of
Our award ere all is done ;

“ Save one of the holy diet,
By kind charity impress’d,
Shall by prayers reverse the fiat,
And my spirit send to rest,”

But the grey-ey'd glimpse of twilight,
And the shrill-voic'd bird of day
Now proclaim that it was nigh light,
As the shades wore fast away.

In a moment all was silent,
Fast the beams of morning spread,
And the storm so loud and vi'lent
Hush'd, as fast the vision fled

Homeward, sore dismay'd and frighted,
Albert hied him o'er the green,
And to gaping crowds recited
All the wonders he had seen.

Long throughout the forest raging,
On that night says legend-fame,
With a wrath, time not assuaging,
Alwin chac'd the woeful dame :

Till at length a holy brother
Of the neighb'ring convent heard,
By complaints from one and other,
How the country Alwin fear'd.

Deeming it a work of merit,
His quietus to restore,
Exorcis'd the troubl'd spirit
Who was never heard of more.

THE BRIDEWAIN.

WRITTEN IN THE CUMBERLAND DIALECT.



ARGUMENT.

THE subject of the following poem, with many of the incidents it contains, may, perhaps, to some of our remoter countrymen appear rather romantic and ludicrous ; whilst others may be disposed to object entirely to the verity of such a narrative ; but those who are more intimately acquainted with the rural manners and simple customs of the county of Cumberland, I am confident of their acknowledging every circumstance : nay, even what may appear the fanciful embellishments of this pastoral. It is a fact well known to the inhabitants of this county, that when a youthful couple conceive a disposition to venture on the voyage of matrimony, with perhaps more of the assurances of the blind god, than the blind goddess ; or, in plain English, with more love than money : the bridegroom generally engages two or three of his companions to assist him in canvassing round ten or a dozen of the adjacent parishes, where they invite all indiscriminately, to assemble on such a day, to assist in solemnizing the nuptials of—. On the day appointed, which is generally a week or a fortnight after the day of invitation, the country people, for many miles round, repair to the house of the young couple, or place where the marriage is to be celebrated, where is witnessed a scene of truly rural festivity ; the exercises and various entertainments which aid in distinguishing this day of convivial merriment, are what chiefly occupy the following verses.

A' you that smudge at merry tales,
Or at diversion shyle.
Or goff and girn at tulements,
New lend your lugs a whyle ;
For sic an infair I've been at,
As has but seldom been,
Whar was sic walloping and'wark,
As varra few hae seen
By neeght or day.

But first I'll tell ye how and why
This parlish bout begun,
And when, and whar, and whea they wer,
That made a' this fync fun ;
Furst. you mun ken a youthful pair
By frugal thrift excyted,
Wad have a brydewain, and of course
The country round invyted,
Agane that day.

At Skinburness, i' th' Abbey Holme,
This wedding it was hauden,
But ore the time arriv'd some friends
And neighbours furst war ca'd on ;
Wi' them in council grave they fix'd,
What methods to proceed on,
And a' the bus'ness there and then,
Was finally agreed on,
Clean thro' that day.

Next day a dozen lish young lads,
 Wi' naig's weel graith'd an' hearty,
 Wi' whup an' spur, thro' stife an' stoor,
 Set off a jolly party:
 Frae town to town lyke wyld they flew,
 Or house where'er they spy'd ane,
 And ev'ry lad or lass they met
 I'th house or out to th' brydewain,
 They bad that day.

Thro' a' th' Holme parish furst the ruede,
 Frae th' Auld Kiln to Kirkbryde,
 To Aikton, Bowness, Banton, Bruff,
 An round a' th' country syde:
 An mony a harling race they had,
 Owr pasture, hill and dale,
 And mony a cowp and kayke they gat,
 And mony a tift o' yele,
 O'th' road that day.

And some ruede east, and some ruede west,
 And some ruede fast and far,
 And some gat sae mislear'd wi' drink,
 They ruede the de'il kens whar.
 Now th' auld gude fokes that staid at hame,
 As thropwyfe they war thrang,
 An meet and drink, and other things,
 Reeght moider'd war amang,
 Thro' o' that day.

Now o' their bidding owr and duone,
 Reeght tyr'd they hameward speed,
 But some at th' Abbey owr a quart,
 Their sells to slocken 'greed ;
 Then great Job Bruff gat on a through,
 And rais'd a fearfu rout,
 That some day soon at Skinburness,
 They'd have a parlish bout
 O'th' brydewain day.

At last this sizling pack consent
 When dark, towards hame to draw,
 Then down to th' Cote for t'other slote
 They gallop'd ane and a' ;
 This neeght the cheerfu bryde-pot's drunk,
 Wi' dances, sangs, and mirth,
 And may be some sma' jobs are duone.
 That bus'ness may ca' forth
 Some other day.

At length the lang-expected morn
 Of merriment arrives,
 Whyle helter-skelter frae a' airts,
 I' swarms the country dryves ;
 The lasses in their fyne pase cloathes,
 The lads baith trig and souple ;
 Owr hill and knowe, through seugh and sowe
 Comes tifting, many a couple.
 Half saim'd that day.

Frae Cowgoe, Brumfield and Crukedake,
 Frae Spatry, Boal and Bolton,
 And ev'ry parish round about,
 The folks i' swarms came rowting,
 And many a queer-far'd joat was there,
 And many an unco shaver,
 Some wanting mence, some wanting sense,
 Tho' some their best behaviour
 Put on that day.

Frae Angerton quite to Dubmill,
 Nin mist as ane may say,
 But a' wi' ae, consent seem'd met
 To hail this happy day,
 Whyle Allonby turn'd out *en masse*,
 Ding-dang baith man and woman,
 And parlish pranks, mang Sylloth banks
 They had as they were coming
 To th' Coate that day.

But it wad need a Homer's hed,
 War l to tak in hand
 To syng or say, what folk that day
 War there or how they wand;
 Frae far and near, and God kens where,
 By common invitation;
 Wi' young and auld, and great and lal,
 Seem'd met on this occasion,
 Wi' glee that day.

Lang Leeny com, wi' wall-ey'd Wull,
 Wi' thing o' Causeway Head,
 Wi' what'st they ca' him o' Foultsyke,
 Tom Bewly and Jack Reed :
 Wi' jumping Jonathan, and Joe Barnes,
 Dumb Jer'my and lang Beaty.
 Wi' thingembob o' Southerfield,
 Hards Miller and peed Peaty
 War there that day.

Blackan o' Wharton, he was there,
 And Barwise lads o'th' Tarns,
 Wi' Irish Cursty, Cantering Ned,
 And fratchous Geordy Barnes ;
 Wi' stutt'ring Isaac, lispig Frank.
 Job Keay and Robby Wyse, :
 And hundreds mae, whae's names to say
 Or sing, would sarra twice,
 Com on this day.

In short to say, upon this day,
 Frae ae nuik and anither,
 Twa thousand war frae far and near
 Assembl'd here together ;
 The roads war clean, the weather warm,
 The lasses a' luk'd prymely,
 An' whup for smack, the party pack.
 A' aiming to be tymely
 O' th' sod this day.

Wi' buzy care the blushing bryde,
 And maids their sels are bussing,
 While some wi' pillion seats and sonks
 To gear their naigs are fussing;
 Wi' glenting spurs and weel-clan'd beuts;
 Lin sark, and cordroy breeches,
 The bridegroom round the midden pant:
 Proud as a peacock stretches,
 Reeght croose that day.

Now heevy skeevy off they set
 To th' kirk, a merry crew,
 Some gravely pac'd up th' turnpike road,
 Whyle some like leeghtning flew;
 Ne'er ack, they a' got their i' tyme,
 The priest was ready waiting,
 The wed'ners jast took gluts apiece,
 Whyle he his buik was laiting;
 Frae th' keist that day:

His lesson found, and a' set reeght,
 To wark they gat wi' speed;
 "You tak this woman for your wife,"
 Puir Glaister grumph'd, "agreed;"
 "And you young woman promise here;
 To honour and obey
 Your spouse in a' he may requite,"
 The bryde said, manting, "n-yea,"
 We'll see some day.

Close buckl'd now, the parson paid,
Forth frae the porch they paddle,
And thick and three-faul, hand ow'r head,
Each bangs into his saddle;
The lasses lap up hint their lads,
Some stridlings and some sideways;
And some there war that wish'd their fare
Had been what Ann's the bryde was,
Aye oft that day.

A' hors'd agane, straight up th' town gate,
Lyke wyld-fire off they flee,
And nowther puol, nor peat-stack flinch,
They gang wi' sic a bree;
'Twas a fair start! it's a pryme race!
Winge you! how fast they gang!
But yonder's Jerry Skelton's lad
He's fa'n off wid a whang,
For seer this day.

Brown, o' th' Moss syde, how he does ride,
Wi' lang neck'd spurs he's riving,
And yonder's Glaister o' th' Black Dyke,
Lyke that a' donought dryving,
As fer yon Pape, if he escape
A neck-break, it's uncommon,
But Wye's grey mare, had she been here,
She wad been bang'd by no man
That's here to day.

But now they're fairly out o'seeht;
 And whyte down Gova lonning,
 " Come we mun fettle up oursels;
 It's time we sud be donning,
 I wad'nt lyke to be ow'r lang,
 Come Josep, Is'bel, hie ye !
 You'll suin be buss'd and nin behin
 By th' maskins sal gang by ye
 O' th' road this day.

Now th' weddiners are at th' far end,
 And a' thro' ither cruning,
 The fiddlers they're at wark i' th' laith;
 And thrang their fiddles tuning;
 Tom Trammel, Tommy Baxter, nay,
 Full half a score they've led in,
 And' they're a' rozling up their bows
 To stryke up " Cuddy's Wedding"
 Wi' glee this day.

The bryde now, on a cōppy stule
 Sits down, i'th' fauld a' whit' ring,
 With pewter dibler on her lap,
 On which her tochers gath'ring,
 The folk like peas in a kálé-pot,
 Are one thro' tother mingling,
 And crowns and half-crowns thick as hail
 Are in the dibler jingling,
 Reeght fast that day

Not one that's owther mende' or shame.

Would be that sneaking ninny

As to hand back their gifts; nay some,

Wad wither in a guinea;

I'th meantyme th' fiddlers chang'd and play'd,

As hard as they could peg,

Till the off ring it was feckly dinn

When back to' th' barn to swig

They bowze that day.

Now loundring shives o' cheese and bread,

Are down their gisrins whang'd,

And some their war wer fairly gag'd

Their thropples were sue pang'd,

But twea or threedet downs o' yelt,

Soon set their hauees free;

When thus wi' pith restor'd, ance mair

They tak anither spree,

Till cramm'd that day.

Indeed, there war some feckless folk,

That luok'd to be ow'r nice,

That nobut nibbling, pick'd and eat,

Just like as many myce;

But then there was some leath'ring dogs,

That ow'r the lave lay'd th' capstone;

For some they said, eat lumps as big

As Sammy Liank's lapstone,

I' th' barn that day.

Their kytes weel trigg'd wi' solid gear,
They now began to guzzle,
Whyle yele in jugs and cans was brought,
And hail'd down ev'ry muzzle ;
They drank in piggins, pynts and pots,
Or ought that com to hand,
And some they hail'd it down sae fast,
They suin could hardly stand
Their sels that day.

At last some lish young souple lads
Their naigs frae th' buoces brought,
And off they set to try a race,
The prize was neist to nought,
A rigrape, braugham, helter, hames,
Or something o' that sort,
Nea matter, trifle as it was,
It made them famous sport
O'th' sands that day.

Some for a pair of mittens luoep ;
Some wurstl'd for a belt ;
Some play'd at penny-stanes for brass,
And some amaest gat felt,
Hitch step and loup some try'd for sport,
Wi' mony a sair exertion,
Ithers for bits o' bacoo girn'd,
An sic lyke daft diversion
Put ow'r that day.

Now some o'th' menceful mak o' fôlk,
As sune as things were settl'd ;
When they'd ance had a decent snäck,
To set off hamewards fettl'd :
But many a ane there was that stay'd,
Auld sly-buits that war deeper ;
And Philip Mesher cry'd hoot, " stop !
Gude drink was never cheaper
'Than 'ts here to day.

Full mony a reight good typer com,
As th' country syde cöuld brag on !
Now there was some that at a wind,
Could tume down a yale flaggon ;
Wi' casks weel-season'd frae a' nuiks,
Their bacchanalians gather'd
An some there war that clash'd their kytes,
Till they war fairly yether'd.
Wi' drink that day.

Some crack o'brandy, some o' rum,
And some o'wyne far-sought,
That drink i' my opinions's best
That we can get for thought ;
O' this same thought wi' me that dæy
I witness'd many a typer.
For blithring Lanty Rutson gat
As full as onny piper,
Suon on that day.

Wi' fiddling, dancing, cracks and yele,
The day slipt swiftly ow'r,
And mony a score ore dark'ning gat,
As drunk as they could glore ;
When great Tom Carr, that man o' war,
Com stack'ring on to th' fleer,
He slapt his ham, and cry'd, od dam !
I'll box wi' onny here,
That dare this day.

When Watty Ferguson provok'd
To hear this half-thick rattle,
Fetch'd him a fluet under th' lug,
And sae began their battle ;
Clash to't they fell, wi' thumps pell-mell
Whyle a' was hurdam durdum ;
An some amang the skemmels fell,
An ithers nearly smoor'd 'em,
I'th' fray that neeght.

Then up lap Lourie o' the Lees,
And like a madman ranted,
A lang flail souple full'd his neif,
That ow'r foakes heads he flaunted ;
He yoller'd out for Kursty Bell,
Who last yule eve had vex'd him,
But was sae daft he could not see
Poor Kit tho' he sat next him,
I'th' laithe that neeght.

Kit gat a braugham in his hand,
Wi' veng'ance whurl'd it at him,
The collar leeghting round his neck,
Straight to the flur it pat him,
Loud sweels o' laughter dirl'd their lugs,
The folk war a' sae fain,
And whyle he sprawl'd wi' rage and shame,
Some cry'd out he was slain,—
 Could deed that neeght.

Twae girning gibbies in a nuik
Sat fratching ane anither,
And nought wad sarra them but they
Wad have a match together ;
A single round for half a crown,
The question was to pruve,
But ane objected to the bet,
And said he'd box for luive
 Or nought that neeght,

Then off theer duds, their dobbies doft,
And tirl'd to their bare bufs,
Baith tyke lyke tuolying round the barn,
And dealing clumsy cluffs ;
But Sir John Barlycorn sae sway'd,
Their slaps they a' flew slant,
Till a—e ow'r head they cowp'd at last,
Lang streek'd i' th' midden pant,
 Weel sows'd that neeght.

Just lyke as when some drove o' kye,
 Break back and a—wards hurry,
 Sae here their govissas, lyke fond,
 Wad ane anither lurry;
 Stark-mother-nak'd they skelp'd about,
 And some gat dev'lish knocking,
 But silly Blackbird o' Well-rash,
 Puor man! his leg gat broken
 Some way that neeght.

The fiddlers bang'd up o' their legs,
 Some fought, some swear, some halloo'd;
 The lasses skirling clamb up th' maws,
 And some sleet hanniels follow'd;
 But suon as a' this stoor was layd,
 And a' was whisht and whyet,
 Bounce, down they lap, the sport renew,
 Anither spell to try at
 Their reels that neeght.

Lang' sair they kevell'd, danc'd, and sang,
 And parlish dusts they had,
 Till it began to grow near tyme
 That folk sud gang to bed,
 The bryde-maids a' wi' fistling care,
 The bryde half-yielding doft,
 And the blythe pair in a hand-clap,
 War guessen'd up i' th' left
 Reeght snug that neeght.

The couple now i'th' blankets stow'd,
A set of revelling bruceys,
Unsatisfied, wi' a' they'd had,
Went brattling down to Lucy's ;
Just lyke louse nowt, they bang'd up stairs,
The ball-room bum'd and thunner'd,
And some ane'd thought t'have brought down house,
About them waden't skunner'd,
Wi' noise that neeght.

Here th' better mak o' them that com,
Wi' country dances vapour'd ;
But them that dought not try sic sprees,
Wi' jigs and three reels caper'd ;
Mull'd yele and punch flew round lyke styfe
The fiddlers a' gat fuddled,
And mony a lad their sweethearts had,
I nuicks and corners huddled
Unseen that neeght,

Auld Deacon wi' his puffs and spyce,
Was there, wi' him Dog Mary,
Wi' snaps and gingerbread galore,
Tho' nyce folk cauld them slairy;
But plenty nought o' th' secret knew,
And fast their brass wer wearing,
And lads reeght kyn'd the lasses treat,
Wi' mony a teasty fairing
I' dauds that day.

At last 'twas gotten whyte feer days,
The lavricks shrill war whustling,
Whyle ane by ane whyte daiz'd and dyled
O' th' road t'wards hame wer wrustling ;
But some wad yet have t'other quart,
Before o'th' gait they ventur'd,
Sae ramm'd away to Richard Riggs,
And like mad owsen enter'd,
Ow'r drunk that day.

Here a' was ae confusion through,
Loud cracking, fratching, swearing,
And some by th' hallan, or mell deers,
Their gyle fat guts war clearing,
Whyle bacco reek, baith butt and ben,
Had fill'd lyke a kiln logie,
And some that scarce could haud their legs,
Wer dancing th' reels o' Bogie,
Stark mad that neeght.

Some heads and throws wer stretch'd i'th nuik,
And loud as brawns wer snoring,
Others wi' bluod and glore a' claim'd,
Wer lyke stick'd rattens gloring,
The fiddlers they i'th' parlour fought,
And ane anither pelted,
Tom Tremmel lyke Mendoza fierce,
Poor Tommy Baxter welted,
Reeght sare that neeght.

Whyte tir'd at last wi' drink and noise,
Half waken and half sleeping,
I hamewards fettl'd off mysel,
Just as the sun was peeping;
Full mony a time, I've thought sin syne,
On that same bidden wedding,
And Heaven in pray'r, to bless the pair,
Have begg'd, in board and bedding,
Ever sin that day.

THE MIDNIGHT HOUR



SILENT and hush'd was the peaceful night—
Wan glimps'd the moon with enshrouded sheen
Feeble and twinkling the starry light—
Substance and shadow uncertain seen ;

Soundless the wind, save the aspen spray—
Ripling the lake—not the lightest breath ;
Shackl'd in slumber, the hamlet lay,
Still as the chambers of silent death.

Bursting night's curtains, the lunar ray
Now and then shifting, the sable shroud,
Shew'd the long shade, of the steeple grey,
And the quick scud of the sweeping cloud.

Fast it was nearing, the midnight hour—
Fast its sojourn slid each circling sphere,
When merry Maud, from the birchen bow'r,
Hied o'er the hurst to the convent drear :

Full of old fables, by legends led,
Forward, and foolish, the dauntless dame,
Soft from her mansion at midnight sped,
To the convent came.



Love had invaded her virgin breast—
Folly had frenzy'd her youthful brain—
Wasting with wishes, the lover's pest,
Sadly she sigh'd, in a pleasing pain.

Barnaby's Eve, was the damsel told,
Would she but watch, in the portal drear ;
She on that night, should those forms behold,
Doom'd to be led to the church that year.

Hope, that can lessen each rankling care—
Hope, that improves each expected joy,
Solely supported the am'rous fair,
As she the dreary old church drew nigh.

Fondly she hop'd on that fateful night,
Fast as she hied, to the lonely church ;
Omens propitious, would meet her sight,
While she remain'd, in the gloomy porch.

Silent, and slow, thro' the church-yard drear,
Brooding, and breathless advanc'd the dame ;
Hope fast subsiding, gives way to fear,
As to the lonely church-door she came.

Vail'd in the vestibule's vaulted gloom,
Sbiv'ring she sat, on the cold, cold stone,
Darkling and doleful, the dungey dome,—
But sight or sound, saw or heard she none.

Solemnly sounding, deep dong'd the bell—
Midnight now marshall'd her mystic reign—
Spirits and spectres attend the knell,
Ranged in grim ranks near the lonesome fa

Wat'ry and wan, Cynthia's sickly beam,
Scinted by turns thro' the tall elm trees—
The raven's loud creak, and the owlet's scream
Mix on the ear with the murm'ring breeze.

Mournfully sad, thro' the sounding aisle,
Soft hollow murmers were heard to flow—
Now gentle whispers breathe thro' the pile
Then shrill resounded the shriek of woe.

Fearful and fast, sunk the maiden's mind,
Sick with the sounds that assail'd her ears,
Rent with regret, she had e'er inclin'd
To the fond fables that brought her here.

Sorely she sigh'd for the birchen bow'r
Well as she wish'd for her humble home,
Bitterly bann'd she the luckless hour
When she set out to the doleful dome.

Forms now more fearful engage her eyes,
Sounds now more solemn arrest her ear,
Quicker and thicker around her rise—
Maud in amaze, is transfix'd with fear.

Silent and soundless the spectres pass'd
Mournfully mute, to the convent drear,
Nor at the lady one side-look cast,
But to the altar each onward bore ;

Costly in costume—in garb most gay,
Shone some fair forms, in this airy train
Lucent and mild, as the Cynthian ray,
Playfully kissing the dimpling main.

These in fond pairs thro' the portal wend,
Jeyous and jœund, a blythesome band,
Light as the dews, that at dawn descend,
Soft, yet unseen, in some lonely land :

Many tho' mix'd in the ghostly crowd,
Mournfully mute, wrapp'd in pensive gloom,
Vested and veil'd in the lilly-white shroud,
Inmates of death and the peaceful tomb.

Deeply the dirge of death's trembling tones,
Solemnly sound—through the pompous pile,
Hoarse hollow murmers, and mournful means
Ring thro' the roof of the echoing aisle,

Shadows in shoals, thro' the postern pass,
Burial and bridal, a threefold throng,
Petrified, palid, the love-lorn lass,
Views the grim group as they pass along.

Onward, anon, thro' the church-yard drear,
 Follow'd a phalanx of phantoms fair,
 Silent and slow, with a bare-bode bier,
 Dumb as the dead, and as light as air:

Fair on the foot-path—but soft and slow,
 Wending their way to the cheerless church,
 Mournful and mute, wearing weeds of woe,
 Gliding along to the gloomy porch.

Shrill, and more shrill grew the screech-owl's scream,
 Hoarse, and more hoarse grew the raven's croak,
 Faint, and more faint Cynthia's sickly beam
 Blear'd thro' the boughs of the blasted oak:

Mournful and mute, thro' the porch they pass'd,
 Mournful and mute too, they pass'd the door,
 Nor to the lady one side-look cast,
 But to the chancel the bier they bore.

Yet, by the pale and imperfect light,
 Fair might the maid on the bier behold,
 Somewhat that shock'd, and transfix'd her sight,
 Making the blood in her veins run cold:

Lightly the incense might she trace,
 By the dull urn that so dimly shone,
 Yet in those features, that form, that face,
 Plainly, she dumbly beheld her own.

Stupid with terror, and deadly pale,
Home to the hamlet with haste she hies,
Mother and sister she tells the tale ;—
Soon through the village the story flies.

Piteous the parent each art employs
May the desponding, sad daughter cheer—
Fondly the sister each effort tries,
Wishful to soothe and dispel her fear ;—

All her companions with friendly aid—
Every fond female and friendly swain
Strive to restore the desponding maid,
But their endeavours are all in vain.

Pensive and pale grew the frightened fair,
Fast in her face fading beauties bloom,
Deep round her heart, wreath'd a rankling care,
Wrapt was her aspect in changeless gloom.

Soothing persuasion was us'd in vain,
Argument, reasoning, has vainly tried,
Nought with the fair one, forlorn, could gain,
Listless she languish'd a year—and died.

THE STORY OF
NISUS AND SCYLLA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE

Eighth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses.



NOW rose the star of morn with fulgent light,
And wide dispels the shades of silent night,
South shifts the wind along the azure way,
Thus vapours gather, and obscure the day;
With joy Cephalus sees the gales extend,
And his new friends their spreading canvass bend.
Swift flies the steady vessel o'er the main,
And soon the wish'd-for harbour they attain.
Meanwhile, the Cretan king with his brave host,
Spread devastation o'er the Attic coast,
Rang'd round Alcathœ's walls, his army lay,
Where aged Nisus bears the sov'reign sway.
One purple lock his head, (else hoary) grac'd,
In which the fortune of his realm was plac'd.
Full six whole months the land had stream'd with blood
And undecided yet, the combat stood,

So long had vict'ry seem'd alike design'd
To favour both,—to both alike inclin'd,
High on that wall, when once by Sol's command,
Soft music breathed, a lofty turret stands,
And where the god inclos'd his sounding lyre,
The stones yet still harmonious sounds respire,
Here oft, the daughter of the king repairs,
Well pleas'd to listen the celestial airs,
And from her hands the stones she cast around,
To strike and to increase th' enchanted sound ;
But now from hence her eyes behold the train
Of shining warriors, rang'd along the plain ;
Taught by the lengthen'd siege, and frequent view,
Each various chief, by sight and name she knew,
Each could distinguish in the distant fight,
Nor could the dread of arms impede her sight.
With looks that more than modesty express'd,
The mighty Minos kens above the rest ;
The crested helmet vainly hides his head,
With it she sees superior beauties spread,
Nor can the spacious shield his form disguise,
With it he seems more lovely in her eyes ;
Or, when his hands the pond'rous jav'lin raise,—
With frequent sighs she whispers forth his praise,
When he prepares to string the missive dart,
And fair to view displays each manly part,—
Let Scylla judge, and she would partial say,
Europa's son excels the god of day :
But, when unarm'd—the helmet from his head,
And all his form to open sight display'd,

When thro' the ranks his lofty chariot roll'd,
His coursers harness'd in refulgent gold,
Himself in the superbest raiment dress'd,
The storms of passion rend her frantic breast;
"Thrice happy sword, that his fair fingers touch,
And you ye reins! (she cried) but blest too much
Were it permissible that she might go
To the close camp of the embattl'd foe,
To throw herself unhurt upon the plain,
Amidst the warriors of the Cretan train,
Nay, should their king require, the frantic dame,
Would sacrifice her country to her flame,
The gates unbar, the city set on fire,
Nay, ought the enrag'd besiegers should desire.
Thus, whilst with anxious eyes the longing maid,
The argent palace of the prince survey'd;
"Whether," she cried, should misery or joy,
Mine or my country's woes, my thoughts employ,
I stand, in doubt, for tho' I understand,
I love the sworn despoiler of our land;
Yet must I still applaud, in reason's spite,
That war which brought my lover to my sight;
Or, if a hostage they should me demand,
Soon should the rage of war desert our land;
Well pleas'd, to willing vassalage I'd bend,
To wear the chains the victor should extend:
Fairest of men! (she cry'd) were she whose charms
But half so fair that clasp'd thee in her arms,
No wonder that her bloom, that mighty Jove
Seduc'd from calms above;

O ! that I were of fleetest wings possess'd,
To thee I'd fly, and in thy tent would rest,
To him I'd nominate my rank and sire,
And give what portion ere he might desire,
All but my native land to him I'd give,
As pleas'd as he the country should receive :—
But rather, disappointed be my love,
Than I perfidious to my country prove ;
Yet even conquest's self might prove a bliss,
If conquer'd by a gen'rous soul like his :
His basely murder'd son provok'd his rage
With justice in this contest to engage ;
The heav'nly powers regard his ardent toils,
And will reward him with our country's spoils ;
Alas ! by fate's decree this realm must fall,
And one captivity involve us all !
Where then's the need of love in this delay,
By war made certain on a future day ;
With countless cares my bosom is oppress'd
Lest some ill-fated dart should reach my lover's breast ;
Yet if they view'd, the basest would not stand,
Against his form to raise his ruffian hand.
But now I am resolv'd,—all yields to love,
My sire's dominions shall my portion prove :
By this resolve hostilities shall end,
And tho' my art seem base, yet it to good shall tend.
Yet, ah ! these resolutions seem in vain,
At ev'ry gate the centinels remain :
The keys are by my watchful sire possess'd,
By him my ev'ry hope of joy's suppress'd :
O—Vol. 1,

O Heavens! that I had ne'er beheld the day,
 Or known a peevish parent to obey;
 • But how can childish fears the brave appal,
 'Tis courage can make deities of all:
 High fate from cowardice its aid withdraws,
 Whilst courage reaps both profit and applause.
 Where is that maid, with such a flame possess'd,
 That would not drive such scruples from her breast:
 'Though certain ruin on her head should fall,
 Would not to gain her lover hazard all?
 Shall other dames, more bold, th' example shew?
 And I sit wasting here in silent woe:
 Forbid it heaven! nor fire, nor sword, shall prove
 A barrier equal to my ardent love:
 But, no such enemies oppose their force,
 My father's fatal lock but stops my course;
 'Tis that alone, my sanguine hope destroys,
 And casts a gloom o'er all my wish'd-for joys."
 She ceas'd; while o'er the sky descending night
 Spreads her dark curtain, and expels the light:
 And as she silent, winds her gloomy way,
 The virgin's fears by slow degrees decay,
 And hopes successive, brighter hopes display. }
 'Twas at the hour, when all to rest inclin'd,
 And sleep dispels the troubles of the mind;
 No sound was heard, when Scylla took her way,
 Soft, to the chamber where her father lay,
 There of the fatal lock, by mischief sped,
 Was her father's head;

Swift, with the impious theft, conceal'd by night,
She through a secret gate directs her flight ;
By love made bold, to love alone inclin'd,
The hostile camp with speed she seeks to find ;
The royal tent she finds—declares the fact,
While Minos views, and shudders at the act .
“ Behold !” she cries, “ the conquering pow’r of love
I, by my actions this assertion prove ;
To thee a youthful and a beauteous maid,
The royal heir of Nisus has betray’d,
To thee my country’s gods and father’s crown,
A tribute well deserv’d, I here lay down,—
The recompense, for which to thee I bring
These presents is, thyself, most lovely king ;
From me, great prince ! this purple lock receive,
Nor think the offering worthless which I give,
Since on the gift my father’s fate depends,
To you his kingdom and his crown descends.”—
Shock’d at the crime, the monarch back recoils,
Nor with the theft his righteous fingers soils,
Whilst from his eyes stern indignation play’d,
He thus reproach’d the sacriligious maid,—
“ Destruction blast thee, scandal of thy kind,
May thou no place of rest or pleasure find,
On earth or air, but be thy carcase hurl’d
An outcast nuisance from th’ offended world ;
Shall virtuous Minos with so foul a wretch,
A certain ruin on his country fetch ?
On happy Crete ! where heav’nly Jove was nurs’d,
High Heaven forbid !—away thou most accurs’d !”

And now the crown of Nisus and his lands,
Fall thus into the conq'ring Minos' hands,
Whilst the brave Cretan prince employs his care,
To sway the conquer'd, and new laws prepare ;
The ships at his command their sails expand,
Stand with the breeze, and leaves the vanquish'd land
Swiftly they run before the fav'ring wind,
And leave neglected Scylla far behind,
Far from her hated form he eager flies,
Deaf to her supplications and her cries.
Now mad'ning with despair, she furious grows,
And, frantic from her head the tresses throws :
Ah ! whither dost thou fly ? false man, she said,
From her whose love has thus thy fortune made,
She has to thee, though now so soon despis'd ;
Herself, her sire, and country sacrific'd ;
Can not my passion, nor my presence move,
Thy heart, obdurate, or engage thy love ?
Canst thou not pity my unhappy fate ?
Or think, base prince ! upon my lost estate ?
Canst thou desert a helpless wretch like me,
Whose only hope of refuge was on thee ?
What place now hope, redress or rest supplies,
My native land a waste of ruin lies ;
For tho' unransack'd should my country stand,
Vile treason drives me from the injur'd land ;
Or to a more offended parent run,
Whom my perfidious baseness has undone.
A fugitive through the wide world I stray,
For one who scornful casts my love away.

Since then thou dost disdain my fond embrace,
 Desist thy heav'n-drawn pedigree to trace,
 Some ruffian tygress, not Europa, bore
 Thee on bleak Syrtes' solitary shore ;
 Nor e'er did changeful Jove thy mother meet,
 Beneath a bull's forg'd form, and bear to Crete :
 The tale illustrious, of thy birth's, not true,
 Some real bull thy lustful mother knew,
 O father ! now thy daughter's death survey,
 And country which my baseness could betray ;
 My punishment from Minos I receive,
 Tho' justice should to you that vengeance give ;
 For why should he a chastisement extend,
 To one, who only did for him offend ?
 Base man ! too justly thou to her art join'd,
 Whose lust exceeds the lust of human kind ;
 She whom a wooden heifer did incase,
 Whilst she unnatural bore a bull's embrace,
 From whose polluted womb the earth received,
 That monstrous form for which it justly griev'd.
 But what are my complaints ? the partial gales
 Leave them behind, and fill his flying sails ;
 Right was thy faithless Pasiphæ, when she
 Preferr'd a bull, ungen'rous man ! to thee.
 But swift the vessel flies before the wind,
 And leaves these shores and hapless me behind ;
 Believe, base Minos ! Scylla knows no fear,
 Nor waves nor winds shall long detain me here ;
 In spite I'll follow through the foaming tide,
 Cling to the oars, or grasp the vessels side.

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She ceas'd; but scarce the finish'd accent dies
Upon her lips, when forth she eager flies
To tempt the main, while Cupid lends his aid,
And through the billows bears the frantic maid;
Soon she o'ertakes the ship, but spreading wide
Her arms, to fasten on the vessels side;
Descending from above a hawk is seen,
'Twas Nisus' self, who thus transform'd had been;
Her naked head he beats with sharpest blows,
While she through fear th' unsteady hold forgoes,
Nor far she falls, but with renew'd surprise,
She finds herself supported in the skies;
Chang'd to a lark she wings the airy frame,
And Ceris from the lock becomes her name.

MARY

THE

MAID OF THE MOOR.

A TALE.



WHY glimmers yon taper so pale,
By the side of that dark lonely glade?
And whence on the whispering gale
Are those low hollow murmers convey'd?

The night it is dreary and cold,
And cold drives the shower on the gale;
No light on all sides I behold,
But yon taper that glimmers so pale.

O, sad is the cause of that light
That gleams by yon coppice so drear;
But, traveller, turn in here to night,
And to-morrow the tale you shall hear;

For see o'er the black, western sky
The tempest beginning to rise;
The storm will be here by and by,
As the light you see yonder implies.

For ne'er does it shine by the glade,
But when mischief or danger are near;
Turn, turn, for I'm greatly afraid
The tempest will quickly be here.

The stranger, he turn'd to the cot,
The peasant, he smil'd on his guest,
He gave him such fare as he'd got,
And ere long they retir'd to their rest.

But when they arose the next morn,
The host not in promise to fail,
Saluted the stranger forlorn,
And thus he went on with his tale.

Young Mary! that liv'd on the moor,
I weep, when I mention that name,
Was beautiful, tho' she was poor,
The neighbours can tell you the same.

The rose-bud that blush'd in her cheek,
The lustre that beam'd in her eye,
The touch of no artist could speak,
As few beauties with Mary could vie.

She was mild as the morning in May,
She was affable, as she was fair,
She was sensible tho' she was gay,
And of wit had a competent share.

Young Richard, a gay neighbouring swain,
To her oft his passion would tell,
To her he implor'd not in vain,
For poor Mary soon lov'd him too well.

But ah ! most unfortunate maid,
Without tears can thy tale be express'd ;
Thy fondness was basely betory'd,
And I weep when I think of the rest.

In yon hamlet just over the green,
A farmer there liv'd just hard by ;
A right honest neighbour, I ween,
Which nobody dares to deny.

One night as he slept in his bed,
Render'd sweet by the toils of the day,
Strange visions came into his head,
That awoke him with fearful dismay.

And twice had he dream'd the same dream,
Twice again had address'd him to rest :
But fancy, the wonderful theme
On his mind had most strongly impress'd.

He dream'd from a field close at hand,
His oxen, which there feeding lay,
Some villains who ravag'd the land,
That instant were driving away.

The third time he awoke from his dream,
He arose at the dead of the night,
Resolv'd, though absurd it might seem,
Not to wait for the coming of light.

He call'd for his carter amain,
The hour it was dreary and dark ;
He call'd him again and again,
To go with him down to the park.

No carter was there to be found,
So the other two servants he rais'd,
And away they set off to the ground,
Where the oxen had recently graz'd,

No object presented to sight,
Man nor mortal around could they see,
Till they drew near the place where a light
They beheld on the branch of a tree.

The lanthorn was quickly brought down ;—
The farmer could scarce trust his eyes,
Perceiving that it was his own,
Which alarm'd him, and rais'd his surprize.

Nor far are they gone on their way.
Ere they came to a grave newly made ;
And close by the opening lay,
Rock and spade.

Amazement each countenance spread,
Whilst terror beat high in each breast ;
They view'd the dire objects with dread,
As their fear silent wonder confess'd ;

When presently thro' the dark lane,
They saw one coming slow and demure ;
A female they saw it was plain,
'Twas Mary, the Maid of the Moor.

The farmer, when Mary he spied,
With wonder the damsel survey'd,
“ Ah ! where are you going ? ” he cried,
Come answer me, sweet pretty maid.

The sky, it is dismally dark,
And far past the dread midnight hour,
The tempest is up, do but hark
How it howls thro' yon old ruin'd tower.

But long had the farmer to press,
Ere Mary consented to speak ;
Her silence betray'd her distress,
And confusion had crimson'd her cheek.

At length said the poor faltering maid,
I come to meet Richard, my dear ;
Ah me ! I am sadly afraid,
As I have not yet met with him here.

“ O Mary, the farmer replied,
Thou had reason to fear hadst thou known ;
Fate has sent me thy footsteps to guide,
Tho’ the errand I thought was my own.

That Richard you foolishly lov’d,
Who promis’d to make you his wife,
That miscreant a traitor has prov’d,
And has basely conspir’d at your life.

Behold here this deep yawning grave,
Doubtless this night was meant for your bed,
Was dug by that villainous slave,
But on hearing us coming, he fled,

The face of poor Mary grew pale,
She shook and she bitterly sigh’d,
As the farmer rehears’d the sad tale,
But to which the poor girl ne’er replied ;

For terror had lock’d up her tongue,
And she struggled for utterance in vain,
Her groans and convulsions were strong,
And distraction had phrenzied her brain.

The poor hapless fair one they led,
From still farther wrongs to secure ;
And gently bestow’d her in bed,
At her cottage that stands on the moor.

But Mary was silent in grief,
She slept not, she wept not at all,
The tears so oft sorrow's relief,
Refus'd from their sluices to fall.

Nor was she e'er heard to complain,
Sensation appear'd to be fled;
A fever had seiz'd on her brain,
And in four days poor Mary was dead.

But he, her seducer was flown,
Tho' justice will yet on him light;
And tho' nothing is e'er of him known,
Since the working of that fatal night.

Yet oft, when fell danger is near,
O'er the marks of the tempest we trace
Those howlings we commonly hear,
And a light is still seen at the place,

Thus hence burns the taper so pale,
By the side of yon dark, dreary glade;
And hence on the whisp'ring gale,
Are those low hollow murmers convey'd.

JOHNNY BROWN

AND

GRANNY BELL.



OLD Johnny Brown liv'd up yon hill,
Old Granny Bell liv'd on the moor;
Now, Johnny Brown was very rich,
But Granny Bell was very poor :

His coffers groan'd with hoarded wealth,
His spacious barns were fill'd with corn,
Unnumber'd flocks were in his fold ;
But greedier wretch was never born.

Poor Granny Bell was turn'd fourscore,
Bent down with age and poverty ;
Decrepid grown, and weak with want,
The poorest of the poor was she.

Hence from their various fates ensued,
Of being poor, and being rich,
That Johnny Brown was reckon'd wise,
And Granny Bell was call'd a witch.

In bleak December, when the snows
Deep drifted o'er the moors, were spread,
She hobbl'd up to Johnny's house,
To beg a morsel of his bread :

"Do, do, good neighbours! do," she cried,
"My wants with pitying eyes, behold ;
A morsel spare me ; or I die—
O'ercome with hunger and with cold.

"For once, some kindly comfort give,
The wint'ry blasts, hark ! how they roar !
Short is my journey to the grave !
Perhaps I'll trouble you no more."

"Aroint thee, witch !" quoth Johnny Brown,
"Now, by the mass ! that must not be ;
For had I ten times what I have,
I would not give a mite to thee."

Stung with this sharpness of reply,
In mutt'ring tone the caitiff swore ;
And pray'd his substance, kyth and kin,
That heav'n would never prosper more.

He heard her execrations dire,
They fill'd his inmost soul with dread :
Next morning brought the doleful news,
The best milk-cow he had was dead ;

Ere noon his son to market sent,
He heard by rogues had been beguil'd ;
His wife, ere ev'ning told him too,
Their eldest daughter was with child.

“ Now, by my sooth !” says Johnny Brown,
The beldame bears me mickle spite ;
But, ere such mischief I'll endure,
I 'll shoot the witch this very night.”

The night was hush'd, the moon shone clear,
The air was keen as keen could be,
When Johnny Brown his firelock took,
And out with deadly wrath went he.

In ev'ry corner that he pass'd,
Around the hay-rick and the well,
He look'd with curious eye, in hopes
To find poor hapless Granny Bell.

At length, between him and the light,
He thought he saw the wish'd-for game ;
“ Yes, yes ! she's there !” quoth Johnny Brow
So straightway took his vengeful aim !

Off went the piece, unerring, true,
The bullet whistl'd thro' the air ;
With speed he ran to seize the prize,
But, lo ! he'd shot his best grey mare !

Thus foil'd for once, went Johnny Brown,
Home to his house, with burning gall;
But swore, if morning light were come,
To burn the witch, her house, and all.

The foul design so fix'd his mind,
That e'en tho' fast asleep, he rose,
And snatch'd a firebrand from the hearth,
And to his fatal purpose goes.

His wife she miss'd him from her side,
She rose with haste, the cause to learn;
There spied she luckless Johnny Brown
Just setting fire to his own barn.

She shriek'd right loud, as well she might,
The husband 'woke with this alarm;
But, in the moment of surprize,
Poor Johnny fell, and broke his arm!

What mischiefs happen'd Johnny Brown,
In consequence of Granny Bell;
From first to last, to him and his,
I'm sure, are more than I can tell.

“ Now foul befall the hellish hag,
(Quoth Johnny Brown) she doth me twitch,
But, if there's justice in the land,
I will exterminate the witch.”

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**So said, next morning with the light
Vindictive Johnny Brown arose ;
And with his neighbours and his friends,
To seek the hapless beldam goes.**

**But disappointed was their rage,
No witch to torture they behold ;
For on a lowly straw-made couch,
Lay Granny Bell, both stiff and cold !**

A

TRANSLATION OF A STORY

FROM THE

THIRD BOOK OF VIRGIL'S *ÆNIED*.



IN the deep gloom, of midnight darkness, lost,
We chanc'd to strike, on flaming *Ætna's* coast ;
Horrid and waste, beneath the mountain burns,
And vomits flame, and pitchy clouds by turns ;
Vast showers of ashes, with the smoke ascend,
The molten stones and sulph'rous clouds attend :
From its foundation is the mountain torn,
And shatter'd rocks aloft in air are borne :
The bottom works with smother'd fires below,
And hence, the pestilential vapours flow,
Encellides, by *Jove's* decree 'tis said,
Beneath the mountain's pond'rous load is laid,
And when he heaves against the massy weight,
To change his scorching limbs; an earthquake straight
Convulsive through the distant shores is found,
And *Ætna* thunders dreadful under ground :
Then pours the wreathy smoke and clouds on high,
That blot the sun and dim the azure sky.

Here 'neath the shelter of the woods we lay
And heard strange yells that did us much dismay
But saw not whence they came for all the night,
A low'ring storm obscur'd or clouded sight,
And quite obstructed Cynthia's silver light.
At length the sun shoots forth his orient beams,
And drives away, dark night, and airy dreams,
All nature in our view, stood fair reveal'd,
When in a neighb'ring forest, we beheld
The ghastly visage of a wilder'd man,
Uncouth his features, meagre, pale, and wan,
Affliction foul, and terrible dismay
Sat on his looks, that well his griefs portray,
His locks dishevell'd, matted was his beard,
Whilst from his garb the man a Greek appear'd :
To us he mov'd, with cautious terror fill'd ;
But when the Trojan ensigns he beheld,
A panic seiz'd the man, and fill'd with dread,
Back from the beach precipitate he fled :
Then thus adjures our ears, with solemn tone ;
By all the pow'rs of the olympic throne,
Relieve a wretch who doth your aid implore,
And bear me hence to some more friendly shore,
'That I escape from this detested race,
Of monstrous cannibals, who haunt this place ;
'Tis true, I late assisted to destroy,
With fire and sword the fam'd Neptunian Troy,
And all the labours of the gods o'er turn'd,
'Their temples plunder'd, and the city burn'd,

For which I'm doom'd to these afflictions dire,
Oh Trojans ! let me here at once expire,
In the dark chambers of oblivion lie,
Let man award my death, content I die,
The stranger ended, nor could further tell,
But at our feet in suppliant posture fell :
From whence he came, we ask'd him to relate,
And how reduc'd to this distressful state—
Anchises bids him rise ; his terrors cease,
And has a pledge holds forth the hand of peace.
Embolden'd by those signs the fearful man,
His tale of dreadful suff'ring thus began :—
Friends, Achimenides has been my name,
A Greek by birth, from Ithaca I came,
Ulysses our commander urg'd by fear
Of the fell Cyclops, basely left me here,
Forlorn, and doom'd to misery extreme,
The fated victim of huge Polypheme.
Within a dungeon, horrible as hell,
Where round the confines of his dreary cell,
On all sides hung the mangl'd limbs of those,
Who fell the victims of his murd'ring jaws.
Himself a giant of stupendous form,
His voice as dreadful as the wintry storm,
The limbs of murder'd captives are his food,
And for his wine, he quaffs their streaming blood ;
Late did I see him, when with ruffian hand,
He seiz'd two trembling victims of our band—
On either side a struggling Greek he held,
My soul with horror at the sight was fill'd,

I saw the monster when with dreadful stroke,
Their tender limbs upon the ground he broke,
The pavement swam with blood, and purple gore,
The rugged walls with brains were spatter'd o'er;
He laps the crimson current as it pours,
And warm with life, the quiv'ring flesh devours,
That in his murd'ring teeth with life yet swell'd;
Meanwhile our chief with horror all beheld:
Not unreveng'd he bore their hapless fate,
Nor thoughtless of his own unhappy state:
Gorg'd with his carnival, before our eyes,
Stretch'd in his den the snoring monster lies,
Belching raw gobbets from his hideous throat,
With purple gore, and wine the giant fraught:
We straight repair around his single eye,
For one alone did his vast front supply,
But that so large, the ample socket fill'd,
Like the sun's disk, or like a burnish'd shield;
A sharpen'd brand we dext'rously apply,
Which turning in the region of his eye,
We scoop'd the viscous matter from its sphere,
And all his face with filthy jelly's smear;
But let me not thus interpose delay,
Fly mortals, fly from this curs'd place away,
A hundred of this same stupendous race,
A hundred Cyclops are about this place;
Gigantic brotherhood, that here reside,
Who stalk o'er mountain tops with tow'ring stride:
Oft have I heard their shouts with awful dread,
Oft have I seen them as the plains they tread:

king by night, among the cliffs I lay,
dar'd to venture forth, in open day—
ice has the moon trac'd all the realms of light,
ice travers'd the obscure sojourn of night,
e first I liv'd in this forlorn retreat,
m shrubs and thorns to glean my slender meat,
thus he spoke, we saw with prospect clear,
ascending from a lofty forest near,
nd Polopheme, with mighty step and slow,
broaching from the neighb'ring mountains brow,
und his flocks his circuit he explores,
ping along towards the well known shores ;
ength he reach'd the margin of the flood,
l on the bank in awful stature stood ;
l in the midst of his vast front was seen,
; spacious socket were his eye had been,
rins'd the wound, with clotted blood spread o'er
l wash'd away the dangling strings of gore ;
en fords the ocean with tremendous stride,
e topmast waves scarce reach, his middle side,
righted at the sight, and fill'd with dread ,
deadly panic thro' the squadron spread,
ith sails and oars we used our utmost might,
o flee, the monster heard us in our flight,
ith outstretch'd arms the giant gropes around ;
it when no capture in his reach is found,
e rais'd at once so terrible a roar,
at ocean shrinks affrighted from the shore,
en Italy, through many a league remote,
turns the echoes of his hideous throat,

Great Ætna shook with the tremendous sound,
From its infernal depths the noise resounds ;
Rous'd with his clamour, quick the Cyclop band,
Collected stride, impetuous to the strand ;
The bellowing Polepheme they straight enfold,
A huge assembly, dreadful to behold,
Alarm'd, dismay'd, with hast away we bore,
A host of giants now o'erspread the shore.
Thus stands a forest tall of spreading pines,
Advanc'd in air, its lofty front inclines,
The traveller in the valley hears below,
The hollow winds that thro' its lab'rins blow,
He at a distance sees them tow'ring rise,
A stately prospect waving in the skies.

THE

SPECTRE OF THE INN.



GOOD people all, both far and near,
Attend unto my tale ;
The which, when you've had time to hear,
To please you cannot fail.

For true as strange is this my news,
And eke, as strange as true ;
Therefore, kind reader ! don't refuse
To it the credit due.

Giles Heywood was an honest man,
His neighbours knew full well ;
And none deny this fact, well can,
If they the truth will tell.

He dealt in butter, bacon—cheese ;
Salt herrings and oatmeal ;
In salt and flour—hops, and split peas,
Eke honest Giles did deal:
Q—Vol. 1,

Now once it happen'd on a time,
I can't precisely say,
Conveniently with this my rhyme,
On what particular day.

Nor can I more exactly tell,
In what particular town,
These strange adventures him befel,
Which I to write sit down.

But this full certainly I know,
'Twas at a town, and where
Of hops there was an ample shew
Brought to an annual fair.

Giles Heywood, as I said before—
An honest man was he ;
And was, still to his credit more,
As prudent as could be.

For home he never once forsook,
Where'er his business led ;
But he each due precaution took,
That might stand him instead.

Now Giles, as you must know, inclin'd
To go to this same fair ;
And as he wanted hops, design'd
To make a purchase there.

Of money he had decent lot
In his portmanteau put ;
And so equipp'd, set off jog trot,
Without more if, or but.

Here reader, thou'lt perhaps believe,
This fair was near at hand ;
But prithee, don't thyself deceive ;
Each rash surmise command.

Conclusion uninform'd, we see,
The judgement oft beguiles ;
And 'twas my friend, 'twixt thee and me,
Full forty weary miles.

The days were short, the roads were bad,
The weather somewhat wet ;
When he upon his weary pad
To this hop-market set.

And as thro' thick and thin he pass'd,
With countenance demure ;
Oft on his bags his eyes he cast,
To see all was secure.

Without adventure thro' the day
He push'd his weary steed ;
Nor stopt he much, or made delay,
For his, or horse's need.

But when the thick'ning shades of night
'Gan round him to descend,
Then wish'd he much, as well he might,
To reach his journey's end.

Yet still ten solitary miles
Were lengthen'd out before ;
Th' anxious heart of fearful Giles
Was certes griev'd full sore.

Yet maugre darknes, wind, and rain,
He plung'd thro' thick and thin :
And plying whip, and spur, and rein,
At length he gain'd the inn.

Now at this inn, as I may say,
Friend Giles was known full well ;
As he'd been at it many a day,
When hops were there to sell.

But now 'twas more than twelve o'clock,
When he got, wearied, there ;
And long was he compell'd to knock,
Ere he could make them hear.

The host with mingl'd gapes and smiles,
Blear'd eyes, and down-stretch'd chin,
Saluted poor benighted Giles,
And ask'd him to walk in.

Then to the stable led his steed,
There saw him corn'd and dress'd ;
Next to the house return'd with speed,
To entertain his guest.

Giles, with his journey sick and tir'd,
Partook a short repast ;
But quickly for a bed inquir'd,
Whereon his limbs to cast.

Unfortunate ! the landlord said,
With comfortless grimace,—
Upon my word ! there is no bed,
Good Sir, in all the place :

For we have such a throng this fair,
Of folks, both far and wide,
That ev'ry crib we had to spare,
Is fully occupied,

Zounds ! cries Giles Heywood, in a pet,
Must I be turn'd adrift ?
A'nt I a customer ? then yet
You'll try to make a shift.

Why, yes, the courteous host replied,
'To ease his gath'ring cares ;
You may, if you're so satisfied,
Sleep on the parlour chairs.

Nay, that expedient cannot do,
Says Giles, because you know,
Your customers must all pass thro'
That room, where'er they go.

Besides, who could to sleep incline,
When peril thus surrounds ?
For know, that in these bags of mine
Are full five hundred pounds.

Indeed, suspicion, you might say,
Were needless and unjust ;
But can you blame my caution pray ?
Or censure my distrust ?

Five hundred pounds, you know's a sum
Not met with every where ;
And who can tell what rogues may come,
While I lay snoring there ?

With that, the hostess courteously,
Thus to Giles Heywood said ;
A method, Sir, there yet may be,
For you to get a bed.

Our hostler has an outer room,
From this a little space,
We'll to a neighbour's send the groom,
And you shall have his place,

I'll air fresh sheets, and make them dry ;
The place itself is warm ;
There you may comfortably lie,
Secure from any harm.

With this the honest tradesman clos'd,
Being now in happier plight ;
Content he seeks the place propos'd,
And bids them all good night,

Arriv'd, still cautious, as before,
He views the chamber round ;
With prudent care he bars the door.
And down the casements bound.

Fatigued and wearied with the way,
Himself he soon undress'd ;
Then in the couch his carcase lay,
Resign'd to balmy rest.

Sleep for some hours bound down his eyes—
All peaceful was the night ;
At length he wakes with sad surprise—
With terror and affright,

Upon the stairs, that hither led,
With solemn step and slow,
He heard the sound of mortal tread
Re-echoing from below.

Near, and more near the footsteps drew,—
 'Twas like a giant's pace ;
Loud, and more loud the footsteps grew,
 At length it reach'd the place

With one rude dash, bolts, locks, and all,
 Fly from the yielding door ;—
When, lo ! a figure ghastly, tall,
 Stands on the chamber floor.

One hand grasp'd an enormous knife,
 The other held a light :
Poor Giles now trembl'd for his life,
 His soul dissolv'd with fright ;

To his bed-side the spectre drew,
 With death-like, solemn tread,
And wide the mantling curtains threw,
 And shook his ghastly head !

Next o'er his throat, in action dire,
 Draws his horrific blade ;
Then slowly offers to retire,
 Yet not one sentence said.

Upon a table in the room,
 The taper light, he plac'd,
And from the mansion of the groom
 His pond'rous march retrac'd.

Heavy as Cyclops' hammers fall.
When bolts they forg'd for Jove,
So fell his footsteps one and all,
As he was heard to move.

Throughout this scene, in doleful state,
The fear-struck merchant lay ;
At length o'ercome—sad to relate,
He sigh'd and swoon'd away.

But startl'd nature soon returns,
He from his fit awakes ;
He sweats with fear, he pants, he burns ;
His hair stands up like stakes.

Confounded with the dreadful scene,
He knew not to suppose
What all these mysteries might mean,
Or whence the cause arose.

Still in its place the taper blaz'd ;—
This most poor Giles surpriz'd ;
Upon the light the trav'ller gaz'd,
And thus soliloquiz'd :—

This is no visionary gleam,
My senses are aware ;
Or this adventure, as a dream
I might at once declare.

But here a real candle stands,
All visible to view ;
I see, can feel it with my hands ;—
Aye, and can smell it too.!

Now, that an incorporeal thing,
Which light as air must be,
Should stick and candle hither bring,
Seems wonderful to me.

Perhaps, in stead of spectre, this
Might some foul robber be ;
Who came dispos'd, as like it is,
To rob and murder me.

But, finding me awake, the thief,
As all things make it plain,
Postpon'd his job ; tho' my belief
Is, he will come again.

But, I must use such means to-night,
As are within my pow'r ;
For, by my watch it wont be light,
I see, this many an hour,

Then out of bed Giles Heywood got,
Upon the chamber floor ;
And drew the massy bed, I wot,
Close up against the door.

Then down again himself he laid,
As he had been before ;
But terror on his mind so prey'd,
He slept not one wink more.

With panting heart, and aching head,
The fearful stranger lay,
Counting the minutes as they fled
And wishing for the day.

When, horrible ! once more he hears
The solemn footsteps sound ;
The noise increases on his ears,
And fears his soul confound.

Now, as if fate had meant for fun,
The merchant to dismay ;
This very bed on castors ran,
On which Giles Heywood lay,

With one rude thrust the giant sprite
Wide flung the chamber door ;
The massy bedstead and the wight
Whirl'd o'er the chamber floor.

When in the horrid spectre stalk'd,
His hands besmear'd with blood ;
Up to the wight's bedside he walk'd,
And, dreadful ! o'er him stood.

His head seem'd tow'ring thro' the roof,
His eyes like saucers glar'd,
His foot in form became a hoof,
As on him wild he star'd.

Silent and mute the goblin stood,
His visage ting'd with gore ;
And on his blade were drops of blood,
Which was not so before.

No sense possess'd poor Heywood's heart
Save terror and dismay ;
The spectre turning to depart,
In silence stalk'd away.

Once more the hapless man of hops
Fell in a death-like trance ;
Despair convuls'd his haggard chops,
At this most strange mischance.

And long insensible he lay ;
And long he groan'd in grief ;
And long before returning day
Appear'd, to lend relief.

But soon as reason had regain'd
Her throne so lately lost ;
And recollection had obtain'd
Possession of her post :

Giles Heywood to himself thus said,
 'Tis passing strange, I vow ;
I ne'er was half so much afraid,
 In all my life as now.

What can this visit dire portend,
 Thus partial made to me ?
Sure some foul mischief doth impend,
 Which I can not foresee.

This apparition I have seen,
 Is sure the suffering sprite
Of some poor wretch that's murder'd been,
 About this place to-night.

O ! there have been foul doings here,
 His blood-stain'd hands declare ;
Or, some impending danger's near,
 Of which we're not aware.

But I will rise ; and to the host,
 All that I know explain ;
Nor wait till this poor troubl'd ghost
 Shall visit me again.

Then rose Giles Heywood, fill'd with fright,
 Sprung o'er the chamber floor ;
Half naked and ere it was light,
 Knock'd at the landlord's door.

The landlord bolted from his bed,
 Tho' he could nought discern ;
Then thro' the casement thrust his head,
 The cause of this to learn,

Who's there ? (the half wak'd landlord cried)
 That knock so furiously ;
Be not alarm'd ! (poor Giles replied)
 Good master host ! 'tis I.

For God's sake ! straight unbar the door,
 And let me shelter find ;
With what I've heard and seen, I'm sure,
 I'm scarce in my right mind !

Soon as Giles Heywood's voice he knew,
 He made not stop or stay ;
But to the door full quickly flew,
 And let him in straightway.

Cold sweat his pallid face besmear'd,
 He tugg'd and puff'd for breath :
In fact this man of hops appear'd
 Like one convuls'd in death.

His teeth they chatter'd in his head,
 They wildly roll'd,
 And with speechless dread,
 He scowl'd.

Why, what's the matter ! (cries the host)
What makes you look so pale ?
You look as if you'd seen a ghost ;
Come tell me what you ail.

O landlord ! I have seen a sight !
Defend us all from evil !
Would fill a santon with affright—
I think I 've seen the devil !

Then straight Giles Heywood 'gan to tell
To him the wond'rous tale ;
With all that on that night befel :
The landlord's self grew pale.

O, heavens ! (the shiv'ring merchant cried)
Much do I fear, good host !
That some calamity betide—
The visit of this ghost.

Either some murder there has been,
Or else will soon be here ;
For all these sights that I have seen
Portend ill things, I fear.

Up to his wife the master ran,
And rous'd her from repose ;
Tho' stout, our host was no stout man
In such affairs as those.

To her with aggravations join'd,
He told the wond'rous tale;
She listens, terror fills her mind,
And she likewise grew pale.

Down came the pot-girls from their bed,
The chamber-maids and cooks;
Fear like a fell contagion spread,
And terror mark'd their looks.

The guests came down, a num'rous train,
To them the tale was told;
Conjecture rack'd its pow'rs in vain,
The matter to unfold.

Invention thro' her store-rooms rov'd,
The strange still stranger grew;
And ev'ry time the tale improv'd,
That it was told anew.

Each wonder'd what the thing might mean,
For it was wond'rous odd,
And what friend Giles that night had seen,
Some mischief must forbode.

And each pray'd from this dire portent,
The whole that heav'n would free;
At least, each pray'd that the event
but ha.

The hostess of this inn, good Sir,
Was reckon'd shrewd and smart :
A kind of thought occur'd to her,
Which made her rather start.

Where is our hostler ! do you know ?
(Says the presaging wife)
He should have been here long ago—
Two hours since, on my life.

You know, last night we sent him out,
Fresh quarters to obtain ;
For him I'm in a fearful doubt,
Being not return'd again.

They search'd the stable-yard around,
The hay-loft and the barn ;
But hostler there, they no where found,
Nor ought of him could learn.

So all unanimous, believ'd
Poor Crop was gone to pot ;
And all the sad misfortune griev'd,
Let it be true or not.

At length the long-sought hostler came,
The news like wild-fire spread ;
The honest master and his dame
Were now both free from dread.

Yet what those wond'rous things could mean,
Not one of 'them could guess ;
Tho' what poor Giles last night had seen
Meant something more or less.

Now Crop was to the kitchen brought ;
The wond'rous tale to hear ;
They told him, nor abated ought
That might excite his fear.

The hostler heard the fearful tale
Of horror and affright ;
But when they thought he should grow pale,
He laugh'd at them outright.

Now twenty guineas would I hold,
(The snigg'ring hostler cries)
That I the secret could unfold,
Which caus'd this strange surprize.

Good master, yesterday, you know
'Twas fully our design,
To-day, if nothing should accrue,
To rise and kill the swine.

And he, the ghost, so vastly rum,
So terrible and big,
Was just poor Raph, that's deaf and dumb,
Who ill the pig.

• He knew the chamber where each night,
I slept, and I suppose,
He left the candle that I might
See to put on my cloathes.

But doubtless, thinking as I staid,
That I was sleeping still,
He very likely had essay'd
Himself the pig to kill.

Succeeding, he'd return'd with speed,
To shew me all was done ;
From this, no doubt on't did proceed
This wond'rous piece of fun.

PYGMALION

AND THE STATUE.

OUT OF THE

Tenth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses.



PYGMALION, once a famous Cyprian Lord,
All women kind, but most a wife abhorr'd,
And rather chose to lead a single life,
Than taste the nuptial torments of a wife ;
But wishful to employ his time aright,
In sculpture took particular delight ;
And carv'd in ivory, a maid so fair,
That nature could not with his art compare,
Were nature to employ her utmost skill,
Here she might copy, but could ne'er excel.
Pleas'd with the idol he commends each part,
And wishes to enjoy the product of his art ;
A perfect beauty in her face appear'd,
Complete in every feature had she stir'd,
One would have thought she could have mov'd, but she,
Withheld her steps t' improve her modesty :

Pygmalion's art so well perform'd the whole,
He lov'd, ador'd, nor could that love control,
He knows 'tis madness thus to love in vain,
Nor can the lover, yet his love restrain,
The flesh, or what the carver fancies such,
He fondly thinks grows softer at each touch,
Pleas'd with the thought he kiss'd the torpid dame,
To ease his breast, and sooth his senseless flame,
But still the harden'd breast remains the same,
And now with eyes entranc'd he gazes on,
But thinks it baseness to pronounce her stone.
Pygmalion thinks the kiss more sweetly warms,
Then hugs the stubborn idol in his arms ;
But pressing harder, back recoils with fear,
Lest he should hurt the thing he loves most dear :
Large treasures to the statue he presents,
With orient pearls, and gold love's blandishments,
Within her chamber he conceals her store,
The groaning shelves an ample burden bore ;
Rare birds, endow'd with speech, were plac'd on
 high,
And birds that warbl'd sweetest melody ;
Sweet flowers of ev'ry kind around were mix'd,
And scented amber thickly strew'd betwixt ;
Rich robes were round her beauteous body plac'd
While rings her ears, her neck a collar grac'd,
And an embroider'd zone surrounds her slender waist ;
Now like a queen the idol was array'd,
And every grace but most the best display'd ;

The maid he lays upon a stately bed,
With cov'rings of Sydonian purple spread :
Himself performs the rites—he calls her bride,
Then takes the stubborn virgin to his side ;
As though she had indeed a thinking mind,
Her head on downy pillows was reclin'd.
Now came at last great Venus' festal day,
To which the Cypriot's due devotion pay ;
With gilded horns the priest the heifer brings,
And from her wound the crimson torrent springs ;
Pygmalion with his off'ring first was there,
When thus, to heaven he made his frantic prayer ;—
If all we mortals want, you can supply,
Be yours the task, O Gods ! to satisfy,
Give me my wife—I wish one like he said—
But durst not say, give me my iv'ry maid.
The beauteous Venus, present at the feast,
Heard his complaint, and well the meaning guest ;
The goddess with his pray'r he sees comply,
For thrice the cheerful flames ascend on high.
Swift to the iv'ry maid the youth returns,
Whilst in his heart and eyes love's passion burns,
He rears her head, and views each lively charm,
He kiss'd her oft, as oft she feels more warm ;
Next with his hand her stubborn breast he tries,
And every sense of feel and sight applies :
Hard as it was before, yet now not such,
Relenting grown and soft'ning with each touch :
Yet misbelieving still, he tries again,
'The mark remains, the dint appears more plain,

Like pliant wax, which working hands reduce,
With heat of fire, dissolv'd and form'd for use;
He would believe, but hinder'd by suspense,
He summons every argument of sense,
The veins beneath his hand's impression beat,
A living virgin full of juice and heat.
The Cyprian prince astonish'd at the change,
Thanks her that wrought a miracle so strange,
When freed from doubt he now renews the bliss,
And taste more sweetness in the real kiss,
His lips to hers he joins which seem to melt,
The blushing virgin now his kisses felt,
Then on a sudden open'd her bright eyes,
And views at once the light, and lover with surprise.

AULD LANG SYNE.

A DIALECTIC ESSAY.



WHILST some the soldier's deeds emblaze,
And talk of sieges and campaigns,
Or some the wyley statesman praise,
Wha hauds of government the reins,
Or, others ring the rhymster's verse,
And ca' the jinglin' sentence fyne,
Be myne the bus'ness to rehearse
The parlish turns of auld lang syne

Thryce happy days of past delight,
That sliving tyme whirls fast away,
When pleasure smyl'd on ilka neight,
And sports beguil'd the leeve-lang day,
'Twas then, ore wardly fash, I knew,
Or, love, or loss had gar'd me pyne,
That oft, weel pleas'd I wad review
The gladsome page of auld lang syne.

In winter, when the weary neight
Gat lang and dree, I left the nuke,
And hirpling by the sclinting light
To the ur's cottage took,

The carl was canty fu' o' glee,
Tho' toddling fast down life's decline,
And mony a parlish tale could tell,
O'th' bruolliments of auld lang syne.

How, when moss troopers border-bred,
To rap, and reeve, oft flew to arms,
By war than that at downought led,
Rush'd into Cumberland i' swarms ;
Our kye, our owsen, off they drove ;
Our gear, our graith, our sheep and swyne,
And mony a lass, her luckless love,
Was left to wail for auld lang syne.

Ance on a tyme a plund'ring gang,
Came wi' a bensil o'er the sea,
The flocks and herds they gar'd them spang,
And put the country in a bree ;
Thro' lonely lanes and roads they rude,
By stealth to shelter their design,
In hopes their onset to make gude,
As mony a tyme they'd dune lang syne.

New ane Kemp Dobbie, as they com,
First spy'd them ; but quo' he, near ack,
Dinna be flaed, foa them, lad Tom,
But let's cow'r down i' this dyke back ;
Sae said, on humly cows they sat,
Up bruc'd the angrils in a lyne,
Till e'en forment them, up they gat,
And cry'd, now lads, for auld lang syne.

Back, helter skelter, panick-struck,
For hame they canter'd ane and a',
Nor ventur'd ane a backward look,
Lest he meeght in the ambush fa' ;
Thus single twa, abune a score,
Prevail'd by this their slee desygne ;
And yet, tho' disbelief may glour,
This plisket play'd Kemp Dob lang syne.

Thus thro' the langsome winter neight
O' curious tales sic routh he'd tell,
O' Brownie's ghaists, and flaysome seights,
Eneugh to scar the de'il himsel ;
As how when witches here war ryfe,
Reeght sonsy folk they gar't to pyne,
And Michael Scott, the warlock's lyfe,
He'd tell reeght gleesomely lang syne.

Scott ance gat Criffell* on his back,
Some pether like, as stories tell,
But, whow ! his girthings gi'ed a crack,
And down the boozy burden fell.
Auld Nick and Scott ance kemp'd, they say,
Wha best a syme o' sand could twyne ;
Cloots begg'd some caff, quo' Michael, nay ;
Sae fairly caip'd the de'il lang syne.

*Criffell;—the insulated situation of this mountain, which stands in the southern part of Galloway, is perhaps the only circumstance which gives rise to this legend: it is said, that Scott had conceiv'd a design of making a causeway across the Irish Channel; that is to say, from Port Patrick to Denaghadee; for this purpose, he had torn up by the roots, one of the

Wi' clish-ma-clatter, cracks, and jokes,
The carle and I the evening past,
Unenvying finger-fed fine folks,
Undmindfu' o' the whistling blast,
Wi' sweet content, what needed mair ?
For what should we our giz rins twyne ?
The auld man's common simple prayer,
Was aye God be wi' auld lang syne.

Full oft he'd tell, in rattling rhymes,
O' the rebellion, when the Scots,
Cam reeving in rampag'ing times.
And how folk hid their gear i' pots ;
In pits and wells, their stuff they hude,
To th' fells they drave both bease and swyne ;
Man ! it would chill thy varra blude,
To hear the deeds of auld lang syne.

Yet, tho' sic bruolliments galore,
Oft check'd the peace of former days,
Yet, God be thank'd ! this awfu' stoor,
Is o'er wi' a' its feary frays :

hills belonging to a chain of mountains, on the east of Cumber-
land, and had got it upon his shoulders ; or, what is fully
as probable, had buckled it on the back of his humble servant,
the devil ; who generally acted as his drudge, on all such occa-
sions ; posting on, therefore, with this load, along the sea-coast
of Galloway, by some accident or other, the trappings gave
way, and down the mountain tumbled : both Scott and the
devil being unable by their united exertions, to replace the
load, Michael abandoned the enterprize of his Irish causeway ;
and the hill of Criffel stands there from that day to this.

Then smyling peace ance mair restor'd
Content and joy to ilka mynde ;
And rowth and plenty cròwn'd each board,
Nae mair we fret for auld lang syne,

Oh ! weels me on thar happy tymes,
When a' was freedom, friendship, joy,
Ore paughty pryde, or nameless' crymes,
War ken'd our comforts to destroy,
Nae thoughts of rank engag'd the soul,
But equals seem'd the squire and hynde ;
The laird and da'rker cheek by chowle,
Wad sit and crack of auld lang syne.

'Twas then that nane however great,
Abune his neighbour thought himsell,
But lads and lasses wont to meet,
Wi' cheerfu' chang their tales to tell,
Frae house to house the rock-guards went,
When Cynthia frae the lift did shyne,
When canty sangs and blythe content,
Beguil'd the hours of auld lang syne.

Lang streek'd out ower the clean hearth-stane,
The lads their sicker stations tuke,
Whyle to beet on the elden ; ane
As oft the laird sat i' the nuke.
When Kirstmas cam, what stiving wark,
Wi' hackins, and powsowdy fyne,
And penny hops ilk neight by dark,
Frae yule to Candlemas lang syne.

But sune as smyling spring appear'd,

The cotter leaves his ingle side,

His naigs are graith'd, his ploughs are gear'd,

For ither winters to provyde ;

Blythe as a lavrick, ovr the rig,

He liltis thro' mony a langsome lyne,

And foothy crops o' beans, and bigg,

Neest year make up for auld lang syne.

Ovr a' the joys the seasons bring,

Nane, bonny hay-time ! comes lyke thee,

Weel pleas'd wi' lythe the lasses sing,

The lads drive on wi' hearty glee,

They skelp and skail the scatt'ring swathe,

Wi' zigzag fling the rakers twyne,

And syling sweats their haffets bathe ;

Sic wark was myne, weel pleas'd, lang syne.

Next harvest comes, wi' smyling mien,

Shake rype and ready to be shorn,

The kemping shearers now are seen,

To ryve and byn and stook their corn ;

At darkning, canty hame they turn,

Whar some doose supper pangs them fyne,

Or, if they're dune a rivan kern,

Makes full amends for auld lang syne.

Last—best of a' comes on Carle Fair,

Frae ilka 'art the young folk drove ;

Ilk lad fu' fyne, ilk lass fu' fair,

Joy in their een, their bosoms love,

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Wi' trysting, dancing and deray,
Wi' nyce short cakes, sweet punch and wyne,
Reicht blythesomely they spent the day :—
There's nae sport now, lyke auld lang syne.

Thus vers'd in legendary lore,
This auld-far'd chronicle could tell,
Of upturns, that in days of yore,
Betymes to this and that befell ;
But hirpling fast on lyfe's down-hill,
His prejudice would sair inclyne
To, ca' the present nought but ill,
And nought a'dow but auld lang syne.

Frae sympathy, as strange as true,
The gude man's taste I seem'd to catch ;
For, far-gane scenes when I review
Wi' present things, I'm fit to fratch ;
Yes, there's a secret pleasure springs
Frae retrospect, that soothes the mynd,
When memory back to fancy brings
The gladd'ning scenes of auld lang syne.

Farewell ! ye moments of delyght ;
Adieu ! ye scenes I lang mun mourn,
Nae maer ye cheer my anxious sight,
Impossible, ye shall return.
Life's glooming low'rs the sun of youth
On wint'ry age mun cease to shyne,
And stoutest hearts confess this truth,—
The present's nought lyke auld lang syne.

But, whether 'tis the partial eye,
With glass inverted, shews the scene,
The gude things past alone to spy,
And tinge the present wi' our spleen,
I know not;—this alone I know,
Our past misfortunes we'd consign,
T' oblivion; whilst our present woe
Makes dear the joys of auld lang syne

For as I range the weel-ken'd haunts
Of past amusements, youthfu' bliss,
Wi' impulse strange, my besom pants
For what ance was, for what now is;
Each step I tread, some far-fled hour
Of past endearment, brings to mynde;
Each callar shade, and sylent bow'r,
Ca' back the joys of auld lang syne.

Then doubly sweet the black-bird sang,
Wi' ten-fold beauty smyl'd the grove,
Creation round ae chorus rang.
'Twas pleasure's voice inspir'd by love :
But when old age, wi' slyving hand,
Shall round the heart insidious twyne,
'Tis then we see, and only then,
The present's nought lyke auld lang syne.

NED STAUNTON.

A TALE.



'TWAS at a time, in London known full well,
By all the band of 'prentices from far;
At least, by all that numerous host who dwell
Betwixt the Minories and Temple Bar,

In fine, 'twas boxing night, when merchant cite
To see George Barnwell send their new-fledg'd
clerks,
To fill the whole of boxes, galleries, pits,
Instead of strolling thro' the streets and parks,

There, from th' example of the hapless youth,
In hopes impression durable to take;
And that the paths of honesty and truth,
Those rural blades of theirs, would ne'er forsake.

By hostile frosts, from Oxford to Gravesend,
Bound was the Thames, nor boat nor barge could
ply!
And well were those who then had coals to vend,
And woe were those who then had coals to buy.

Dark as at midnight hung the fogs of noon,
The streets were heap'd with mingl'd soot and
snow ;

Nor yet by day or night, the sun or moon
Peep'd out their heads to cheer the world below,

No hackney coaches then along the street,
Durst, without torches ply, ev'n at mid-day ;
And people scarcely trusted their own feet,
So dark the weather, and so bad the way.

From Covent Garden's walks the cyprian band
Are forced to shuffle off ;—unhappy train !
Unable longer to maintain their stand,
Or at St. Giles's, or at Drury-lane,

But in their attic haunts, in rueful plight,
Sat pleasure's daughters, close immur'd as cats ;
With scarcely half a pint of gin per night,
But guzzling common tiff, and broiling sprats.

From street to street, with lamentable cry,
Range the poor gardeners, neglected crew !
Many with insult pitiless pass by,
But to relieve their pinching wants how few !

Now, closely rang'd around each tap-room fire,
Porters and hackney coachmen mingling throng
Where all to baffle winter's rage conspire,
With the warm tankard and the jocund song.

Along Fleet-market stand the starv'ling group
Of fish-fags, green-grocers, and who knows what
Some eating hot plumb-pudding, some pea-soup ;
Or any warm repast they can come at.

But citizens possess'd of better means,
Unlike those groups their holidays employ ;
Unconscious of such sufferings and such scenes,
In each excess of revelry enjoy.

Here at the Mansion-house, or at Guildhall,
Fat aldermen encircle my lord mayor,
Children of Epicurus, one and all,
The treats of our prime magistrate to share,

O'er fatten'd haunch, and equal fat sirloin,
Of luscious turtle, this voluptuous throng,
At plenty's carnival devoutly join,—
Nor think of woes to millions that belong.

Streams of madeira, sherry, and champaign
Or toka exquisite, are guzzled down ;
Nay, for one dinner goes what might maintain,
For half a year, the poor of all the town.

Pride, by example ever whirl'd along,
Howe'er superior that example be,
Tempts the rich, trading citizens, who throng
To share the banquet and festivity,

These at the Crown and Anchor Tavern meet,
Or place such like, some lordling at their head ;
There pay a guinea, and their dinner eat ;
That ended, all get drunk, and go to bed.

Compare with these the famish'd tribes who dwell
Round Spittalfields, and Clerkenwell ; and then
Say, if from conscience you can justly tell,
If these voluptuaries act like men.

A small retrenchment in their vast expence,
A small privation from this vast excess,
Might save from mis'ry sinking indigence,
And with its surplus more than thousands bless.

When now the wealthy, with luxuriant cheer,
The festive jollities of Christmas taste,
Let them but for a moment pause and hear
The plaints of those in wretchedness that waste.

Look thro' the prison's solitary cells,
The noisome jail, misfortune's sad retreat,
Where wasting care, and perfect sorrow dwells,
And human woes in one sad focus meet.

To view this scene but for a while consent,
This scene of want, of mis'ry, and of grief ;
The heart, howe'er obdurate must relent,
No longer can the hand withhold relief.

But yet I would not damp the jocund hour,
Or spread dejection o'er the gen'rous soul,
Or peevishly the sweets of others sour,
And dash from pleasure's hand th' enliv'ning bowl.

No 'tis the season custom gives for joy,
Let those that can, seize on the fav'ring gale,
In pleasures rational the time employ :
Uninterrupted I pursue my tale.

Ned Staunton held the office of a clerk,
In a large counting house, close by St. Paul's—
Where oft most noise and bustle we remark,—
Where many an oyster-wench melodious squalls.

This noise to office-work of ev'ry sort
Is incommodious, as all clerks can tell ;
But Ned so careful manag'd, that, in short,
He kept his journals and his ledgers well.

Be'ng Christmas, those who had him in employ,
Gave him, as still is usual at this season,
▲ Christmas box, wherewith he might enjoy,
Any amusement that agreed with reason,

Now Ned like thousand more, went to the play,
Saw Barnwell, which he'd often seen before ;
Hosted, and clapp'd by turns the piece away,
Or, if a passage pleas'd him, roar'd encore.

A member of a free and easy club.

Was honest Staunton, held in Fetter-lane,
Where oft they met, o'er politics to grub,
Sit up till twelve—then stagger home again.

Soon as the play was over, our friend Ned,
On whom alone, this narrative depends,
Thinking it far too soon to go to bed,
Set off to Fetter-lane to join his friends.

There with the catch, the chorus and the glee,
These sons of jollity the evening pass'd ;
Smoked, drunk, and sung till it was half past three,
Then thought it time to set off home, at last.

Drunk as a pig, Ned tumbld into bed,
Not having time to get himself undress'd ;
The liquor had so stupified his head,
That in five minutes he had got to rest.

Lo! as a bull-frog did poor Staunton snore ;
Comus and Morpheus held him down so deep ;
When lo! a boisterous knocking at his door
Awoke our hero from his death-like sleep.

Up in a moment starting on his breech,
With wild confusion fill'd, he stares around ;
Terror denied his tongue the pow'r of speech,
And one short ha! was all his utterance found.

A giant figure, horrible and grim,
In dreadful attitude stood by his bed ;
With fear convuls'd he shook through every limb,
Nor dared a moment turn aside his head

No common form the direful spectre wore ;
Vast were his eyes, and huge his giant frame ;
A massy club in his right-hand he bore,
And round his body play'd a lambent flame.

At last this form his awful silence broke ;
In cadence well might that of Stentor mock ;
And thus the dreadful apparition spoke,
In words distinct enough, "past four o'clock!"

Sir, I'm the watchman :—passing by this way,
As I am wont, to try if all's secure,
I found you had neglected—Sir, I say,
I found you had forget to shut your door.

Ned thank'd the watchman, banish'd his own fears,
Got up and made the door, and then right soon,
Sous'd into bed again, o'er head and ears ;—
There lay, and snored away till it was noon.

BATTLE OF THE NILE.



ARGUMENT.

It will be recollected, that in order to counterbalance their disgraces by sea, their fleets and those of their allies, being blocked up in their harbours, the French raised a numerous army in the northern coasts of France, and the Netherlands, bestowing upon it the pompous epithet of the army of England: yet they, by the defeats and captures of the small squadrons which they sent to Ireland, and seeing little or no disposition in the bulk of the inhabitants to join their standard, seemed to turn their attention to another quarter of the world: and after the treaty of Campo Formio, the army became a burthen which they found difficult to support, and which it might be dangerous to their authority to maintain. The invasion of England was found to be totally impracticable. The fleet which should convey the troops, would, in all probability experience nothing but defeat; from the acknowledged superiority of the British navy; and probably, were apprehensive of the reaction such a calamity might create.

To avoid these difficulties; and it was supposed to find occupation for the enterprising spirit of Buonaparte, an expedition was planned to dispatch him to a distant shore, where, as the politicians of those times conjectured, success or misfortune could little interest the nation; and where his defeat would excite no reaction or murmurs, which might endanger the Directory, his employers.

The object proposed by this expedition was, first, to sail with a well-appointed army, conveyed in a powerful fleet to the shores of Egypt, and from thence to penetrate, either by the isthmus of Suez, or by the Red Sea, to the Indian Ocean, to embark his troops, and by a co-operation with Tippoo Sultan to endeavour the overthrow of the British Empire in the east.

This daring, and bold project was entrusted to Buonaparte; one of the deepest politicians, and accomplished soldiers the world ever knew. The scheme was obscurely hinted to the Council of Five Hundred, by Eschassereaux, in a speech or report; the sole object was held out to be the establishing a

colony in Egypt, and to regenerate (in the new language of the French) a country, which was the first theatre of civilization in the universe. While preparations were secretly making for this expedition, the public were amused with strange and monstrous stories of rafts to be constructed for the invasion of England; and troops were collected on the northern coast of France, while the navy of the republic was secretly repairing to Toulon.



FROM low and grov'ling themes on bolder wing
Uphorn, sublime the muse attempts to sing
The feats of Britain's heroes, and emblaze
Their deeds of valour, with immortal praise.
When Albion's sons terrific vengeance bore
'Gainst Gallic rage, to Egypt's distant shore;
Or, where brave Nelson, by conspicuous chance,
Won fame to England, and disgrace to France :
Sing, soaring muse, and on the page of fame,
To latest times their due applause proclaim.
Long, Gallia's councils in their schemes perplex'd,
With dire defeats, and foul disgraces vex'd,
Had various plans and expeditions mov'd,
Which all fantastic, or abortive prov'd ;
No thought of Erin's conquest now remain'd,
Where but dishonour and defeat were gain'd ;
Still more successless was the project deem'd,
Which for invading England, had been schem'd ;
Her naval thunders, which had terror hurl'd
To the remotest regions of the world,

Her tars' superior skill so oft confess'd,
With such dismay their wav'ring minds oppress'd,
That all their former boasts were thrown to ground,
Where nought but certain ruin could be found ;
Yet still, the council weak, the army strong—
On what to fix, the state debated long,
On various projects, gravely they revolve,
Yet doubtful, still, on what they shall resolve ;—
The restless mind of Buonaparte they view,
His quenchless thirst of honors well they knew,
Conscious, that common bounds could ne'er controul
The ambitious aims of his aspiring soul ;
Thus, with a numerous army in the land,
Too numerous to support, or to command,
The weak Direct'ry seek the surest way
Their fears to lessen, and maintain their sway,
To turn to action this unruly host,
And seek new conquests on a distant coast,
Which haply might redound with more success,
If not advantage, yet the danger less :
With speed, they straight collect a powerful band,
And give to Buonaparte the sole command :
A well appointed navy they prepare,
To waft their legions to the distant war ;
In climes remote, their ensigns to expand,
And spread confusion o'er a peaceful land,
Where the meand'ring Nile, refreshing laves
Fair Egypt, with its fertilizing waves,
Now, from the various provinces of France,
In thick'ning swarms the Gallic troops advance ;

T 2—Vol. 1.

Swift to the fleet they mark their onward way
'To brave the dangers of an unknown sea ;
Keen ardour shone in every heroes eyes,
Each eagerly expects a golden prize ;
Mad with ambitious hopes, each soldier seems
To grasp the produce of his fancied dreams :
Meanwhile, the world in mute suspense behold
This expedition, wonderful, as bold :
Each politician racks his plodding brain,
Its certain destination to explain ;
On wild conjecture's wing, is fancy tost,
Whilst all in one uncertainty are lost ;
At length the fleet unfurl their spreading sails,
Urg'd to the voyage by most auspicious gales,
Swift o'er the tossing deep, the vessels drive,
And off the isle of Malta soon arrive ;
Here for a while, their canvass they unbend,
And to the governor for succour send ;
Struck with alarm, to see this mighty host
In hostile equipage upon their coast,
And fearful with the summons to comply,
The knights their entrance manfully deny,
Deeming unsafe, their weak, defenceless land,
Should they admit this formidable band ;
With indignation's tongue, and mix'd disgrace,
The faithless French prepare to storm the place :—
Their navy spreads along the rocky shores,
And from each vessel loud destruction roars ;
Rous'd by th' injustice of these foul alarms,
The weak inhabitants repair to arms,

Rush to their coasts, and every danger brave,
Their liberties, if possible, to save ;
But how unlike their ancestors of old,
In numerous wars invincible, and bold,
Whose deeds in arms, in fame's bright annals shewn,
Whose valour to remotest lands was known !
Their feeble offspring weak resistance make,
And soon o'erpower'd, the unequal charge forsake,
By force superior urg'd, the poor Maltese,
But from submission, hope for terms of peace.
Now, Malta won, once more the advent'rous crew,
Prepare, their onward voyage to renew ;
Four thousand chosen troops are left behind,
To whom the captur'd island is consign'd ;
Swift, from the conquer'd land, their course they
steer,

And soon on Egypt's arid coasts appear.
Now, with surprize the court of Britain view'd
The power of France, which conquest thus pursu'd,
Beheld vast empires yielding to their arms,
And distant nations shake with dire alarms :—
To check the spreading ill, with cautious care,
A well appointed squadron they prepare ;
From Britain's boldest sons the choice was made,
Who oft, their peerless prowess had display'd ;
Who, like their grandsires bold, in days of yore,
Had borne defiance oft, to Gallia's shore.
Amongst, the foremost candidates for fame,
Or, for her favours had the boldest claim,

Of Neptune's sons, throughout the British host,
Not one superior, could with Nelson boast :
Firm in resolve, as in the council'grave,
Cool in th' attack, and through the action brave,
To him the state, this gallant fleet consign,
His courage with their counsels to combine ;
From which they hope to counteract the foe,
And peace restore by one auspicious blow.
Full thirteen ships of force own his command,
Four more receive their orders from his hand,
Each well with military stores supply'd.
And fit alike to combat wind and tide :—
Their orders come, the fleet their anchors weigh,
And sweep impatient o'er the trackless sea,
Now this way, and now that, they scour the main, }
Hoping from chance intelligence to gain,
And glorious death, or victory obtain. }
Swift o'er the midland sea, their course they steer,
Now to Sardinia, now to Malta bear ;
Keen as our sparkles in each sailor's eyes,
And for the combat ev'ry soldier sighs.
For now in deeds of honor and renown,
His country's cause each Briton feels his own ;
Thus ranging onward o'er the watery main,
Egyptus' far-fam'd coast at length they gain,
Here, with enlivening ardour they survey
The Gallic squadron anchor'd in the bay ;
Soon as the British crew the fleet beheld,
Each hero seem'd with new-born rapture fill'd.

With loud acclaims they rend the circling air,
Whilst for the dreadful conflict they prepare,
Safe in the gulph of fam'd Aboukir stow'd.
In crescent huge, the adverse navy rode,
In lengthen'd line the vast marine extend,
Whilst to the shore the ports th' approach defend ;
Whate'er from situation can be gain'd,
For their defence their posture had obtain'd,
But can impediments like these controul,
Or check the ardour of a Nelson's soul ?
Can Britain's pow'r, so fam'd, so oft display'd,
By trivial disadvantage here be stay'd ?
Kean emulation every hero fires,
And hope of victory each breast inspires :
Now in its station every vessel moor'd,
Behold what dire confusion stalks on board !
From ship to ship the dreadful thunders roar,
And shake, with hideous burst the firm set shore :
In thick'ning clouds the nitrous smoke ascends,
And far and wide, the blaze of death extends,
Hid is the face of heaven, the waves below,
Shock'd with the strife, their wonted foam forego.
From gang to gang, the busy captains fly,
And round them heaps of mangl'd comrades lie,
Each deck is stain'd with streams of human gore,
And death tremendous marks the cannon's roar ;
The din of war, the bleeding warriors' cry,
With doleful jargon rend the ambient sky ;—
E'en Neptune, struck with horror at the sight.
To ocean's depths impels his downward flight :

Thus ardent, long the doubtful strife they wage,
Now slack, now thundering with redoubl'd rage :
Britannia's sons, still conscious of their name,
Resolv'd on conquest, or immortal fame;
Still obstinate sustain the doubtful fight,
Whilst numbers sink to everlasting night.
Nor here shall partial spleen, dishonour glance
Upon the brave, contending sons of France.
Worthy the name and state whose cause they bare,
They bravely, long sustain'd th' uncertain war.
But now, deep horror seiz'd the Gallic host,
The contest seems inevitably lost,
Their brave commander, whilst like Mars he flew,
With life and rage inspiring all his crew,
Rent by a fatal bullet, mangl'd lies,
While with his life, the soul of action dies,
He gone, the combat faintly they maintain,
Till all their decks are heap'd with kindred slain ;
Two hours the contest undecided stands,
And victory holds the scales with equal hands :
At length three ships, gall'd by superior fire,
Their ensigns strike, and from the fight retire ;
'Twas now that Nelson form'd the great design,
To break their ranks and flank the vanmost line,
Loud, and more loud, the din of battle grows,
Whilst, from each deck a crimson torrent flows,
From ship to ship is dire confusion spread,
And Gallia's power seems half subdued with dread :
When, lo ! augmented horror to inspire,
Their new commander's ship is seen on fire,

While consternation in each face appears,
And ev'n the adverse fleet the danger fears,
With dread they mark the progress of the flames,
Whose onward rage, explosion dire proclaims ;
All prudence—all exertion prove in vain,
This elemental ruin to restrain ;—
Aloft in air ascends the spiral blaze,
The hostile powers suspended in amaze,
Behold the scene horrific, madly rise,
And blaze refulgent, 'gainst the argent skies ;
In terrible suspense, the French await,
The approaching crisis of their awful fate.
Swift the destructive element prevails,
Down fall the cordage, yards, and blazing sails,
At length Volcano like, with dreadful blast,
Aloft in air the shatter'd ship is cast,
With shock tremendous struck, with dire affright,
The hostile combatants suspend the fight,
The nitrous vapour darkens all around,
And every ear is deafen'd with the sound ;
Wide o'er the main the falling wreck is spread,
Planks, masts, and yards, and show'rs of mangl'd
dead ;

Each hero views the scene with silent grief,
In capable to yield the least relief.
At length the mortal contest they renew,
And with rekindling rage the strife pursue ;
Again wars thunders shake the waving main,
Again their decks are cover'd with the slain,

Vindictive ardour sparkles in their eyes,
And all alike surrounding death despise;
Much on the fate of this great day depends,
Be this victorious, Gallia's navy ends.
If that, then slander'd is Britannia's name,
Peace far remov'd, and sunk great Nelson's fame,
At length the French urg'd by superior might,
Strike, and relinquish the unequal fight,
Whilst British victors this advantage press,
Urge their despair and heighten their distress.
From every crew loud shouts of conquest rise,
And every warrior claims the dear bought prize:
Nine stately ships to British valour yield,
And Nelson stands great master of the field,
But four alone escape the sad mischance,
To bear th' unwelcome tidings home to France;
Three in the action burn'd, the whole complete,
Of this late boasting formidable fleet:
Thus this imperious force that lately spread,
O'er eastern nations universal dread,
Was by a Nelson's valour quite o'erthrown,
And Britton's their superiors forc'd to own;
Thus were their schemes of aggrandizement foil'd,
Their squadrons captur'd and their projects spoil'd,
So still may fare the foes of Albion's isle,
So on our quarrels still may fortune smile;
Still may our arms the like successes meet,
And numerous Nelson's steer the British fleet.

THE
DEATH OF ORFIN.



HIGH upon the craggy steep,
Orfin stood, in pensive woe,
Poring o'er the dinsome deep
Billowing on the beach below.
Heedless of the deaf'ning roar,
He beheld the raging flood;
Fearless felt the rocky shore
Shake beneath him as he stood.
Loudly blew the western blast,
Fast the cloud-fraught torrents fall,
Quick the quiv'ring light'ning pass'd;
Orfin heedless, bears it all.
Like the opening glare of day,
Anger sat upon his brow;
Flaming like the pointed ray
From his sparkling eyes below.
On his breast the beamy star,
Wrought in gold and em'ralds bright,
Gaily glitt'ring from afar,
Like the streams of crystal light.

O'er his back, in sullen pride,
Broad, his massy shield was slung ;
Whilst, suspended by his side,
Loose, his mighty sabre hung.
Oft had he its temper tried,
Oft the foe its force had felt,
Oft in blood had it been dy'd,
And to hundreds death had dealt.
From its sheath, with sullen ire,
Fierce, the glittering glave he drew,
Fierce he struck. the sparkling fire
From the rocks effulgent flew.
“ Say, (he cried) shall Orfin bear,
Thus to hear his Lord defam'd ?
Or great Geon-ergon hear
By his foes a coward nam'd ?
“ Geon-ergon, mighty king,
Monarch of the thousand isles ;
In whose court the graces spring,
On whose reign kind heav'n still smiles.
“ Shall he meanly bear the scorn
Of the base-born tyrants round ?
Shall his provinces be torn,
And he basely be uncrown'd ?
“ No ! while Orfin's arm can wield
This fair sword, it ne'er shall be ;
Brave Insulia ne'er shall yield
Her proud empire of the sea.”

Like the black-wing'd storm, that blows

O'er the Arctic region drear,

Orfin's indignation rose,

As he rais'd the threat'ning spear,

When, far o'er the tow'ring steep,

He beheld, with wond'ring eyes,

From the bosom of the deep,

Fair Insulia's genius rise.

Azure was her flowing robe,

Dignity her aspect fill'd ;

In one hand she bore a globe,

Whilst her next a sceptre held.

" Orfin, son of Berman, hear !

(Said the pow'r ;) my words attend :

Brave Insulia needs thy spear,

Geon-ergon thou defend.

" Danger circles him around,

Ruin threatens from afar ;

Thou alone by heaven art found

Worthy to support the war.

" Carrol, King of Ispan, he,

Leagu'd with neighbouring tyrants swore,

That ere long his fleets should be

Moor'd on fair Albania's shore.

" Fear not his imperious boast ;

This he may repent too late ;

Fear not, for his mighty host—

Little see they of their fate.

“ Soon the renegado king,
 (Offspring of the rocky isle,)
Shall to bondage Carrol bring,
 And his kingdom shall despoil.

“ Bid Albania’s heroes rise,
 Bid Irenia’s sons be true ;
Nor Septentrion aid despise ;
 Victory is promis’d you !

“ For the mighty warriors, call ;
 Let the deaf’ning thunders roar ;
Soon shall Ispan’s glory fall,
 E’en upon their native shore.

“ But, undaunted champion, know,
 That, amidst the bloody strife,
Ere half-conquer’d he the foe,
 Orfin, thou must lose thy life !

“ Let not this thy soul dismay,
 Yield not thou to puerile dread ;
Deathless glory crowns the day,
 Paradise shall be thy bed.

“ Is the sacrifice too great,
 Sets a virtuous nation free ?
Orfin, know by this thy feat,
 Millions owe their lives to thee.”

Orfin heard the stern decree,
 But unmov’d he heard the whole ;
Thousands ’twould have dash’d, but he
 Felt new ardour fire his soul !

With a more than mortal mien,
Gracefully, the hero bow'd;
While his countenance serene,
Prov'd him of th' election proud.
Soon Insulia's gallant fleet,
Fraught with heroes, leaves the coast,
Not to wait for, but to meet,
Carrol's pride and Ispan's boast.
Orfin, son of Berman, he,
Foremost in the high command,
Leads his squadrons o'er the sea,
To explore the hostile land.
And, as from their native shore,
Briskly ply the martial crew,
Orfin, ne'er to see it more,
Ling'ring, looks a last adieu.
What, tho' certain of his doom.
Ev'n without the hope of life,
Orfin shrinks not from the tomb,
Eager for the glorious strife.
Soon as the hostile squadrons join,
Soon for action they prepare,
Soon they form th' embattl'd line,
And loud thunders shake the air,
Death assumes his direst forms,
Clad in smoke and mingling fire,
Devastation widely storms,
With each burst whole heaps expire.

Like a lion in the fight,

Orfin rages, far and near,
All his friends confess his might,
All his foes are shook with fear.

Orfin saw proud Ispan's boast,
Ship by ship, inglorious yield;
Ev'n upon their native coast,
Feebly struggling for the field.

Half their power had been subdued,
Half the victory was won,
Yet, the contest was pursu'd,
Fierce, as when it first begun.

Orfin thro' the thick'ning war
Stood above his peers, confess'd,
Seen conspicuous from afar,
By the blazon on his breast.

Ispan's warriors saw, with grief,
All the feats of Berman's son,
Saw the crescent-crested chief,
Had the hard-fought battle won.

Stung with rage and mingling shame,
Vengeance glistening in his eye,
Argon took the deadly aim—
“Orfin, (said the warrior) die!”

To his breast the engine dire,
He, the cruel Argon, drew;
Pinion'd by th' impulsive fire,
Fate's commission'd warrant flew.

Orfin's breast the bullet found,
 Deep it pierc'd the hero's heart,
 Life, retiring from the wound,
 Seem'd impatient to depart.
 "I have done my duty here,
 (Faint, the expiring warrior cried))
 Victory, I know is near!"—
 Saying, clos'd his eyes—and died.
 Pitying angels from the sky,
 When they saw the conflict cease,
 Snatch'd his spirit, and on high
 Bore it to the realms of peace.



THE VOWELS :—AN EPIGRAM,

ONCE, on a time, a fellow named Vowel,
 Who wrought perhaps, with plumb-rule, line and
 trowel,
 Was to be hang'd—I dont know why, or wherefore
 But so it was—the mob assembl'd, therefore
 To see the execution, as is common,
 And there, was many a man, and many a woman.
 A fellow in the crowd—a gaping lout,
 To one that stood beside him, turn'd about,
 And thus interrogated ;—Sir—I say,
 Which of the vowels is this ?—tell me, pray.
 The other, quaintly made him this reply—
 Dont be concern'd, 'tis neither you, nor I!

THE
SEIGE OF BRUSSELS.

WHEN Brussels was, by Marshal Soult invested,

The Flemings, who are made of stiffish stuff,
With him the siege most vigourously contested,
And seem'd resolv'd to hold out long enough ;

The governor was known to be courageous,
The garrison were numerous, stout, and strong,
And though the French press'd on, like men
outrageous :

Their operations promis'd to be long,

But, in the town, a scarceness of provision,
Had spread dejection round about the place ;
And quite expended was their ammunition,
Which alter'd, most materially the case ;

The burgomasters of the city met
In council, to determine what to do—
Without, by war, most furiously beset,
Within, beset as hard, by famine too.

They thought it better to give up the town,
Than longer, with the enemy contend,
Terms to obtain, their arms at once lay down,
And, to this cruel bloodshed put an end.

The governor oppos'd their grave resolve,—

“ Shall we,” said he, “ like cowards then submit,
Shall desolation this brave town involve,
And Soult dispose of us, as he thinks fit?

“ Your houses must be plunder'd, great and small,
The garrison, he to French prisons sent,
Yen, to the victors yield you, one and all,
Your wives, your daughters' yield to ravishment.”

No matter ! though the governor was stout,
The French had ways to pull his courage down—
Bombardment made the city soon give out,
And Frenchmen took possession of the town :—

With warlike honours march'd the troops away,
Each citizen his face in mourning put,
And, as became the melancholy day,
They cautiously, their doors and windows shut.

The Gallic lines march'd slowly, through the street,
To take possession of the warlike stores,
Or, any thing, that they perhaps, might meet,
But not a soul beside, was out of doors.

An officer was walking in the rear,
Up flew a sash, a female from within,
Exclaim'd, good master captain ! do you hear ?
Pray Sir,—when does the ravishment begin.

THE
POPE
AND THE CARDINAL.

Once on a time, a pope, of pious fame,
Death suddenly cut short, and snapp'd his tether,
A cardinal, of rank sublime,
Slipp'd from his post, at the same time,
And, as their quality, was much the same—
Away the couple set towards heaven, together ;
To the celestial postern, came the pair,
Expecting quick admittance, there, no doubt ;
Shut was the portal,—this produc'd no care,
Because his holiness, ere they set out,
Had wisely slipp'd the keys into his pocket,
With which, he made cock-sure, he should unlock-it.
One key, the pontiff straight applied,
The mazy wards his efforts mock,
And then, another one he tried,
But, none of them would fit the lock ;—
Humph ! said his holiness, with deep amaze,
I question much, these are St. Peter's keys !
Well ! cried his eminence, a pretty story !
Here, to be disappointed of admission—
'Twould be in vain, for entrance to petition ;—
Let's turn about, and go to purgatory—
There, I expect, we wont find much detention,
That lock, you know, be'ng of our own invention

THE

PEER AND COACHMAN.

IT happen'd once, a peer of high renown,
But, whether duke or earl, I cannot tell,
By death's impartial bludgeon, was knock'd down,
And was straightway, as goes the common story,
Without once halting at your purgatory,
Sans ceremony, hurried on to hell.

Here, in a dismal, noisome corner cramm'd,
Midst swindlers, sharpers, black-legs, cut-throats,
rogues,
Informers, parasites, and demagogues,
Incendiaries, panders, pimps,
And all the meanest tribe of imps—
In fine, the very off-scum of the damn'd ;

'Mid the drear depths of these infernal regions,
Where sad remorse, and anguish reign,
Combin'd with everlasting pain.—

How was his lordship startl'd with surprise,
Amongst these shrieking, sprawling, tortur'd legions
His quondam coachman here to recognize !

The coachman, equally surpris'd to see
His master, in so pitiful a case,
Turn'd to his lordship, and enquir'd
What wond'rous circumstances had transpir'd,
Or what strange, turning destiny,
What arbitrary fiat, or decree,
Or blunder in the book of fate, might be,
To bring him to this dismal place ?

Here ! he continued, with concern I view,
You mingl'd with the most notorious crew !
That e'er disgrac'd, or shock'd the world of light
With traitors, and assassins, scoundrels, knaves,
In short, the veriest scum of earth-born slaves
Hell could have class'd you with, in all its spite.

You, my good lord, who us'd to live so well,
Whose hospitality did far excel
All your compeers ; nor one around
Throughout the neighbourhood was found
With you in courtesy to vie—

I mean my lord, as far as you were able,
All your retainers must confess
Your kindness—sweetnes of address,—
And then, you kept up such a noble table !

Ah, me ! his lordship cried, that borrow'd fame—
That sham'd benevolence was but a name . .
Which bore me out no further than the world ;
But heaven, that could my actions view,

Beheld them of the darkest hue,
 For I was by ambition led,
 The course of justice to forego,
 And iniquity's path to tread,
 And heap on hundreds want and woe,
 For which, to this sad pit I'm hurl'd.

Have I not oft withheld the widow's mite,
 Prevented too, the orphan's right,
 And fraudulently robb'd the poor,
 But to increase my countless store,
 And why were all those arts employ'd,
 My vast possessions to increase,
 By which my hopes are all destroy'd,
 By which my life was void of peace,
 All my ambition, all that I have done,
 Was but to aggrandize a worthless son.

But, say friend Jonathan! (exclaim'd the peer)
 I'th' name of wonder, what has brought you here?
 You, who appear'd so fill'd with grace,
 Were such a sanctimonious face,
 Who could each text of scripture quote;—
 You, who the tabernacle so closely follow'd,
 And never seem'd engag'd with thought unhallow'd
 So methodistical in air,
 So frequent both in praise and prayer,
 One would have thought your pious soul,
 By heaven inspir'd, had got the whole
 Of Watts and Wesley's hymns by rote.

Oh ! replied coachy, Sir, you well may ask,
 What brings me here, indeed ;— what have I
 done !

My guilt, no more, hypocrisy can mask ;—
 Here, bootless, now would be dissimulation ;—
 From the same spring is mine and your damnation.
 It was I, that got that wicked, worthless son.



The Transformation of Battus to a Touchstone.

FROM OVID.

THE crafty Hermes from the herd convey'd
 A flock of heifers, that around him stray'd,
 A sly, insidious peasant view'd the same,
 Throughout the hamlet, Battus was his name,
 Hir'd by a wealthy Pylian prince, to feed
 His grazing cattle, in the neighbouring mead ;—
 The thievish god the servile herd survey'd
 And taking him aside, thus whisp'ring said ;—
 Discover not this felony of me,
 And here, this milk-white heifer is thy fee.
 The clown reply'd, depart and prosper well,
 Continuing still : this stone shall sooner tell.
 The god withdrew, but soon returns again,
 In speech and costume like a country swain,

Calling out, Prithee shepherd, didst thou see,
 A herd of bulls and heifers pass by thee?
 If thou canst point the course the flock have stray'd,
 Thy pains, with two prime heifers shall be paid.
 The double bribe o'ercame his sordid mind;
 The god rejoic'd his baseness thus to find.
 And dost thou then betray me? he replies,
 Me to myself! the angry Hermes cries,
 Then, to a touch-stone turns his perjur'd breast,
 Whilst in its name, his guilt is still-express'd.

MOURNING ALAMODE.

WHEN our poor, dear, young Princess Charlotte
 died,

Our loyal nation all went into black,
 Each loving subject sobb'd and sigh'd,
 And all the modes of mourning tried,
 As well as they had got the knack.
 The court assembl'd, in most solemn state,
 In deep debate
 To deliberate

Upon this visitation dire.
 The great bell of St. Pauls toll'd all day long,
 The other muff'd peals ding dong,
 With solemn sound
 Kept howling round ;—

Such was the edict of the then lord mayor,
 Each face put on a melancholy stare,
 And every citizen his black attire.

Yet, midst of this calamity excessive,
 This weeping, wailing, so impressive,
 There were some people mourn'd not, for
 a minute,
 But taking grief, for the prevailing passion,
 Or like religion—a mere fit of fashion,
 They seem'd determin'd not to mingle in it.

These, when deep sorrow stalk'd abroad,
 Wisely pursu'd another road,
 Yet, to keep up appearances endeavour'd,
 Their aspects had an air of sadness,
 Yet, in their eye you might have seen
 An inward heart of perfect gladness ;—
 Perhaps you're thinking who it was I mean.

These were the manufacturers of mourning,
 Dealers in sarsnet, bombazeen and crape,
 Black buckram, everlasting gimp, or tape,
 Our mercers, milliners, and merchant tailors,
 Our haberdashers, and our old clothes dealers.

Who, ev'ry sympathetic feeling spurning,
 Thought, as perhaps did others too,
 That they had something else to do
 As this, than think of mourning!

Did master Flint, at Fish-street Hill,
Or Grafton House, set up the Irish howl?
No : Flint had other fish to fry,
Than like a fool sit down and cry ;
He had to mind his counter and his till,
And with a philosophic skill,
Did very wisely all his griefs controul.

In deed, there were some millions in the nation,
That might do any way they had a mind,
Rejoice or mourn as they'd inclin'd :
But these were people of another station,
 People that had their shops to keep,
Or rather had their shops for keeping them,
 Must not in holes and corners creep,
 And foolishly sit down and weep,
Absor'd in stupid sorrow, and cold phlegm,
 The cause of grief was great, 'tis true,
 The nation's loss was most severe,
 And those who nothing had to do,
 But sit and grieve, might grief pursue,
 As long as they could raise a sigh,
 Or frown their eye,
 Distil a tear.

One of this mournful class, ycleped Snivel,
 A sort of sympathetic devil,
 Met with a neighbour named Sniger,
 A fellow of a most sarcastic turn,
 Of manners rude, and aukward figure,

Who, let what would misfortune light,
From a mere principle of spite,
At any time would rather laugh than mourn.

Snivel address'd him in most rueful strain,
Well neighbour Snigger, this is doleful news,
What bosom now its sorrows can restrain,
Or say, what eye its tears refuse.
Is not the flower of Albion snatch'd away?
O, cruel death! so fair a flower to crop,
Where is the Briton has not cause to grieve,
How shall the state its loss retrieve?
At once depriv'd of every hope.

No, replies Snigger, there you are mistaken—
England's not yet of every hope bereft,
Not totally by heaven forsaken,
See what a numerous family are left,
The hope of Englishmen when at the worst,
Are never built on basis quite so hollow,
We hope as death has ta'en the youngest first—
The rest, of course, will soon be forc'd to follow.

JESSICA, JOE, AND THE SOLDIER.



THE sun had just set in an ev'ning serene,
And the sky was fast garbing in black
When Jessica tript o'er the dew-moisten'd green
To look for her Joe, who at Gosport had been
And she now was expecting him back.

For Joe, honest soul ! was a sailor as kind
As e'er swigg'd of the heart-cheering bowl ;
Tho' oft he'd been toss'd by the waves and the wind,
Yet they ne'er had once ruffled the calm of his mind,
And his Jessy he lov'd to his soul,

But Joseph, poor lad, was not doom'd to return,
For the press-gang had grappled him fast ;
While Jessy was left his sad absence to mourn,
With anxious suspense in impatience to burn,
And he to the tender was pass'd.

Soon the vessel unmoor'd, what a parting to view !
'Twould have melted the heart of a stone !
She constancy vow'd, begg'd her Joe to be true,
Kiss'd, shook hands, blew her nose, bade a tender
adieu !
Then homeward she hied all alone,

248 JESSICA, JOE AND THE SOLDIER.

For five tedious years o'er the rough roaring main,
Honest Joseph was banded, poor boy !
At length gentle peace call'd him homeward again,
With his pouch full of shiners, his heart void of pain,
And his cottage he sought full of joy,

But say what surprise in his bosom must be,
When, on suddenly op'ning the door,
He saw his dear wife, all as brisk as a bee,
Singing sweet lullaby to a child on her knee,
And a soldier was pacing the floor.

The short interjection of *humph* ! 'seap'd his lips,
Whilst he star'd with confusion around ;
“ *Humph again* ! (said the wife) you must blame
your long trips,
You should come sooner home, we can't say for odd
slips ;
Come, Joe, take a chair and sit down.”

Joe bluster'd awhile, call'd her base and unkind,
Curs'd and storm'd, rent with rage and despair ;]
Such treatment he never expected to find,
Swore women were fickle and false as the wind.
Then calmly sank down in the chair.

The soldier, in silence tho' hitherto pent,
A sort of a parley propos'd ;
He thought further mischief 'twould likely prevent,
To which pliant Jessica gave her consent,
And Joe with a treaty soon closed.

'Twas there stipulated the sailor should be
 Paramount whilst on shore he remain'd ;
 But when he'd occasion to venture to sea,
 The soldier in turn then the landlord should be,
 And the brats be in common maintain'd.
 Thus many a brave hero who ventures his life,
 From ease and each solace debarr'd,
 Oft needs these gay laurels he gathers in strife,
 To cover the honours conferr'd by his wife,—
 Too often the warrior's reward,

ARTHUR'S CAVE:—A LEGENDARY TALE.

ARGUMENT.

Such was the veneration and esteem in which king Arthur was held by his subjects, on account of his personal prowess and other extraordinary virtues, that even after the battle in which he was slain, fighting with his cousin Modred, his faithful and steady adherents the ancient Britons, could never be persuaded of his death; for, as they had ever known him victorious in arms, they had been led to believe that he enjoyed immortality; and seeing, after the conflict, he was no where to be found, in his native country, they concluded he had retired in disgust from a country which had been thus basely abandoned, and treacherously surrendered to the usurpation and oppressions of the insolent Saxons; and that he was then travelling through fairy land in quest of adventures—such as fighting with formidable giants, encountering and destroying dragons, and other monsters, and rescuing from the hands of cruel necromancers and others, many oppressed knights and damsels: nay, so long had the prevalence of this opinion continued, that in the reign of Henry the Second, a body hap-

pening, by chance, to be dug up near Glastonbury A without any symptoms of putrefaction or decay, the V the descendants of the ancient Britons, tenacious of th nity and reputation of that illustrious hero, vainly sur it could be no other than the body of their justly b Pen-Dragon; and that he had been immured in that sep by the spells of some powerful and implacable ench Unaccountable are the stories of this sort that are rela him ; and numberless are the volumes of romance to whi imaginary adventures owe their foundation. Amongst tl the following is one ; a legend well known in the cou Northumberland, and is there said to have happened at a called 'Shoe-and-Shield. The story might, perhaps, w much propriety, be placed at Penzance, at Berwick-Tweed, or John-o'-Groat's house.

THE TALE.

LLOUD o'er Cumbria's, mountains howling

Blew the whirlwind bleak and chill,

And the silent snow fast falling,

Heap'd its drifts on every hill.

Dark the night was, cold and dreary.

Moon nor star could mortal ken,

And the fleaky tempest whirling,

Levell'd fast each hill and glen.

Whilst the hoarse winds fiercely raging ;

Thro' the darksome desert sound ;

And the sturdy oaks outbattled,

Bow their lofty heads to ground.

In a night thus dark and dreadful

Bertrand wander'd thro' the dale,

In the boundless waste bewilder'd,

Sinking 'neath the piercing gale,

Fearful of each step he ventur'd,
For the burried gulph beneath ;
Lost in darkness, and unshelter'd,
All around seem'd certain death.
Not a sound his ear attracted,
Save the whirlwind's deafning blast ;
Not a ray of light illum'd him,
Save the snow bewildering waste.
Horror-struck, benumb'd, and fainting,
Down the dale poor Bertrand drew ;
When, least hop'd, a shelt'ring cavern
Close at hand appear'd in view.
Ne'er was kindly inn more welcome
To the weary pilgrim's feet ;
Ne'er unto the sea-rock'd sailor
Was the wish'd-for port more sweet.
In the storm-struck stranger ventur'd ;
Darkness compass'd him around ;
And an universal silence,
Save the tempest's bellowing sound.
More within the cave retiring,
From the the chillness of the night ;
Through the circling gloom he fancied
He beheld a glimm'ring light.
Tho' it feeble seem'd, and distant,
Yet it cheer'd his sinking hopes ;
And, with careful steps, the stranger
Onward, thro' the cavern gropes :

At each step that he advances,
Nearer beams the bright'ning blaze :
And ere long, a scene presents him
That might wonder's self amaze,
Here appear'd a hall most spacious,
Gaily lamp'd and lighted round,
Tables spread in ample order,
And fresh rushes on the ground.
In the midst a princely figure,
Sleeping on a pallet lay,
And a goodly group around him,
Gallant knights and ladies gay.
Yet the whole seem'd wrapp'd in slumber,
Nothing breath'd about the place ;
Though the bloom of youth and beauty
Sat confess'd in ev'ry face.
Finely wrought, a burnish'd helmet
Lay beside the prince's head ;
And upon the casque refulgent,
Wreath'd, a dragon's form was spread.
Heaps of shields and glitt'ring lances
Stood reclin'd against the wall ;
Coats of mail and other armour
Lay confus'd about the hall.
Mute with awe, and lost in wonder,
Bertrand stood and view'd the scene ;
But a grate well barr'd and bolted,
Stood the whole and him between

On one hand a winding bugle
Hung suspended by a chain,
This he seiz'd, but fear arising,
Quick, he laid it down again.

In its sheath a shining faulchion
On the other hand was laid ;
Bertrand, curious to behold it,
Half unsheath'd the shining blade.

As he drew the blade, the sleepers
Rais'd their heads and deeply mourn'd,
This he saw, but struck with horror,
To its sheath the blade return'd.

As the sword into the scabbard
Bertrand thrust with might and main,
So the group of hapless sleepers
Laid them down and slept again.

But the distant rays of morning
Thro' the cave began to dawn ;
Bertrand famish'd, cold and weary,
Left the cell to seek the lawn.

Yet, as through the dreary windings,
Slow, he sought the mazy way,
From within a voice came sounding,
Thus, aloud was heard to say :

Woe to thee, ill fated Bertrand !
Woe that ever thou wast born ;
That wouldst neither draw the faulchion,
Nor yet sound the fatal horn.

Heedless of th' uncommon menace,
Homeward hied the weary hoo ;
Thro' the snow, now deeply drifted,
O'er the mountain and the moor.

Sometimes sinking, sometimes sliding,
Long he fought the bitter gale ;
Home at last he gains, quite jaded,
Where he tells the wond'rous tale.

Vers'd in legendary story,
List'ning swains, their verdict gave,
That from Bertrand's plain relation,
This must be king Arthur's cave.

Where, as common fame reported,
By a vile magician's spell,
That brave prince and court lay sleeping
In a solitary cell.

Off with speed the rustics rambled
Bent to free this hapless train ;
Thro' each glen, and round each mountain,
Long they sought, but sought in vain,

Nothing like the cave presented.
Nothing like the place was seen ;
Home they turn'd all disappointed,
Tir'd with ranging, vex'd with spleen.

Oft among the moorlands dreary,
Bertrand sought the place alone,
But in vain ; for, to this moment,
Arthur's cave remains unknown.

ON HOPE.



'SHOULD Phœbus sing rejected by the strain,
That lulls the mind with pleasure false and vain,
The syren **HOPE**, that in thy verse appears,
So far she captivates all eyes, all ears ;
Shews in each charm the force of dang'rous skill,
Which gains by pleasure, surer pow'r to kill.
My faithful numbers own an honest aim,
I wish instruction, not aspire to fame ;
Let truth th' important question then decide,
Let reason, council, and experience guide,
Like men, not poets, let us judge to know,
If **HOPE** to mortals is a friend or foe.
Fair are the scenes of bliss she sets in view,
But is that bliss still false, or is it true ?
Lo ! millions hasten at her magic call,
To grasp that joy she promises to all ;
Fond expectation brightens at her sight,
And life feels every disappointment light.
But soon her objects shrink from our embrace,
And leave us wearied of an endless chase.
As children, who with tinsel'd trifles play,
Yet weep whene'er the tarnish'd toys decay,

So shadowy forms of bliss delude the mind,
They fly, the fond pursuers left behind,
And HOPE, to Happiness, still courts us on,
Till we, too late, perceive ourselves undone,
Mark where the hero, thro' the crimson field,
The laurel seeks, her hand shall never yield,
To the sad exile on some desert shore,
She points that country he shall see no more ;
Or to the slave, who sinks beneath his chain,
Shews him the freedom he shall ne'er regain.
She bids the statesman fortune's wheel ascend,
Till on a scaffold, all his projects end ;
Thro' her the miser eyes the golden plumb,
But dies, before he gathers half the sum ;
Oft friendship's pleasing habit she puts on,
But when misfortune comes, the phantom's gone !
E'en love's sweet form, the sorceress can assume,
A flow'r that promises eternal bloom,
But soon enjoyment makes that flow'r decay,
That dew-exhaling in the noon-tide ray,
Or absence cool, or rigid bleak despair,
Dissolve the fleeting vision into air.
Thus HOPE, like CIRCÆ, boasts her tyrant thrall,
And deals th' intoxicating cup to all,
The wise alone, like great ULYSSES think,
Reject her offer, and forbear to drink ;
Yet 'tis no wonder that we disagree,
Since HOPE, our eyes thro' different mediums see,

ELEGY ON A BLACKSMITH.



HERE lie the remains of poor Mulciber Grim,
Little mercy had he, death had still less on him,
His character various;—few people could tell
A paradox perfect, tho' known e'er so well;
That he'd many *virtues* is certainly true—
But then, he'd his *vices*, of them not a few,
Always *hot* in dispute, in friendship as *warm*,
He did little good, and he meant little harm,
That he was to *forging* adicted, you know,
Yet still came off safe;—but how happen'd it so?
Why—if in the question there seem'd any doubt,
He was sophist enough, and could *hammer* it out;
For however the subject in hand might depend,
He always could *turn*, it to suit his own end;
And as *sparks* to fly upwards are nat'rally prone,
So he in some trouble as often was known;
In the coats of his neighbours he'd point out the holes
And all their concerns often had o'er the *coals*,
And he was too, as all the whole parish yet tells,
The occasion of *hanging* the innocent bells.
Yet, whate'er may be said of his follies and crimes,
He always could take the advantage of times,

Was a man deeply read, tho' his subjects were
muddy,

For, go when he would he was still at his *study*,
And some essays he made, that were not thought
amiss,

Tho' his works very often came off with a *kiss* ;
He was harsh in remark, tho' 'twas commonly said,
He oftentimes hit the right *nail* on the head,
And an old, trusty proverb he never forgot,
That it was best to *strike when the iron was hot* ;
But tho' gen'rally honest esteem'd in his dealing,
We know he was often addicted to *steeling*,
And his *vices*, tho' gloss them as well as you can,
In colour were seldom more black than the man ;
But as human nature when harass'd too long,
Can't hold out for ever, tho' ever so strong,—
So Mulciber Grim tho' once lusty and stout,
His *fire* now extinguish'd,—his *bellows* worn out,
Fil'd off to the shades, tho' 'twas piteous enough
To hear this poor fellow blow out his last *puff*.
Now under this heap, his cold *ashes* are laid,
His name be respected, and peace to his shade.
When the cherub shall blow from yon fair, op'ning
sky,

May his *fires* be rekindl'd for ever, on high !

THE
WHITE WOMAN.

THE MANNER FROM LEWIS—THOUGH THE TALE IS A FACT.

JOHANNA had reach'd the meridian of life,
Was as fair as the blossom in June ;
Young Fred'rick had recently made her his wife,
Unenvied they liv'd, without care, without strife,
And their happiness seem'd in its noon.

Content at her wheel she would cheerfully sing
Thro' the length of a long summer's day ;
Whilst he thro' the autumn, the summer, the spring,
Industriously toil'd, their small pittance to bring,
For, they both were as frugal as gay

One day at the door of the alehouse they sat,
The villagers seated around ;
'Twas holiday time, and their neighbourly chat
Gave zest to their liquor, tho' neither were flat,
As each care in a bumper was drown'd.

Around, within view, the whole village it lay,
Which gave fair Johanna her birth ;
Close at hand the old church you might eas'ly survey
The tall spreading ash and the steeple so gay,
Tho' these objects took not from their mirth.

For innocence seldom can know that dismay
 That guilt's so oft doom'd to sustain :
 The heart of each rustic on that happy day,
 Beat high with contentment, each visage was gay,
 And joy seem'd to spread thro' the train,

When sudden, Johanna, with wild frantic roar,
 Cried—"Save me ! or else I am gone !
 The white woman's coming from yon church-yard door
 The cruel white woman ! I've seen her before ;
 See ! this way stalks, all alone."

"What woman ! (cried Fred'rick, with ghastly
 surprise)

What woman ? there's none that I see !"
 "Yes, yes ; the white woman ! (Johanna replies)
 Behold her lank form, and her two flaming eyes !
 I know that she's coming for me !

"I saw the grave open ; I saw her come out !
 Her shroud is as white as the snow !
 Corruption besmears her foul temples about,
 Whilst volumes of worms from her mouth she casts out,
 She comes for Johanna I know.

And see ! thro' the church-yard in shrouded array.
 The spectres and goblins they roam ;
 They seem with dire menace to chide her delay,
 And shriek to the white woman, come, come away,
 Johanna must come to the tomb !

“ Like furies ; but see how they tear up the mould,
They howl, but how dismally drear !
Like footballs the skulls of my kindred are roll’d
O’er the graves !—There the ghost of my mother
behold !

O save me ! the white woman’s here !

“ I’ve seen her before ; I remember her well !
See ! faster and nearer she draws !
O Fred’rick ! her dreadful approaches repel ;
Bear me off—force her back—drive the beldam to
hell !

Ere I’m touch’d with her skeleton paws.

“ O save me ! O save me ! dear Fred’rick, her blast
Is as cold as is winter’s cold breath !
She crawls up my clothes—oh ! have mercy at last,
The cruel white woman embraces me fast ?
And she says that her errand is death.

“ Help ! help ! my dear Fred’rick ! O where are
your hands ?

Those hands poor Johanna should save ;
The fiend has o’erpow’r’d him, he motionless stands,
Altho’ his sad wife the white woman demands,
And pulls me away to the grave.

“ No ! cruel white woman, I’ll not come at all,
My Fred’rick shall bind up my head ;
Yet hark ! the fell furies incessantly call,

Come, come to yon church-yard you must and you shall
For there we've prepar'd your last bed !"

Delirious and raving, Johanna was borne
To her home, and each cordial applied;
The fate of the poor hapless fair one they mourn,
Whilst Fred'rick, all pensive, in anguish forlorn,
The live-long night watch'd by her side.

All night in wild phrenzy, in horror and pain,
She starts with convulsive affright !
She shrieks—" The white woman !" with might and
with main,
" The cruel white woman ! again and again,
For the phantom still dwells on her sight.

Next day more compos'd, with the nightingale's lay,
She sung, by her phrenzy inspired,
From morning till ev'ning she carrol'd away,
" Begone ! thou white woman ! get from me, I say !"
Nor once with her song ever tir'd.

The third morning came, but she made no reply
To a word that was ask'd or was said ;
But, still she kept chaunting—" White woman, out !
fie !
Get hence, foul white woman ! I'll come by and by !"
By eve-tide Johanna was dead ?

ANACREON, ODE 11,
ON HIMSELF.

OFT with wanton smiles and jeers,
Women tell me I'm in years,
In the mirror, when I view,
Find, alas ! they tell me true :—
Find my wrinkl'd forehead bare,
And regret my falling hair,
White, and few, alas ! I find,
All that time has left behind.
But my hairs, if thus they fall,
I've but few or none at all,
Asking not I'll never share,
Fruitless knowledge, fruitless care ;
This important truth I know,
If indeed in years I grow,
I must snatch what life can give,
Not to love is not to live.

ANACREON, ODE 46.

'TIS hard from love to shield the heart,
'Tis pain to feel his wounding dart,
But greater still, the loss, the pain,
To love, alas ! and love in vain.

Wit, wisdom, birth, and beauty fade,
The beams of daz'ling gold display'd,
Curs'd be the wretch, the first who sold
His birth-right liberty, for gold.
Gold, that can murd'ring hands employ,
And brothers, fathers, sons, destroy ;
Gold, unresisted, rules the ball,
By gold, whole hosts, whole nations, fall ;
Yet more my sighs with grief reveal,
That love the force of gold can feel.

EPITHALAMIUM.

HAIL! HYMEN, thou propitious god of joy,
Come, now, thy genial influence employ,
Perfume with odours thy hymenial grove,
To bless this happy pair with endless love
No perjur'd oaths are here, no impious pray'r,
The transcient hopes of fortune's gifts to share,
But here two faithful hearts impartial join'd,
To make a happy pair in one combin'd ;
When closely link'd in matrimonial bands,
Th' auspicious God the mutual pair commands,
Sincerity the pow'r their motto names,
And love's records the blest proceeding claims.

THE
WOLF AND THE SHEPHERD.

A WOLF, an arrant rogue among the sheep,
And in the folds a most notorious sinner,—
Into a shepherd's cottage chanc'd to peep
One day, as some of them were sate at dinner.

Here were these epicures, in festive glee,
Regaling on a roasted leg of mutton ;
The hungry wolf provok'd to see
A banquet that was so exciting,
Whose look and smell was so inviting,
Was griev'd, as you may think, in his poor gizzard,
And mumbling somewhat like an envious wizard,
Profoundly curs'd each gormandizing glutton; —
Aye ! said the wolf, now would these scurvy scrubs
Have rais'd a pretty clamour at the least,
Or, what's more like, amid their drubs,
I should have sunk beneath their clubs,
Had they but found poer me, at such a feast.

Thus, every day, we hear the rogues in power,
Against the poor plebian rogues exclaim,
Hanging up petty rascals every hour
For various crimes, no matter what,
Sometimes for this, sometimes for that,
When they, themselves are practicing the same.

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THE QUAKER.

MARIA the fair, on whom solely depends
This story, was one of the people call'd friends,
She was cheerful, yet mild as the morning in May,
And although a quaker, could sometimes be gay ;
But she'd made an odd slip—and the tribe came to
know it;

For she, poor Maria, could not help but shew it.
The breth'ren exclaim'd, in a style most bombastic ;
The sisterhood too, were extremely sarcastic—
'Twas a sad, mortal sin, nor from any pretence,
Could the grave congregation admit a defence ;
But, fast thro' the neighb'rhood, scandal's loud
trumpet

Resounded the epithets—harlot and strumpet ;
'Twas a terrible crime, which the sanctified train,
Unpunish'd, all own'd, could not justly remain.
And might she that yielded to this prostitution
Defile their assemblies, with her vile pollution ?
Must she to the scoff of the Gentiles, proclaim,
What would be a bye-word, of theirs, and her name
No ;—the gentlest expedient, on such an occasion,
Was straight. to exclude her from their congregation,
Cut her off from the people, exclaim'd all the band ,
And let her not be a reproach to our land,

From our genealogies be her name torn,
Lest strangers and infidels laugh us to scorn.
A meeting was call'd, the affair to debate,
And hear what Maria had got to relate;—
'The summons she answer'd, appear'd at the place;
But nothing of harlot appear'd in her face,
A modest confusion, co-mingl'd with shame,
Her weakness, indeed, not her guilt might proclaim:
Obadiah, the chief of the Elders attended,
Who stiff as a crutch, to the rostrum ascended,
He spoke in an emphasis quite apostolic,
And screw'd up his face, as if wrung with the cholic,
And thus of the damsel demands Obadiah,
Come forth from thy place, thou unholy Maria;
And verily answer, by yea and, by nay,
And tell is it true what the multitude say,
For they speak in this wise;—how, that thou rather
oddly,

Hast been-playing the harlot among the ungodly;
In the house of the stranger, thou hast been defil'd,
And one of th' unfaithful hath got thee with child:
Unfaithful enough, heaven knows! said Maria,
For verily friend, 'twas thy son Hezekiah.
Obadiah was dumb;—what could futher be said?—
Of a bad bargain, always the best must be made,
Well! well! he replied, just like birds of a feather,
The Lambs of the Lord will be sporting together.

THE
MESSENGER OF DEATH.

“ **R**ISE from thy couch, fair Lady Jane,
And drive the slumbers from thy ee’,
Rise from thy couch, fair Lady Jane,
For I have tidings brought for thee,”
But seldom slumbers Lady Jane,
But seldom visits sleep her ee’ ;
O’er-wakeful render’d by her woe,
Yet, say, what tidings bring’st thou me ?
Loud blust’ring howls the wintry gale,
Hark ! how the neighb’ring torrents pour !
I fear ’tis but some wanton wight,
That mocks me at this midnight hour.
“ Shake off thy slumbers, Lady Jane,
Rise from thy couch, and come away ;
Shake off thy slumbers, Lady Jane,
For I’m in haste, and must not stay,”
“ Say, stranger, what can be thy haste,
Or what may this thine errand be ?
From whom and wherefore art thou sent ;
Or say what tidings bring’st thou me ?

- “ Lord Walter, he my wedded Lord,
Now wins on fair Hesperia's plains,
Where proud Britannia's banners fly.
Where death and devastation reigns !
- “ Three months are scarcely pass'd and gone,
Tho' three long tedious months to me,
Since brave Lord Walter left these arms,
And with his squadrons put to sea.
- “ Tho' long and tedious seems the time,
Yet well between too short by far,
To think of news from him my Lord
Or tidings from the woeful war,”
- “ Rise from thy couch, fair Lady Jane
Rise from thy couch and follow me ;
'Tis from Lord Walter's self I come,
I am his messenger to thee.”
- “ Bleak o'er the heath the whirlwind blows,
Fast falls the rain, as fast can be ;
Yet, since thou bear'st my Lord's behest.
I'll leave my couch, and come to thee.
- “ But tell me, stranger, tell me where
Lord Walter wins, and how he fares ;
For tho' from him I fain would hear,
My bosom labours with its cares.”
- “ Would it become Lord Walton's wife,
Would it become his Lady Jane,
At midnight hour to leave her couch,
And with a stranger walk the plain ?”

“ Rise from thy couch, thou Lady Jane,
Arise, and make no more delay ;
The night's far spent, and I'm in haste,
And here I must no longer stay.

“ Near where the foaming Derwent rolls
Its currents westward to the sea,
There on the beach, by Solway's side,
Lord Walter anxious waits for thee,”

Swift to her well-known master's call,
Up from the brake the falcon springs,
And to the whistling summons hies,
In eager speed, on outstretch'd wings.

So from her couch sprang Lady Jane ;
In sooth, she was not slack nor slow,
Nor fear'd she once the drenching rain,
Nor car'd she how the winds might blow.

And she's put on her kertle green,
Her scarf and mantle made of blue ;
And donn'd her up wi' mickle haste,
Her midnight journey to pursue,

And she's unbarr'd the outer door,
And ventur'd midst the wind and rain,
And with the urgent stranger sped,
All storm-struck o'er the dreary plain.

O'er hill and dale, thro' bog and burn,
And many a glen they swiftly hied ;
Nor spoke they once, nor stopp'd, nor stay'd,
Until they reach'd the Solway side.

The night was dark, the boist'rous main
Impetuous dash'd against the shore ;
And oft the water sprite was heard
To shriek with loud terrific roar !

Where is my love ? (said Lady Jane)
O bring Lord Walter quick to me ;
I see the sea, I see the shore,
But no Lord Walter can I see,

O Lady Jane, (the stranger cried)
Fair Lady, ever kind and true ;
Why shrink you thus with foolish fear ?
Lord Walter's spirit speaks to you !

In Biscay's well-known stormy bay,
Our vessel sank, no more to rise ;
There, buried in a wat'ry grave,
All cold, thy long-lov'd husband lies

Constant and kind to me in life,
Thou held'st dominion o'er my heart ;
Our love was mutual ; then, shall death,
Our love, so well established, part ?

Cold horror seiz'd fair Lady Jane,
Her frame with deadly terror shook ;
An icy coldness chill'd her blood,
And motion ev'ry pulse forsook.

With silent and insensate stare,
She view'd the spectre o'er and o'er ;
But such an awful hideous sight
Her eyes had never seen before,

All deadly meagre gloom'd his face,
Of flesh by hideous monsters stripp'd ;
Sea-bubbles fill'd his vacant eyes,
And from his clothes the waters dripp'd.

His temples, once so comely fair,
Were now with sea-weed compass'd round :
And filthy coils of tangle foul
The parts of his fair body bound.

When thus, with hollow voice, once more,
The phantom said—" Howe'er it be,
You must to-night fair Lady Jane,
Expect to sleep in death with me !"

She shriek'd, and lifeless on the shore
She fell ; when swift a swelling wave
Roll'd o'er her, and, with its recoil,
Entomb'd her in a wat'ry grave ?

No more was heard of Lady Jane ;
Lord Walter he was seen no more,
Save that the neighbours sometimes see
The spirits wander by the shore ;

And oft amidst the whirlwind's blast
Is heard full many a hideous scream,
And two strange figures often glide
Along the side of Derwent stream !

HORACE,

BOOK 2ND. ODE 16, PARAPHRASED.

Inscribed to a Friend.



WHEN sable night in dark'ning clouds,
The moon with envious mantle shrouds,
And 'mid the circle of the spheres,
No known directing star appears,
But all around the tempest roars,
The sailor ease of heaven implores,
For ease the crested Briton pleads,
Train'd from his youth to martial deeds,
For ease victorious Prussians sue,
Admir'd by all—enjoy'd by few ;
Which blesses monarchs but by stealth,
And mocks e'en Pitt 'midst power and wealth ;—
For wealth and power, experience shews,
Can't heal the mind's tumultuous woes,
Nor lull those clam'rous cares to rest,
Which haunt his grace's garter'd breast :—
Happy the man whose frugal joys,
A father's scanty all supplies,
In some sequester'd cottage bred,
Of herbs the meal—of flocks the bed ;
His envy'd slumber's, sweet and sound,
Nor fear nor avarice confound
Precarious beings of an hour ;
Why madly toil we then for more ?

Absurd, the present to destroy,
 In planning schemes of future joy?—
 In vain the wretched exile flies
 In hopes of finding happier skies—
 In vain he varies clime or air,
 For still unhappy self is there ;
 Let him the speedy bark ascend—
 Ev'n there will gloomy care attend :
 Or, if he mount the fiery horse
 Care still pursues him thro' the course,—
 Avidious care, that leaves behind
 The tim'rous deer—and mocks the wind.
 A mind above temptation's power,
 Cheerful, enjoys the present hour ;—
 A stranger to the great man's fears,
 Defies to morrow and its cares ;
 Intent alone, to soften strife,
 And sooth—not cure the ills of life ;—
 For none, such heaven's severe decree,
 Must hope for true felicity.

IMPROMPTU ;—To A DISSENTING MINISTER.

IN what necessity soever,
 The Lord of ministers might be,
 I think he certainly would never
 Have pitch'd on such a fool as thee ;—
 Unless 'twere now, as once before, it was,
 The Lord should have occasion for an ass.

ALLEN AND ELLEN.

A BALLAD.



FAIR Ellen she came to the Esk river side,
She wanted to pass, but no passage could view ;
The water was deep, and the water was wide,
And much tho' she wanted, she durstn't wade thro'.

Fair Ellen she look'd for the boatman full sore,
She look'd all arround, but no boatman could see ;
" Is nobody coming to carry me o'er,
Before either drown'd or benighted I be ?"

At length looking wistfully round she espied
A little old man with his boat by the shore ;
" O little old ferryman, (fair Ellen cried,)
O little old man, will you carry me o'er ?"

" O where wouldst thou ferry to, Lady, so sweet,
O where wouldst thou ferry to, tell me, I pray ?
The water is wide, and the water is deep ;
I cannot cross over so late in the day."

“ Why will you not ferry me over the stream,
Why will you not ferry me, little old man ?
I'll guerdon you double when danger's extreme ;
Then do, good old ferryman, do if you can.”

“ O where wouldst thou ferry to, Lady, so sweet,
O where wouldst thou ferry to, tell me, I pray ?
The water is wide, and the water is deep ;
I cannot cross over so late in the day.”

“ Then I will go leave thee, (fair Ellen she said,)
No more will I ask thee, thou stingy old man ;
The poor little ferryman down at Green Bed,
I know he will carry me o'er if he can.”

“ O where wouldst thou ferry to, Lady, so sweet,
O where wouldst thou ferry to, tell me, I pray ?
The water is wide, and the water is deep,
I would not advise you to cross it to-day.”

“ O yes, I must cross it to night if I can,
The reasons are urgent that press upon me ;
Then ferry me over, thou little old man,
And treble thy guerdon, believe me, shall be.”

“ But, tell me, fair lady, what causes thy haste,
The day is far spent, and the night coming on ;
Thy reasons are urgent I doubt not the least,
fair lady, and I will be gone.”

Fair Ellen she blush'd like the fair summer rose,
 'Twas bashful confusion that crimson'd her
 cheek;

The reason she was not afraid to disclose,
 But modesty solely forbade her to speak,

Because virgin fondness, (the damsel replied)
 Tho' you'll blame my reasons, they're weighty
 with me;

Young Allen he promis'd to make me his bride;
 To-morrow, to-morrow our wedding should be,

He faithfully promis'd to meet me to-day,
 I know him too well to dispute what he said;

But why he is coming so long should delay?
 O boatman, O boatman, I'm sadly afraid!

The river is deep, and the river is wide,
 The fresh water furiously comes from above;
 The sands they are bad, and full high runs the tide,
 And much do I fear for the fate of my love.

Ellen, O Ellen, the (ferryman cried)
 Thy Allen now sleeps in a watery bed!
 No never, no never shall make thee his bride—
 The cold waves of Solway run over his head!

All faithful to thee, he set out from his home;
 He came to the Esk, it was wide, it was deep;
 He ventur'd—he there found a wat'ry tomb:
 In Solway's foul sands doth thy lover now sleep!

Fair Ellen she heard the old ferryman's tale ;
Fair Ellen she heard, but she made no reply ;
Her eyes they grew languid, her face it grew pale,
And ever and ever she heav'd the deep sigh.

She wistfully look'd where the boatman had stood,
She wistfully look'd, but the boatman was gone !
Before her she heard and beheld the fierce flood,
But she on its margin was standing alone.

All stupidly speechless she homeward return'd ;
She rav'd not, she spoke not, her grief was extreme ;
Convuls'd was her face, but in silence she mourn'd,
As sadly she went by the side of the stream.

By fever and phrenzy throughout the next day,
The poor helpless Ellen was kept to her bed ;
And, sighing full sore, she would frequently say,
“ The cold waves of Solway run over his head ! ”

“ Thy Allen, all faithful, set out from his home,
He came to the Esk, it was wide, it was deep.
He ventur'd—he there found a wat'ry tomb—
In Solway's foul sands doth thy lover now sleep. ”

Ah ! curse on thy waters, thou proud running river,
Ah ! curse on thy fountains and streams as they
flow ;
Those love had united thus ruthless to sever,
He's drown'd in thy waters, I'm drown'd in my woe.

'Twas cruel in thee, thou black Esk, to detain
My Allen, my lover, my husband, my life !
But I'll have him for thee, foul river again ;
I must, I have promis'd, I will be his wife !

Tho' Solway's cold waters run over his head,
What tho' my love lie in the midst of thy clay,
Tho' in thy foul sands be my poor Allen's bed,
Yet will I be with him, and with him I'll stay.

The fever, tho' strong, yet retir'd by degrees,
But her senses were gone, they return'd not
again ;
Her heart by recov'ry, recover'd no ease,
And perfectly turn'd was the poor Ellen's brain.

Now oft would she rove by the deep river side ;
Her sorrow was silent, none heard her complain,
Unless when saluting the wind or the tide,
And then she would call on her Allen in vain.

Whene'er the foul gull, or the cormorant rose,
Ah ! yonder's my lover, (poor Ellen would cry)
I'll follow my Allen wherever he goes ;
Then stretch out her arms in an effort to fly.

Along the smooth sands in distraction she'd run,
Crying—" Stop, cruel lover, nor leave me alone !
Why dost thou poor Ellen thus pitiless shun ?"
When tir'd, she would weep when the object
was gone.

“ Ah ! how couldst thou leave me ? thus cruelly
leave me,
Abandon thy Ellen to wailing and woe !
I never once thought that the youth would de-
ceive me,
I never deceiv'd thee ; ah ! no, my love no ! ”

“ O'er earth and o'er ocean impatient I'll fly,
On pinions full swiftly his course I'll pursue ;
I know that my Allen has sought yonder sky,
The spirit of Ellen will wander there too.”

The waters of Eden were heavy and deep,
The winds they were howling, and dark was
the day,
When Ellen, poor Ellen, stood high on the steep,
And ardently gaz'd on the gale-driven spray.

The foul hooting sea-gull arose from the wave,
The maniac beheld it and shriek'd out amain—
“ O Allen, O Allen, thy Ellen now save !
And cruelly do not desert me again ! ”

The damsel observ'd not the place where she stood,
Her mind had, alas ! other objects in view ;
The precipice steep, and the black rolling flood,
The slightest attention from Ellen ne'er drew.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF THE QUEEN. 281

"Yes, yes, I am coming! (exclaim'd the fond
maid,)

O Allen, why thus from thy love dost thou fly?
Yet, yet will I follow thee swiftly, (she said)
On pinions as fleet, to yon fair shining sky."

So said—she sprang forward; but, ah! the deep
river

Receiv'd her! the struggle of life was soon o'er;
moment she scream'd, then was silent for ever,
And poor hapless Ellen was heard of no more!

LINES

On the Death of her Majesty Queen of England,
and on the Death of the two Queens of Spain;
together with her Majesty of Wirtemberg, who
all died within the space of two months.

DEATH like a dext'rous sharper keeps high game,
and plays the deuce, where'er he takes his aim,
huffles and cuts amongst the human crew,
and honors, minds no more than an old shoe;
here 'twas but lately at a single crack,
he whipt four queens out of the mortal pack.
Come try again, arch juggler, some sly things,
and try to whip away as many kings,
and when they're pack'd into their peaceful graves,
Pray Death! of all things don't forget the knaves.

A a, 2 —Vol. 1

THE PILGRIM.

A ROMANTIC STORY



SLOW from the marsh, the lowing kine,
The barefoot herdsman homeward drove ;—
Faint gleam'd athwart the distant frith,
The sun, as day with darkness strove.
Sweet from the steeple's summit grey,
His ev'ning song the starling sung,
And homewards drawing to his task.
With listless looks the school-boy slung ;
When Lady Alice left her hall,
Her bosom rent with anxious care
And walk'd towards the babbling brook,
To breathe awhile the fresh'ning air :—
And as she mournful mus'd along,
The tears oft trickling from her eye,
There slowly winding up the way,
A weary palmer did she spy.
All venerable was his mien,
Tho' tatter'd were the weeds he wore,
But falt'ring seem'd his step and slow,
And as he went he sigh'd full sore.
O lady fair, some alms bestow,
(The bending suppliant humbly said)
O lady fair, some alms bestow,
By heaven all be repaid ;

For I am fainting with fatigue,
And wand'ring thro' the live-long day,
And weak and feeble are my limbs ;—
Then have some pity, lady, pray.”

What are thy alms, that thou wouldst ask ?
What is the boon that thou would'st crave ?

What I may properly bestow,
That pilgrim, freely shalt thou have.

Id take a morsel of your bread,
I'd take a little of your beer ;
And lady, too, with your fair leave,
I'd ask for one night's lodging here,

Most rev'rend friend, (fair Alice said)
Right welcome is what you request,
And ev'n longer, if you choose,
May you remain and take your rest.

Thanks ! lady fair, (the palmer cried)
Well guerdon'd may this goodness be ;
For since I left fair Palestine
I have not seen such courtesy.

Say, father, (cried the courteous dame
Impatiently) and hast thou been
Of late on Syria's fatal shores,
Or there the Christian armies seen ?

Lord Maurice, he for whom I sigh,
With thousands there now risks his life ;
His absence three long tedious years
I've sadly wept—a widow'd wife.

Fain would I of my husband hear—

That gen'rous lord for whom I mourn,

Fain would I of his welfare know ;—

But fainer still, of his return.

Dry up your tears, good lady fair,

Yet happier days expect to see ;

Dry up your tears, for know that I

Have welcome tidings brought for thee.

Lord Maurice, him for whom you mourn—

Fair lady, him full well I know ;

Oft have I seen him in the camp—

Oft seen him combat with the foe.

His ceaseless fondness for his wife,

Oft have I heard him weeping tell ;

But for thy consolation know—

Lord Maurice is alive and well.

Nor long, fair lady shall you weep

Thus, widow-like, your wasting charms,

But very soon expect to hold

Your long-lost husband in your arms.

Thanks, gentle pilgrim, for thy news—

In sooth right welcome news to me ;

And if my heart beat light to-day,

To-morrow thine shall lighter be.

But tell me, father, to what chance

This strange intelligence you owe ;

Or that my lord will come so soon,

Pray tell me stranger, how you know.

Tir'd with the unsuccessful war,
And long delays the Christian host,
On board of their respective ships,
Have left the hostile Syrian coast.
Already in their various ports
The English squadrons safely ride ;
And soon I ween, Lord Maurice will
Be here, whatever should betide.
Now hast thou made my heart right glad,
(Fair Alice to the palmer said)
And, in proportion to my joy,
Thy welcome tale shall be repaid.
Then turn thee pilgrim, to the hall,
There bathe and wash thy weary feet ;—
Thy journey's ended—and 'tis said,
That labour makes repose more sweet.
And she has ta'en the palmer's arm,
And kindly led him to the hall ;—
The change in fair Alicia's face
Was notic'd by the servants all.
And he has with the lady sat,
And there on costliest viands far'd,
And to repose his weary limbs,
The softest couch has been prepar'd.
The banquet done, the way-worn guest
A servant gently leads to bed.
With pillows made of softest down,
Whereon to rest his aching head.

And Lady Alice, from the hall,
Has lightly to her chamber gone ;
But restless thro' the live-long night,
Or sleep or slumber found she none.
But, as with watchful eye she lay,
Her face towards the chamber door,
She thought she saw Lord Maurice glide,
All lightly arm'd, across the floor !
Her throbbing heart beat high with fear ;
Chill horror check'd life's circling tide ;
But, ere she might for mercy call,
The bursting doors flew open wide.
Three ruffians enter'd, in whose looks
Might well be seen their purpose foul ;
Fair Alice mark'd their fell approach
In all the agony of soul.
As they advanc'd, she shriek'd aloud,
Uncertain of her pending doom ;
When, lo ! from t'other side was seen
The pilgrim rushing thro' the room !
Hence, hell-hounds, fly ! (he sternly cried)
And save your lives, ere 'tis too late,
Nor this fair Lady's soft repose
Thus impious dare to violate !"
Go to, thou silly palmer, go !
What brings thee here ? old dotard, say ,
Get to thy crucifix and beads,
Get to thy couch again, and pray !

Get thou to hell ! (the palmer cried)
I'll teach thee to repent thy scorn ;—
For, by the holy cross I swear,
'Twere better thou hadst ne'er been born !
So said—he grasp'd him by the side,
The yielding flesh his fingers tore ;
The tortur'd villain yell'd aloud,
His entrails fell upon the floor.
Then in his arms the next he seiz'd,
And thro' the window dash'd him strait ;
Hurl'd like a thunder-bolt, he fell,
And in the area finds his fate.
The third, who seem'd to be the chief,
Affrighted and surpris'd to view
His comrades' fates with kindling rage,
In haste his threat'ning rapier drew.
Thou draw'st in vain, (the pilgrim cried)
That sword thy life but ill defends ;—
Give up thy weapon and thyself,
Or here at once thy being ends !
Enrag'd, the villain onward press'd,
With aspect fierce and ruffian mien ;
The palmer strait his blade unsheath'd,
Which hitherto he'd kept unseen ;
Then at the villain aim'd a blow.
That armour vainly might resist ;
The guiltless sword forsook the hand,
The sever'd hand forsook the wrist.

At once confounded and dismay'd,
To be thus foil'd in such a strife,
The vanquish'd bravo on his knees
In suppliant terms now begs his life.
Live—and be hang'd ! for that's thy fate,
(The pilgrim knight all sternly said)
This failure has a bitter price
For all thy former follies paid.
I heard your consultations base,
In the next chamber where I lay ;
Heard all your projects, and resolv'd
Your wicked purposes to stay.
And you, fair Lady, should have been
A victim to this villian's lust,
Had I, your saviour, not been sent
By providence all wise and just.
His brutal ends accomplish'd here,
They meant to plunder next the hall,
Then, any uproar to prevent,
To massacre the servants all.
Get hence, base wretch ! and staunch thy blood
That hand shall steal—shall stab no more :
Go to a convent, and repent
Thy vices practis'd heretofore,
Godlike deliverer, (Alice said,)
A boundless debt to you I owe,
If, as I thought, 'twas great before,
'Tis certainly much greater now.

"But, stranger, tell, (the Lady said,)
What is your mission—what your name?
All weak and weary with your way,
Last night you to the castle came.

And feebly went you to your bed,
And sore of your fatigue complain'd;
And yet with very short repose
Have you Herculean vigour gain'd."

"If then, I must the truth declare,
Let not my words renew your fear;
As 'tis the love of you alone,
Fair Lady, which has brought me here."

Pale turn'd the lovely Lady's face,
Her looks express'd a deep surprise;
And, as with speechless grief she sat,
On him she fix'd her piteous eyes.
Then off he cast his grisly beard,
And weeds, wherewith he had been dress'd;
And, to the Lady's wond'ring view,
The brave Lord Maurice stood confess'd!

"O my dear Lord!" (fair Alice cried,)
'Twas all her falt'ring tongue could say;
Too rapid far had been surprise,
And on his breast she swoon'd away!

But soon the husband's tender care
Restor'd the agitated wife;
And happy, as the story goes,
Continued all their future life,

ELEGY ON A COUNTRY JAILER,

HERE close confined, in consequence of failure,
Lies Mr. what's his name, our county jailer ;
Laugh at him prisoner's, as well you may,
The proverb's good, " each dog shall have his day."
He who full many a luckless rogue has shackl'd,
Is now himself by death completely tackl'd ;
He who hath oft immured the hapless crew,
Is now confin'd, poor soul ! more close than you,
Incarcerated in the silent tomb,
Gyv'd, gagg'd, and manacl'd, no rules to roam :
Who are thy keepers, what thy prison laws,
Who are thy advocates, or what thy cause ;
What privilege or pain thou'rt doom'd to share,
No mortal knows, as few they be that care :
Unless thou art an inmate with old nick,
And then they'd send thee thy successor Dick ;
Art thou aggriev'd ; there's none to tell thy tale,
Where all remonstrance nothing can avail,
Art thou insolvent, they'll not let thee swear,
Tho' worms have picked thy bones that thou art bare :
When shall an act of grace, extend to thee ?
Ne'er till the last loud trumpet sets thee free,
That gen'ral jail deliv'ry shall discharge,
Millions from durance, and set thee at large.

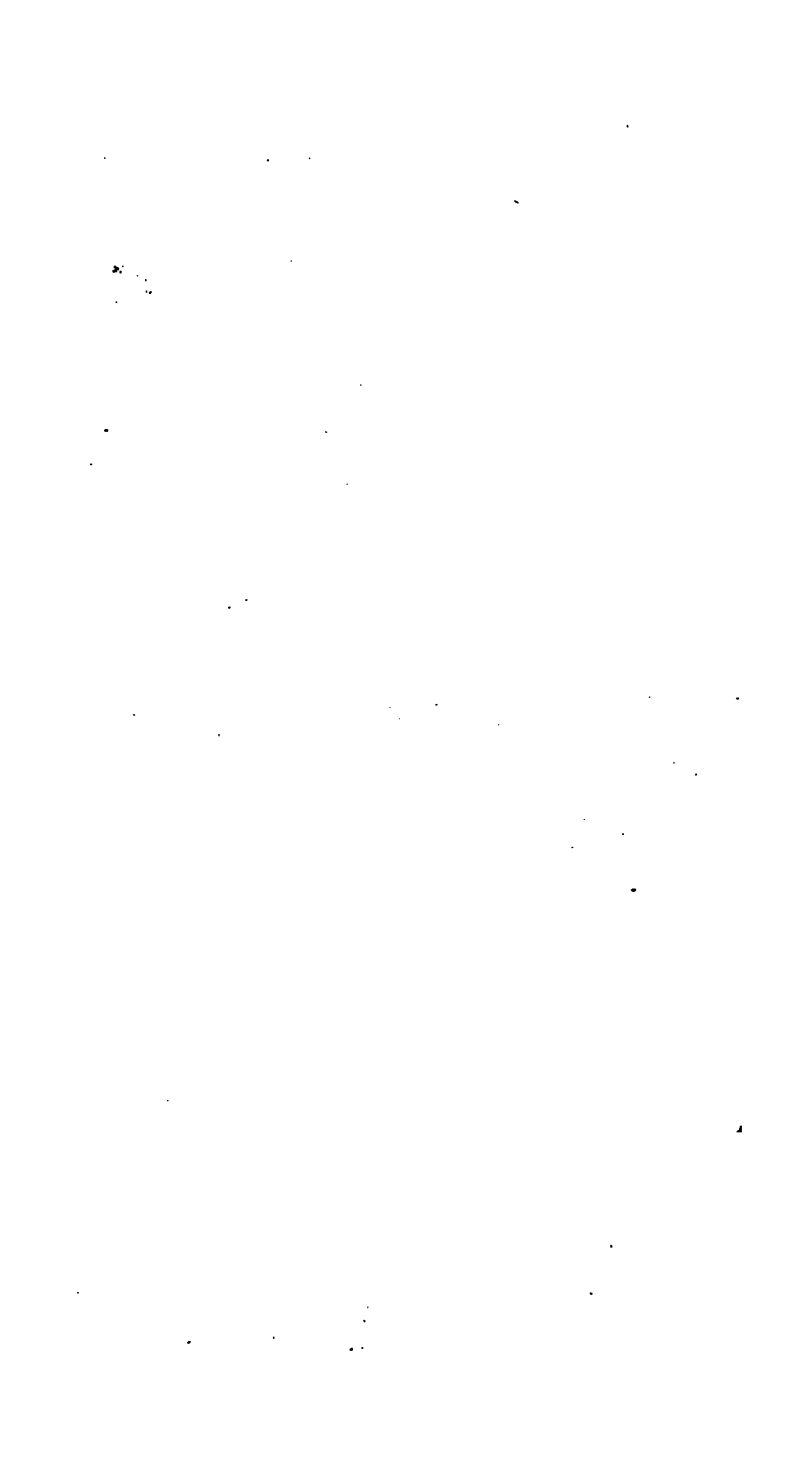
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LEGENDARY,
GOTHIC, AND ROMANTIC
TALES,
IN VERSE, AND OTHER
ORIGINAL POEMS,
AND
TRANSLATIONS.

BY A NORTHERN MINSTREL.

J. Stoughton
"Listen to the Tale of other years."

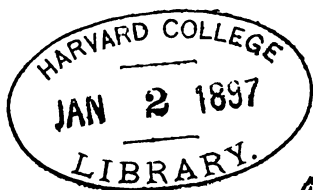
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LEGENDARY, GOTHIC AND ROMANTIC

TALES.

THE ROSE OF CORBY.

SWEET sung the blackbird on the spray,
Sweet sung the lark his matin song,
And sweetly sung sweet Ellen gay,
As thro' the grove she rang'd along.

Fair Ellen was pronounc'd the rose
Of all the maidens far and wide;
No rival beauty might propose
To vie with her, on Eden side.

Her sire Sir Gilford Salkeld, was
A doughty baron as might be,
No neighbouring knight could him surpass
In wealth, throughout the north country.

Nor more for wealth than valour fam'd—
His prowess rang the country round—
The brave Sir Gilford still sirnam'd;
For e'en at court was he renown'd.

Fair Ellen was his only child,
Now in her prime, with ev'ry grace,
In manners as an angel mild,
Whilst beauty's self sat in her face.

Full many a knight of high renown,
And baron bold, with ardour strove
To win the fair one for his own,
And to engage young Ellen's love.

Amongst the undistinguished crowd
Of suitors, that successive came
Was one, a knight, right brave allow'd,
Sir Fergus Bewick was his name :

Great was his wealth, great was his power,
In Bewcastle his mansion lay,
And day by day, within his tower
Full fourscore men enjoyed his pay.

With ardour long his suit he press'd,
Implored her pity—urged his smart :
But though keen passion fired his breast,
No flame responsive warm'd her heart.

Thus unsuccessful with the dame,
The sire's assistance next he sues ;
To him propos'd his suit and aim,
In hopes the boon he'd not refuse ;—

But sordid was Sir Gilford's breast,
Still wishful to increase his store ;
And tho' with more than plenty bless'd,
Yet still the baron wanted more :

Their wide domains contiguous laid,
 Lord Dacres was of high degree,
And where one acre Bewick had.
 It might be said that he had three :
This with old Salkeld more prevail'd,
 Than ev'ry argument beside ;
The suit of poor Sir Fergus fail'd,
 And Ellen's hand he was denied ;
But in his heart no rankling wound
 His unrequited love had made :
There love had little entrance found.
 And soon that little was allay'd,
To Corby Castle more attach'd,
 Than to fair Ellen by his flame,
He to her fortunes would have match'd,
 Not minding much the beauteous dame.
And much the same Lord Dacres, he
 The lands, and not the lady view'd,
Not caring how her heart might be,
 He diligent the father sued.
Of Corby Castle once possess'd,
 He well foresaw his rising worth ;—
For this would make him with the rest,
 The greatest lord in all the north.
Nor was the sire less pleas'd to see
 Th' increase of wealth,—th' increase of pow'r,
That from this sordid union, he
 Should on his much-lov'd daughter show'r.

Sir Gilford to his daughter said,
Upon a lovely morn in May,
“ Come here my fair—my pretty maid,
I something serious have to say ;
You’re now near twenty years of age,
And in the bloom of youthful prime,
’Tis meet you with the world engage,
Nor longer idly waste your time ;
For I am old, and far in years,
My thread of life cannot last long ;
And many are a father’s fears,
That a dear daughter may do wrong.
Then, ere I sink into the grave,
As heaven alone can tell how soon,
Of you one favour I must crave,
And you must not deny the boon.—
You know I’ve been indulgent still,
To you no wish have I denied,
For whate’er seem’d to be your will,
With that was I well satisfied.
So daughter dear, with my request,
In gratitude you must comply,
Obedience always makes me blest,
I know you cannot—went deny.
Lord Dacres is a worthy lord,
He likes you well, he craves your love ;
I promis’d, on a father’s word,
His suit my Ellen must approve,

Lord Dacres had his love confess'd,
Not to fair Ellen, but her sire ;
To him large offers had propos'd,
In hopes t' accomplish his desire.

His vast domain wide round us lies,
To yours this added soon shall be ;
And you, advanc'd in rank, shall rise
Prime lady of the north country.

But, if perversely you refuse
To yield consent to my request ;—
Know, 'tis not left to you to choose—
No ! 'tis your father's firm behest :—

But, fain that tyrant word—command,
Would I excuse—might it be so ;
Nor forth extend coercion's hand,
To plunge a daughter into woe :

But your good sense, my child, I hope,
Will teach obedience to my will,
Nor let you with my mandate cede ;—
So trust I to your better skill ;

If you Lord Dacre's suit approve,
Then all I have is surely thine ;
But if you shall refuse your love,
Then ne'er expect a mite of mine :

This is my pleasure, my request—
Nay more—'tis my command to you ;
Think as you please, but choose the best.”
So spoke the baron, and withdrew,—

Have you beheld a new-blown rose,
 When drench'd by one fast-falling shower;
Its tints with more effect disclose,
 Each drop improving more the flow'r ?

So look'd fair Ellen, pensive, mute,
 The tears fast trickling o'er her cheek ;
To hear Lord Dacres' proxied suit.
 Unable one short word to speak.

How could she force her heart to love
 One scarcely seen, and quite unknown ;
How force her bosom to approve
 A flame repugnant to her own ?

No ! 'tis not in a parent's might,
 To force affection—fix the heart :
A subtler pow'r, with subtler slight,
 Alone can execute this part.

Amongst the knights and barons who
 So frequent throng'd Sir Gilford's court,
For feats of tournaments or shew,
 To hunt the boar, or other sport ;

Tho' in their gaudiest suits array'd,
 'The' numerous vassals throng'd each train,
Tho' skill and valour were display'd,
 And courtesy of manners vain,

Not one 'midst all this proud parade,
 Of lordly guests who forward press'd,
Had e'er the least impression made
 Within fair Ellen's youthful breast,

Save one;—a youth whose modest mien,
Spoke no exalted rank or fame;
Him oft at Corby had she seen,
And Musgrave was the stripling's name,
No baron he, nor baron's son,
Nor garter'd knight of high degree,
But he with Lord De Graystock wen,
In his fair castle merrily.
Adorn'd with ev'ry courtly grace,
Each rare endowment he possess'd;
A manly beauty flush'd his face,
And virtue seem'd to fire his breast.
His grandsire whilom the domain
Erst held of Gilsland, as I ween,
But our Sixth Harry's hapless reign
The ruin of his house had been;
A small reversion had been spar'd,
Whereby the family to trace;
Of which Lord Graystock then was ward
For Musgrave last of all his race.
In him, as in the fondest sire,
The youth a kind protection found,
And ev'ry wish, and each desire,
Were always with indulgence crown'd.
A train of serving men had he,
Alone, to serve at his command;
And where his lord e'er chanc'd to be,
Was Musgrave still at his right hand.

Whene'er to old Sir Gifford's hall,
 De Graystock friendly visits paid,
 The younker, let what would befall,
 One of his party always made.
 Young Ellen saw—young Ellen lov'd,
 The youth alone her heart possess'd;
 His ev'ry action she approv'd,
 And that approval soon confess'd,
 Nor unconcern'd had he beheld
 The youthful Ellen's beauteous face,
 A mutual flame his breast had fill'd,
 And ev'ry thought to love gave place;
 But conscious of th' inferior state
 In which he stood, he only mourn'd,
 Bewail'd the unkindness of his fate,
 In silence gaz'd—in secret burn'd.
 Full oft, to ease his love-lorn mind,
 An interview he sought to have;
 And love—to lovers ever kind,
 An opportunity soon gave;
 For, as one morn amidst the shade
 He rang'd, deep wrapp'd in thoughtful love,
 He chanc'd to hear the beauteous maid,
 Sweet singing thro' the echoing grove,
 With ardour wing'd, swift as a dart
 Th' impatient lover onward hied;
 But love, tho' it o'erflow'd the heart,
 The power of utterance quite denied.

Awhile, in fix'd amazement stood

Th' admiring youth, nor vent'rous spoke ;

Her charms with heartfelt transport view'd,

But thus, at length, he silence broke :—

‘ Say, lady fair, what brings you here,

So far, so early, and alone ?”

Quoth she—“ Kind Sir ! what need I fear ?

Are not these parks my father's own ?

Here, ev'ry morn, I come to hear

The lark his matin carol sing ;

Here, too, at ev'ning-tide repair,

Until the warning curfew ring.

How cheering is the blackbird's song,

How fresh'ning is the vernal breeze,

How glad seem all the feather'd throng,

Whilst gaily flutt'ring thro' the trees !

Fair is the landscape to the eye,

And variegated is the scene ;

Hush'd are the winds, whilst yonder sky

Is all unruffl'd and serene.

There Eden rolls—majestic stream !

Whose course the tow'ring cliffs o'ershade,

And there Aurora's morning beam,

From its smooth surface is display'd,

Yon rising hills, these murm'ring floods,

Those distant tow'rs that strike the sight ;

These flow'ry walks, those shady woods,

Are all conducive of delight.

And then, how healthful 'tis to range,—

To breathe the morning-scented air ?

Why then, kind stranger, seems it strange,

That you should find me walking here ?

Not that I blame your walk, (replies

The youth) 'tis pleasant all must own ;

But what created my surprise,

Was, but in meeting you alone,

And who should be my partner, pray,

Said she, to walk along the grove ?

What person fitter, lady, say,

Than he, the happy man you love ?

Who is that man, (fair Ellen said,)

As yet I wot not I protest !

Whoe'er he be, most beauteous maid !

He certes must be doubly bless'd.

Good heavens ! young Musgrave sigh'd, then hush'd

On Ellen fix'd his steadfast eyes ;

Whilst o'er his cheeks the crimson flush'd,

And she beheld him with surprise.

Why stand you thus, (said Ellen) speak ;

Why fix your earnest gaze on me ;

Why heaves your breast ?—why glows your cheek ?

Say Sir, what may the matter be ?

Forgive, fair dame ! (young Musgrave cried)

Th' emotions prudence should conceal ;—

ne hide—

y what I feel.

To burn in secret, long my fate,
For thee, sweet Ellen, peerless fair !
But conscious of my humble state,
Forbore that passion to declare.
But since the long heart-buried flame
That rent my breast—that made me bleed,
Bursts forth that passion to proclaim,
Despair to folly must succeed.
Despair ! (fair Ellen strait replied,)
Brave men with fortune ought to cope ;
The adage ne'er was yet denied—
Faint heart—you know the rest—then hope.
But say, what pencil shall pourtray
The alter'd look of Musgrave's face ?
No common hand the task assay,
When doubt to certainty gave place,
Soon each to each their hearts explain,
And diffidence was seen no more ;
Nor long suspense prolong'd their pain,
For love had done the work before.
From Graystock many a well-pleas'd tour,
To Corby, graceful Musgrave took ;
And oft times at the midnight hour,
Leander like, he swam the brook ;
There with his rose in dalliance sweet,
He'd stay till grey-ey'd morn appear'd ;
Then, unobserv'd, made his retreat,
And gladsome home to Graystock steer'd.

But when fair Ellen came to know
Her father's cruel, stern intent,
Her heart was quite o'erwhelm'd with wee,
And rage and fear her bosom rent.
Rage, that she should be thus compell'd
To wed the object of her hate ;
But most her breast with fear was fill'd
Lest Musgrave were informed too late.
Th' ensuing morning was to see
Her made Lord Dacre's married wife !
Such was her father's stern decree,
And curs'd must be her future life.
And such was old Sir Gilford's mood,
No reasoning e'er could change his mind ;
For, be the project bad or good,
He'd do what he had once design'd
His temper well fair Ellen knew,
From lenity she'd nought to hope ;
And sure desertion must ensue,
Where she to hazard to elope.
But then to give her willing hand
To one her heart so disapprov'd,
And, for a cruel sire's command,
Thus to desert the man she lov'd !
O'er each consideration weigh'd,
But how to act she could not tell ;
Nice was the point, and sore afraid
Was she to err, tho' meaning well.

Then she call'd up her trusty page,
And to the varlet thus said she—
Wilt thou now, on thy oath, engage
To serve me once with secrecy?
An errand thou must run me strait,
A letter, too, must take withal,
And thou must neither stop nor wait
Till thou hast reach'd De Graystock's hall.
Then up and spoke this trusty page,
And to fair Ellen thus did say:
In what new task must I engage,
That you these strict injunctions lay?
Have you not found me faithful still,
To run or bide at your command;
Has not my pleasure been your will,
Did I your bidding ever stand?
No more, (she said) begone with speed,
Nor longer stop to prate—away!
But as I find you shall succeed, —
Proportion'd your reward shall be.
Then off with nimble feet he hied,
The silver moon bestow'd her light;
Nor stopp'd he once, nor turn'd aside,
Till Graystock tow'rs appear'd in sight.
And when he reach'd the castle gate,
He boldly rung the castle bell:
Who's there! (the porter call'd) that late,
Thus rings; or what's your business, tell?
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Unbar the gate, (the page replied,)

Be quick, for I've no time to stay ;

For what? (the churlish porter cried,)

First, stranger, tell thy business, pray.

'Tis a fair lady's embassy,

That I in charge to Musgrave bear ;

And I must see him, (said the page,)

Before the morning light appear.

Then strait the bolts the porter drew ;

The page admitted thro' the gate,

And quick to Musgrave's chamber flew,

His sore-grudg'd errand to relate,

The slumb'ring lover from his bed

The porter rous'd, and led him strait

To where the page all shiv'ring staid,

Impatient, at the inner gate.

What is thy business, (Musgrave said,)

What is thy business, friend, with me ;

That thus my slumbers you invade,

'Midst dreams of such felicity ?

'Tis much (replied the witty page)

If e'er you dreamt, whilst in your bed,

Of things wherein you must engage,

E'er you again lay down your head,

Here is a letter ; read it strait,

From that you'll learn what's to be done :

For me, I may no longer wait,

I must be home ere rising sun.

So said the page : with speed return'd ;

Whilst Musgrave to his chamber hies ;

His breast with keen enquiry burn'd,

And soon the crackling signet flies.

But, as the tender scroll he read,

What anxious passions throug'd his breast—

Love, fear and rage, by turns invade,

And sorely was the youth distress'd.

But not a moment now to waste

Was left, the time was precious grown ;

His servant Musgrave rais'd in haste,

And soon his ticklish plight made known.

Attend, my gay companions, all,

(The love-lorn anxious Musgrave said,)

I've business now, it seems, will call

For all your friendship and your aid.

The beauteous rose of Corby, she

Has sworn to be my wedded bride,

But her stern father doth decree,

She to Lord Dacres should be tied.

To-morrow is the fatal day,

That makes fair Ellen, Dacres' wife ;

Then rouse, my friends, nor ling'ring stay ;

On you depends my future life.

Array you in your suits of green,

Each with a sword and target bright ;

And let us, ere De Graystock ween,

To Corby scour, ere morning light.

The nearest rout full well I know,
 No tell-tale shall our march report,
In sooth, our steeds shall not be slow,
 We'll either make or mar some sport.
With haste the ready troop obey'd,
 Each from the stall his courser led,
And soon th' advent'rous cavalcade,
 Like lightning from the castle sped.
Thro' Inglewood they took their way,
 O'er lofty Barrock furious ride ;
And, long before the break of day,
 Arrive at Eden's winding side ;
Here, in a close, embow'ring wood,
 They stopp'd awhile, whilst breath they took,
To fix on plans to be pursu'd,
 Before they ventur'd thro' the brook,—
By the Lord Harry, (Musgrave said)
 Now something desp'rate must be done,
For oft said Ellen,—beauteous maid !
 Faint heart fair lady never won :
But here awhile we may repose,
 Till Sol yon eastern hills adorn ;
What would be best to do, God knows ;—
 But nought can be achiev'd till morn.
So said, their coursers fast they tied,
 And down on heathy hillocks lay,
Resolv'd in silence to abide
 The upshot of the coming day.

Forth from the east, the blushing dawn
O'er Hartside's heights now 'gan to glare,
The lowing herds now seek the lawn,
The shepherds to their pens repair.

Whilst thro' the grove the woodlark sings,
The bleating lambkins range the hill,
And welkin to the chorus rings,
And smiles the face of nature fill.

Up rose Lord Dacres with the day,
Around him throng'd a num'rous train
Of knights, and 'squires, and ladies gay
Before his castle, on the plain.

For Corby march'd the merry troop,
'Twas heartfelt pleasure flush'd each face ;
Nor oft had pass'd so fair a group
Thro' Gilsland on so fair a case.

Sir Fergus Bewick by the side
Of Dacres rode, in cheerful glee,
In armour clad, with lordly pride—
A gallant wight I wot was he.

With numbers more in armour bright,
Who gaily follow'd in the throng ;—
In sooth, it was a glorious sight,
To view them, as they pass'd along.

Scarce had the sun the hills illum'd,
That bound fair Cumbria on the east,
Before this troop all gaily plum'd,
The western banks of Irthing press'd.

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Whilst Corby Castle near at hand,
 Rose thro' the forest fair to view,
When, eager now, the jocund band
 The nearly finish'd rout pursue.
The tuneful bell, with cheerful sound,
 From Weath'rill's Pri'ry hail'd the train;
And the re-echoing rocks resound
 Down Eden's vale, the gladsome strain.
And soon arriv'd the cheerful band,
 Their length'ning ranks in order drawn,
In ample lines they gaily stand,
 Extended o'er the verdant lawn
Old Salkeld hobbl'd to the green,
 And said,—My friends, you're welcome all;
So fair a troop, I have not seen
 Assembled e'er before my hall.
How fares Lord Dacres? and the rest
 Of all his jovial company?
All well I hope—so I am blest,
 Come, friends, dismount—and go with me;
For ere you stir, or quit this ground
 For Hymen's altar to proceed,
The sparkling goblet shall go round,
 As, doubtless, all refreshment need."
So said—the grooms the prancing steeds
 Each led to their respective stall;
Whilst Dacres his companions leads,
 In the cheer of Gilford's hall.

Here ev'ry face with joy seem'd glad,
To trouble ev'ry heart unknown,
Save Ellen—silent she, and sad,
Her chamber sought, and sigh'd alone.

“ Where is my Musgrave, (cried the maid)
Why comes he not with speed to me?

Oh! has my secret been betray'd?
Or faithless can my true love be?

Haste to my rescue! Musgrave, haste!—
Or soon I'm made Lord Dacres' wife;—
In dole my future days to waste,
And be unhappy all my life.

Young Musgrave heard not Ellen's moan,
In the green forest, where he stood;
Yet oft his anxious looks were thrown
To Corby, from the shelt'ring wood.

He saw Lord Dacres, with his train,
Arrive upon the castle-green;
He saw them muster'd on the plain:—
Full sorely vex'd was he I ween.

For full five hundred glitt'ring spears
With Dacres came, all fair to view;
Their numbers rais'd the lover's fears,
And well he wist not what to do.

“ Here are we but a score in all,
(He said) and tho' we courage boast,
My friends! our number is too small
To cope with such a pow'rful host.

Some fav'ring juncture I expect
Kind heaven, for Musgrave shall ordain ;
We must by stratagem effect
What we cannot by force obtain.
Expectant of our future state,
Unseen, their movements we may view ;
The happy crisis here await,
That shall instruct us what to do :
Whilst each of you, my trusty friends,
Attend me with undaunted heart ;
That, when kind chance the occasion lends,
Each may be ready for his part."
And now prepare these gallants all,
Each to remount his mettl'd steed,
To quit the hospitable hall,
And to the abbey strait proceed.
Fair Ellen on a palfrey rode
Full closely by Lord Dacres' side,
In garment gay, dress'd a-la-mode—
A winsome, but a woeful bride.
Young Musgrave view'd the cavalcade,
From the green forest, where he lay,
The host in glittering arms array'd,
And—painful sight !—his Ellen gay.
But, say, how must his youthful heart
With agonizing rage be torn,
To see his rose in tears depart,
And to the church triumphant borne ?

The temple soon the party gain,
And soon the hallow'd rites are o'er ;
When all soon quit the sacred fane,
And to the hall return once more.
Loud mirth now fills the festive throng,
The spacious goblets stream around ;
The mingling laugh, the choruss'd song,
Loud thro' the echoing mansion sound,
And ev'ry bosom seem'd to share
The transports of the festive morn,
Save Ellen ;—she, dejected fair !
In secret 'wail'd her lot forlorn ;—
When, loudly rung the castle-bell,
And loudly rung the echoing hall :
For such an unexpected knell
Struck with surprize the strangers all.
“Who's there? (the testy porter cried)
That with such vengeance dares to ring ;
’Twere meet his manners he had tried,
That doth such noisy errands bring.”
“ I bear a note, (one answered strait)
’Tis for fair Ellen's hand alone,
And here the lady must I wait,
Until her answer I have known.”
To Ellen swift the porter flies,
And strait the stranger's message brought ;
Quick to the gate the lady flies,
And from a page receives the note ;

With which she to her chamber flew,
Its contents all in haste to prove ;
But how was she surpris'd to view,
Subscrib'd ;—" Your Musgrave in the grove !"
In this he had a plan propos'd,
In which their mutual interests shar'd ;
A plan with which fair Ellen clos'd,
And strait a feign'd reply prepar'd.
Then to the hall again she hied,
Where all the guests expectant staid :
" What is the news, (her father cried,)
What was that note, my pretty maid ?"
" 'Tis from my charming cousin Kate,
Of Brayton hall ; who sends to me,
That, since she's been inform'd so late,
She begs that she excus'd may be :
But promises, some future day,
When all our bustle is got through,
She'll come, and at our castle stay,
And spend with me a week or two."
So said—with her suppos'd reply
Again she hastens to the gate ;
The page commands aloud to fly,
And bear her scroll to cousin Kate.
But at that instant, from the trees,
Brave Musgrave and his trusty train
Rush forth, the trembling Ellen seize,
And bear her fainting o'er the plain,

Each to his courser nimbly springs,
Fair Ellen, Musgrave rode behind ;
Love join'd with fear supplies them wings,
And off they scamper like the wind.

O'er Scaleby Moor their route they took,
The Esk they forded one and all ;
Nor stopp'd they once for burn nor brook,
Until they reach'd Gilknockie Hall ;

Here Johnny Armstrong held his seat,
Of Cumbrian marshes then the pest ;
And here they found a safe retreat,
For here, what power could them molest !

The bravest baron of the north
At Armstrong's name would shake with dread ;
For, when he led his legions forth,
Wide terror round the country spread :

For full four hundred bowmen bold
He constant kept within his Hall,
And had, as we're by story told,
Both horse and harness for them all,

Now here awhile, let Musgrave stay,
In Eskdale, with his Ellen fair ;
To Corby we retrace our way,
And view again what's doing there.

The porter from the castle-gate
Had partly seen fair Ellen's rape,
And flew like lightning to relate
Her capture, and the foe's escape,

Wild uproar thro' the mansion rang'd,
That loudly echo'd with alarms :
Their merriment to mourning chang'd,
And all the place resounds to arms.

“ To arms ! to arms ! (Lord Dacres cried)
To horse, my friends, without delay,
For treason stalks—my blooming bride,—
The rose of Corby's snatch'd away ;

The fierce freebooters of the north,
They, doubtless, have my Ellen ta'en ;
Then, bravely let us sally forth,
The beauteous captive to regain.”

Then northward these, and southward these—
In sooth, they wander'd far and near ;
But of the luckless, ravish'd Rose
No tale, nor tidings could they hear.

For tho' the porter saw the train
That bore the beauteous bride away,
To mark the route that they had ta'en
It seems he had no mind to stay.

The band thus foil'd in their pursuit,
Back to the castle slow return ;
There wrapp'd in stupid silence, mute,
Fair Ellen's luckless fate they mourn.

“ 'Tis strange, (Sir Fergus Bewick cried)
Who these bold ravishers have been,
That could secure the hapless bride,
And thus escape with her unseen.

"Twould seem as if from concert she
Had acted with the men before ;
For she went to the gate right free,
But her, nor they have we seen more."

" Now foul befall thee, false Sir Knight !
(Lord Dacres to Sir Fergus cried)
It strikes me now that rival spite
Hath robb'd me of my beauteous bride ;—
Amaz'd, I thy indifference saw—
Beheld thy coldness with surprise,
That could so easily withdraw
Thy claim from such a precious prize !
Was thy pretended friendship—say !
But meant to cozen me thy friend ;
Meant to seduce my bride away,
And leave thee hated in the end ?—
Think not, Sir Fergus, thus to deal
With me as one thou would'st despise ;
If Dacres has a heart to feel—
He has a hand that shall chastise ;—
For wheresoe'er the charming maid
Thou hast conceal'd or east or west,
Be sure that this avenging blade
Shall force the secret from thy breast."

When thus Sir Fergus fierce replied :
" Lord Dacres, you have charg'd me wrong ;
Such words suit ill a Bewick's pride ;
Such charges can't to me belong.

Not one of all the Bewick line

The name of villain ever knew,
Much less shall coward then combine
To stigmatize our honour too.

As heaven's my judge ;—I do aver
I never practis'd on your bride ;
Nor basely would with knaves confer,
Your nuptials thus to set aside.

Know Dacres ! Bewick doth despise
All falsehood, whatsoe'er its aim,
As much as he thy rage defies,
Or values his unblemish'd name.

Ere I, (believe me on my word)
To thee in point of honour yield,
I'll place my life upon my sword,
And try my fortune in the field.

'Tis true I once fair Ellen lov'd ;
But soon relinquish'd ev'ry claim,
Whene'er I knew that disapprov'd
Were my addresses by the dame.

Canst thou, Lord Dacres, then suppose
That I could brook such villainy,
To rob thee of thy rightful Rose,
By practices so cowardly ?

Ill suits it with our house's pride,
To be thus slander'd and aspers'd ;
Our honour has been often tried,
Nor was our courage thought the worst.

Then think not, Dacres, I shall stand,
And tamely bear a villain's name :—

With thee I'll try my willing hand,
And vindicate my injur'd fame."

No more they chaff'd with useless words,
But from the hall enrag'd, withdrew ;

Refulgent flash'd their deadly swords,
And each to each like lions flew.

Sir Fergus aim'd a deadly thrust
At Dacres' breast—he reel'd—and fell ;

Writhing with pain, he bites the dust,
And cursing, takes his last farewell.

But ere the dire, vindictive wound,
Of life that Dacres dispossess'd,

His faulchion had a passage found
Deep in the brave Sir Bewick's breast ;

Fast thro' the wound life's purple tide
Rush'd forth, whilst Fergus gasp'd for breath :

" I'm innocent !" (he faltering cried)
Then clos'd his glimm'ring eyes in death.

With gen'ral consternation shook,
Each knight and baron stood oppress'd ;

Wild horror star'd in ev'ry look,
And anger rose in ev'ry breast.

When thus Sir Gilford Salkeld said
Unto the strangers in his hall—

" 'Tis I that have this ruin made,
'Tis I am guilty of it all.

The fault—the folly mine are prov'd,
The damning thought shall haunt me still :
By av'rice and ambition mov'd,
I thought to force my daughter's will.
But, punish'd is my boundless pride,
Whilst I that folly long may mourn,
Fate all those prospects has denied,
And she, my Rose, shall ne'er return.
O, destiny ! my child restore,
Her presence yet may sooth my pain ;—
Grant me but her !—I ask no more,
And all that's mine is her's again."
So pray'd the parent in his grief,
And heaven, indulgent, heard his pray'r ;
For soon the porter brought relief,—
A letter from his Ellen, fair :
In this for pardon much she sued,
Then pleaded in her own defence ;
The tears the father's cheeks bedew'd,
As he exclaim'd—" Just providence!
How wise and wond'rous are thy ways,
Omniscient Justice !—Power divine !
Man may a thousand projects raise ;—
To execute alone is thine.
Yes, Musgrave ! thou shalt be my son ;
My Ellen shall be doubly dear ;
Fate ends what blindly I begun :
The mandate let me then revere.

Those lands which late Lord Dacres held,
To thee, brave youth, of right belong'd ;
From them thy grandsire was expell'd,
And all thy house most basely wrong'd.
But heav'n, the orphan's faithful ward,
Decrees that they shall yet be thine ;
Shall I then rashly disregard
An ordinance that seems divine ?
Soon shall the king confirm to thee
What is by legal right thy own ;
And I shall haply live to see,
Myself yet happy in a son."
The turns of this eventful day,
The wondering crowd could but admire ;
And each preparing for his way,
Begg'd leave they homeward might retire.
" Nay by my troth, (Sir Gilford cried,)
This is what must not, cannot be ;
A bridal I must yet provide,
Since one, my friends, you came to see,
My daughter shall be sent for strait,
And youthful Musgrave with all speed ;
Here in my castle shall you wait,
Until you see how all succeed,
Meanwhile, to these two luckless lords,
Our joint attentions be preferr'd,
And, tho' the church no rites afford
To them, yet must they be interr'd.

That done, we here will solemnize
My daughter's nuptials with all joy,
And hope no accident may rise
Again, our pleasure to destroy.
Then straitway for Gillknockie hall
A trusty courier they provide,
'The lovely Ellen to recall,
And Musgrave, now old Salkeld's pride.
With ready speed the servant flew,
Nor ling'ring lagg'd, nor look'd behind,
Till Armstrong's castle struck his view,
Near where the Esk and Liddle join'd.
Soon as the massy doors unbarr'd,
The first that he discover'd there
Was Musgrave, walking in the yard,
And by his side young Ellen fair.
"What news! what news! (the Lady cried)
What news from Corby bringst thou me?
"Good news, fair dame, (the page replied)
Far better than you thought 'twould be.
Lord Dacres did Sir Fergus blame
For your escape; with all his main,
Their quarrel rose—at length they came
To weapons, and they both were slain.
Soon as your then afflicted sire
Your letter got, his tears he dried,
And now avows his sole desire
That you shall be young Musgrave's bride,

and I am by Sir Gilford sent
 To hasten your return likewise ;
 For it is now his fix'd intent
 Your nuptials there to solemnize.
 And Musgrave is declar'd the heir
 Of all Lord Dacres' vast domains,
 Which once his predecessors' were,
 And which he now by right obtains."
 Well, thanks for thy auspicious tale,
 (Fair Ellen to the servant said,)

When I arrive in Eden vale,
 Thy tidings shall be well repaid."
 He said—a friendly leave they took
 Of Armstrong and his merry band,
 The Scotian borders strait forsook,
 And post away to Cumberland.
 And mickle joy was there, I ween,
 At Corby Castle on that day,
 When safe returning home were seen
 Young Musgrave and his lady gay.
 With cheerful glee the bells were rung,
 Whilst transport glisten'd thro' the hall,
 And rich and poor, and old and young,
 At Corby found a welcome call.
 And long and happy liv'd the pair,
 With ev'ry bliss that reason knows,
 And heav'n's best joys may Corby share !
 Which yet can boast a peerless Rose !

PRAYER TO JEHOVAH.



O THOU, to whom thro' nature's spacious round
 Are paid alike the praise and prayers of all ;
 Great, universal parent of mankind,
 Who with one common ear dost hear the cry
 Of Pagan, Christian, Mussulman, or Jew ;
 Hear my request, nor let my suppliant voice
 To thee, Great Power ! uprais'd be rais'd in vain :
 Nor shall inordinate desires compose
 The supplications of my humble heart ;
 But in obedience to thy wise decrees,
 Resign'd to thy Omniscience, let me wait
 Thy Providence, which shall supply
 What best is suited to my earthly lot ;
 In this, thy will, all-gracious God ! be done ;
 I pray not to invert thy fix'd resolves,
 But conscious of my own contracted powers,
 My imbecility and want of strength
 To act with perfect rectitude alone,
 To thee I pray, Divinity Supreme !
 O Power of Mercy ! mercifully hear ;
 Give me thy wisdom, guide me in thy way,
 Inspire my heart with thy enlivening light,
 Of truth celestial, and inform my soul,

Amidst the doubts and dark ambigues that cloud
The futile reasonings of more futile man :
When self-confounded in our each research,
Our each enquiry for uncertain truth,
Is plung'd in that inextricable maze,
From which no other hand, save hand divine,
Can rescue and restore the 'wilder'd soul ;
Inform my heart in that embarrass'd hour,
The way the most consistent to thy will ;
Teach me humility, nor let my mind,
Elated with intoxicating draughts
Of earth-sprung vanity,—one hour forget
Her sole dependence on thy powerful hand ;
Let universal charity inspire
And warm my breast for all mankind ;
Nor ever let condition, country, age ;
Degrade, in my opinion, those thy love,
As with one common care, my equals made.
When the rude whirlwind of resentment tears
The agitated passions ; or the rage
Of anger, in wild ferment tears the soul ;—
Do thou with haleyon touch those jars compose,
And hush those conflicts into perfect peace ;
Nor let base views of interest e'er misguide
My wayward heart from virtue's slipp'ry path :
Still first in my rememb'rance be observ'd
To practice mercy, equity and truth ;
Or when the mournful voice of pity calls
For my assistance, and demands relief,
Let me not cruelly affliction spurn

And aggravate the sufferings of distress ;
But far as my ability extends,
To others give, what Mercy gives to me.
Thus, in conformity with thy commands,
Be done my ev'ry action, thought and word ;
Nor let an obstinate perverseness bind
My soul to error, which should live in thee.
What work, mysterious, by thy mighty hand
Has been perform'd, let me not with contempt
And vile impertinence presume to scan ;
Since, conscious of his littleness, shall man
Pretend to measure science infinite ?
No !—when I cannot trace the obvious cause
Of each effect, let me with humbler heart
Believe thy wisdom, and adore thy ways.
Whate'er my lot, whilst in this changeful world,
Or rais'd in affluence, or depress'd in want,
Still let thy hand direct my wav'ring soul
To follow virtue and recede from vice ;
That when the devious course of life is o'er,
When all our cares, our passions and desires
Shall be by death's all-conquering hand expung'd ;
My soaring spirit, confident in thee
And in thy word ; shall with assurance rise,
To tread in that eternal round of bliss,
Where happy cherubims for ever praise
Thy perfect blessedness—thy glorious name.

PSALM XIX.

VERSIFIED.

REVEY yon radiant orbs of light,
These glitt'ring splendours gild the night,
And deck the vaulted frame ;
The sun, the moon, each distant star,
Glories of the God declare,
And all his skill proclaim.

On course of each revolving day
His eloquence doth more display,
In language how divine !
Even in midnight's sable reign,
Guided by her gemmy train,
Doth matchless wisdom shine.

Where e'er the wand'ring foot hath stray'd
Through savage waste, or peaceful shade,
To each extremest zone :
Every nation of the whole,
From Libia to the frozen pole,
Their voice alike is known.

Through what the sphere their line they bend ;
Their words transfusive they extend
To earth's remotest bound ;
And this vast expanse emblaz'd
The sun's bright chambers hath he rais'd
For his unceasing round.

As from the festive bridal room
Elated comes the pleas'd bridegroom,
 So comes he from his place :
Or like the powerful sons of might,
In strength exulting with delight
 To join the arduous race.

From where first springs the op'ning day,
To where last beams the parting ray,
 He wheels the equal blaze ;
No land throughout his vast domain,
The Syrtes wild, the fruitful plain,
 But feel his ardent rays.

A perfect law omniscient heav'n
To all creations round has giv'n,
 T' inform the reasoning mind :
His evidences are display'd,
Thro' all the parts his power hath made,
 That all might wisdom find.

The statutes of great nature's lord
Are pure, are perfect, as his word,
 And cheer the pious heart ;
Each ordinance he gives is wise,
They bring instruction to our eyes.
 And every truth impart.

The service of the Lord is pure,
His sacred worship shall endure,
 While time itself shall last ;
His judgements are by truth decree'd,
From righteousness his laws proceed,
 In equity are pass'd,

: than purest gold that shines,
 : brought from Ophir's glittering mines,
 Are they to be admired ;
 : than the sweet nectarious juice,
 sweetest honey-combs produce,
 Are they to be desired.

these are virtue's children led,
 paths of rectitude to tread,
 And warn'd the ill to shun ;
 close observance and regard
 these, a lasting, sure reward,
 Is by thy servants won.

where's the heart conviction moves,
 : its own foibles disapproves,
 Or errors can descry ?
 thou, O God, whose eye can see
 : lurking, secret, fault in in me,
 My conscience purify,

from presumptuous sins restrain,
 : let them e'er dominion gain
 O'er my unguarded mind :
 : as upright shall my course appear,
 : from the great transgression clear,
 In thee sure succour find.

ev'ry word of pray'r or praise,
 ev'ry thought my soul shall raise,
 With thee accepted prove :
 thou, O Lord, my only God,
 me redemption has bestow'd,
 Thro' thy unbounded love.
 D—Vol. 2.

PSALM XXI.

ARM'D with thy power, thou God of night,
How shall the heav'n-rai's'd king delight
 To sing the God of praise?
His hope is 'stablish'd by thy word,
And thy salvation gracious Lord,
With grateful transports his glad soul shall raise.

Whate'er his wishes could desire,
What his occasions might require,
 Thy bounty has bestow'd ;
Thy gracious hand hath not repress'd
His bosom hope, his tongue's request,
But each has lib'rally supplied, O God !

Thy bounty doth anticipate
Whate'er his heart can supplicate,
 Or e'er the boon be told :
Profusely on his sacred head,
Thy hand hath countless blessings shed,
And deck'd him with a diadem of gold.

To thee he pray'd for length of years,
Thy bounty his petition hears,
 And answers his demand.
A length of life that years surpass'd,
A throne that should for ever last,
And, like the donor's word, unshaken stand.

Thy all-saving arm upheld,
 Thy princely splendours have excell'd
 The tyrants scatter'd round ;
 Honours to the world display'd,
 Peerless majesty array'd,
 Stand, with more than human glory crown'd.

Endless felicity and power
 From thy bounteous hand shall shower.
 Incapable of end ;
 Whilst strains of gratitude and joy
 Thy heart-exulting shall employ,
 Left on thy mercies solely to depend.

For he, the king distinguish'd, chose
 His sole dependence to repose
 Upon the Lord above ;
 Nor shall his hopes prove insecure,
 Nor his promis'd mercy shall endure,
 Nor mov'd, and unmov'd as his eternal throne.

Here shall thine adversaries stand,
 Scor'd from thy victorious hand,
 Thou God of power and might ?
 Overwhelm'd in universal rout,
 Thy arm Almighty, shall lead out
 The son of hate, that durst thine anger slight.

And when the furnace flames with fire,
 Thy kindling wrath, thy bursting ire,
 To them shall dreadful prove ;
 The Lord in his resistless power,
 Their hosts rebellious, shall devour,
 And fiery ruin all of them remove.

Their offspring for the parent's hate,
Thy stayless wrath shall extirpate,
 And raze them from mankind ;
No shelter, no defensive place,
Shall one of their devoted race,
Among the habitable nations find.

For in their hearts, by evil sway'd,
Designs most impious had been laid
 Against thy power divine ;
These, schemes of mischief could devise,
And hope those schemes to realize,
But prov'd unequal to their mad designs.

Therefore, when press'd amid the fight,
They shall be forc'd to shameful flight,
 And turn their front away ;
When thou the fatal shafts shall bring,
And place them to the sounding string,
Aim'd at their face, in terrible array.

O, God ! thro' thy creation wide,
In thine own strength be glorified,
 That doth all bounds transcend ;
So shall heaven's vaulted concave ring,
Whilst we, in mingling chorus sing
The praises of that power that knows no end.

PSALM XLV.

DETTIC raptures swell my breast
h themes too strong to be suppress'd,
The plaudits of our mighty King ;
peaman's hand not swifter goes,
a from my tongue enraptur'd flows,
The sacred anthem which I sing.

ngst all the nations' sons, so fair,
one, O Prince ! with thee compare ?
All grace, all eloquence thy tongue ;
ause thy God, the mighty Lord,
thee, beatitude has stor'd,
And blessings numberless and long.

se ! thou paragon of might,
d on thy sword and buckler bright,
In martial splendour and array ;
to the world thy glories shewn,
might and majesty make known,
And all thy sov'reign pomp display.

oughout the nations vast and wide,
hy triumphal chariot ride,
All prosp'rous on, thou King of kings !
cause of truth, thro' ev'ry land
u shalt assert ; whilst thy right hand
Shall martial thee to wond'rous things.
D 2—Vol. 2.

How keen, how mortal are the darts,
That pierce, that wound the rebel hearts
Of those misled, our prince's foes ;
The shafts of death around are flown,
By them the valiant are o'erthrown,
And all that durst his rule oppose.

On everlasting columns rais'd,
Will all celestial pomp emblaz'd,
Thy throne, O God ! eternal stands ;
Where'er thy sceptre shall incline,
There righteousness and love divine
Accompany thy high commands.

Thy pleasure is in doing right,
In evil thou hast no delight,
For wickedness, nor eyes nor ears :
Hence 'tis that God, thy God on high,
Anoints thee with the oil of joy,
And sets thee far above thy peers.

What fragrant odours fill the gale,
Which thy resplendant robes exhale,
Where rich perfumes their scents impart ;
These, from far, distant regions sought,
Are to thy iv'ry chambers brought,
To gratify thy princely heart.

Around thy throne, in peerless state,
The daughters of the princes wait,
Attentive to thy high command :
The Queen in gold of Ophir dress'd,
In beauty's fairest bloom confess'd,
Is smiling plac'd on thy right hand.

Fair daughter hear, my words attend,
To me thy fix'd attention lend,
 To me thy list'ning ear incline :
Thy native country be forgot,
Thy father's house remember not ;
 For henceforth thou art solely mine.

So shall thy royal spouse, inspir'd
By love, be with thy beauties fir'd,
 And doat upon thy blushing charms ;
He is thy Lord, fond fair, obey,
To him the proper homage pay,
 And yield thee to his longing arms.

And, mingling with the damsels, fair,
Tyre's beauteous daughters shall be there,
 With costliest offerings to attend ;
And those to whom all-bounteous heaven,
The amplest store of wealth has given,
 Shall seek, shall court thee for their friend.

The daughter of the King survey,
In bloom of youth and bright array,
 Within, all glorious to behold ;
Her vest'ments made with curious care,
Her flowing robes divinely fair,
 Are deck'd with purest, finest gold.

In finest needle-work array'd,
Her train, the beauteous, blushing maid,
 Shall place before th' expecting king ;
The damsels that around her bend,
And in her gorgeous suit attend,
To thee, great prince ! they too shall bring.

With gladness, and the nuptial song,
The mingling dance, the mirthful throng,
 Shall joyous join the bridal band ;
Ev'n to the stately, regal dome,
Shall her fair train exulting come,
 Before the gladden'd king to stand.

What, tho' no fond, paternal smile
The pang of absence may beguile ;
 Yet in thy offspring, seek new joy ;
These, in succeeding ages may
O'er various states and empires sway,
 And all thy fondest hopes employ.

Born on the powerful blast of fame,
To endless ages, thy great name
 Belov'd, shall still remember'd be :
Not time, thy honours e'er shall bound,
But thro' eternity's vast round,
 All people shall give praise to thee

PSALM XLVII.

WITH exultation clap your hands
Ye people of a thousand lands ;
Let shouts of triumph swell each voice,
Let all the earth in God rejoice.

He who on high, midst realms of light,
Presides, is terrible in might ;
The world his mandate shall obey,
And own his universal sway.

Surrounding states by him subdued,
O'er realms extended shall include ;
Whilst at our feet in pomp display'd,
Their forfeit honours shall be laid.

His hand all bounteous and profuse,
Our blissful hermitage shall choose ;
Those happy regions once approv'd
By faithful Jacob, whom he lov'd.

Midst shouts that heav'n's vast concave rend,
On high, see nature's God ascend !
Amid the trumpet's clang'rous blast ;
The mighty Lord to heaven has past.

Sing praise to God ! ye people raise
Your loftiest strains, to sing his praise ;
With loud hosannas, praises sing ;
Sing praises to our mighty king.

For as the earth's wide confines bend,
Doth his almighty power extend :
With homage due and heartfelt joy,
Let songs of praise each voice employ.

O'er heathen powers and their domains,
With equal arm Jehovah reigns ;
Whilst seated on his sacred throne,
He sways the universe alone.

Behold, from distant regions here,
The princes of the earth appear ;
And in the throng'd assembly join,
With those of Abram's promis'd line.

The shields, the strength of all the lands,
Are vested in Jehovah's hands ;
The glory he alone shall claim,
For great and mighty is his name.

PSALM XCV.

heav'n in lengthen'd songs of praise,
people all your voices raise ;
our salvation's strength employ,
swelling strain of heartfelt joy.

grateful strains to nature's king,
dread presence let us sing ;
gladness let the enraptur'd song,
each heart, inspire each tongue.

Ye, the Lord of heaven's high throne,
the mighty God alone ;
name must folly's idols fall,
we confess'd be king o'er all.

His farthest bounds, remotest lands,
all in his protecting hands,
mountain, and each tow'ring hill,
his, and own his plastic skill.

The ocean spreads from pole to pole,
mighty power has form'd the whole ;
ounding shores, the firm set land,
works of his almighty hand.

Worship, hear you hosts, attend ;
earth in prostrate homage bend ;
Praise your Makers throne each day,
grateful adorations pay.

For know, ye people, nam'd his own,
He is our God, our God alone ;
We are the flock his bounty feeds,
We are the band his mercy leads.

Then hear his voice, the voice of love,
Nor let your hearts obdurate prove,
As erst by provocation led,
When you o'er Horeb's desert sped,

Your sires, when in that 'wilder'd path,
Oft tempted my suspended wrath ;
My mercies prov'd, as oft rebell'd,
As oft my gracious works beheld.

Twice twenty years, tho' griev'd full sore,
Their scorn, their mutinies I bore ;
Then said their hearts are gone astray,
This people have not known my way.

To whom, indignant, then I said,
And swore, since they had disobey'd ;
That none should reach, of all their band,
My place of rest, my promis'd land.

PSALM CXXXIX.

THE counsels of my heart O Lord,
Hast thou not search'd with nicest care ;
Each rising thought, each breathing word,
With every secret harbour'd there.

Whene'er I lay me down to rest,
Or rise from sleep, 'tis known to thee ;
The inmost workings of my breast,
Thy all pervading eye can see.

If in the lonely walk I stray,
If on the verdure am reclin'd :
Thy presence marks my devious way,
And all the wand'rings of my mind.

If I familiar themes prolong,
Or in the chamber'd counsel be,
No word escapes th' unwary tongue,
But what, great God, is known to thee.

Thou hast environ'd me behind ;
Before me too thy power doth stand ;
Be where I will, I always find,
I'm in the guidance of thy hand.

Thy wisdom great omniscience proves,
Too wonderful for human powers ;
In too sublime a sphere it moves,
To be attain'd by sense like ours,
E,—Vol. 2

Say where thro' natures vast extent,
Hid from thy spirit shall I stray ;
Or from thy boundless presence pent,
Where destine my uncertain way ?

If to high heaven my course be wound,
Upborn sublime I find thee here ;
Or if infernal depths profound,
Be my recess, still thou art there.

If on the wings of bursting day,
O'er the capacious world I sweep,
And seek to fix my dreary stay,
In chambers of the oozy deep.

Ev'n there by thy directing hand,
My steps unconscious are propell'd ;
Ev'n there shall I securely stand,
By thine almighty arm upheld.

If I shall say I rest conceal'd,
Amidst the thick'ning gloom of night ;
Ev'n here to thee I stand reveal'd,
And darkness is exchang'd to light.

Seen by thy piercing view divine,
To thee what secret is unknown ?
To thee as light shall darkness shine,
With whom both day and night are one.

To guide me through life's devious way,
Still hath thine hand my reins possess'd ;
Ev'n in the ut'rus when I lay,
For me thy care has been confess'd.

How wond'rous is thy pow'rs in me,
The thought inspires the maker's praise,
Tho' struck, full well my soul can see,
That wonderful are all thy ways.

When fram'd in secret, to thy view,
My gend'ring substance was display'd,
Or e'er my parts perfection knew,
By curious operations made.

THE NATIVITY.

WIDE spreading o'er the purp'd eastern sky,
See where yon crimson ensign waves on high ;
Prepare, prepare ! the ambrosial feast prepare,
With fragrant odours scent the ambient air,
For, lo ! the God of Gods to earth descends,
Whose glory to the farthest orb extends.
But how, O nature ! wilt thou bear the load,
Or meet the splendour of a coming God ?
In vain I ask, but now yon parting sky,
Proclaims the grand celestial Saviour nigh,
Stand fast, ye steadfast pillars of the earth,
For since the early dawn of nature's birth,
Thy strong foundations never yet have bore.
Th' intolerable weight of God before,
But hark ! methinks far sweeter strains I hear,
Than ever sounded in the circling air,
Since first the world was made, or time began,
To sway the universe and conquer man ;

The voice of harmony melts in my ears,
Dissolves my soul, disperses all my fears,
'Tis Gabriel's voice, full well I know the sound,
All mercy smiles with new-born grace around,
Let angels shout, rejoice thou earth and sea,
For, lo ! the God of Gods assumes our clay :
Now see, in token of supernal grace,
The angry ensign shifting from its place !
Ten thousand milder glories now appear,
'The voice of harmony wakes in each sphere,
Melodious thro' the wide expanse of light,
A gen'ral concert rings thro' hea'n's great height,
And all the burthen of the joyful choir,
Is never ceasing love : love strikes each lyre,
Astonish'd, angels view the wond'rous scene,
And long to know what all these wonders mean ;
In vain they pry ;—the boundless scheme, O man !
For thee was laid, e'er worlds or time began !
Or angels hymn'd to the eternal THREE,
The council sat, and mercy fix'd on thee !

MARION MACKYE.



BUT lately I pass'd by the heath cover'd hill;
Near the road where the trav'ller oft sees
The poor hapless mainiac, who, seated there still,
On the green grassy bank, be the gale hot or chill,
Responsively sighs to the breeze.

Observe her shrunk eyes, how distracted they stare,
And how blanch'd are her cheeks by her woe ;
Her garments are rent, and her bosom is bare,
Her ringlets neglectedly float in the air,
As she hoots at the winds as they blow.

Yet beauty once sat on that now sallow cheek,
Soft lustre illumin'd her eye ;
Keen sense fir'd that heart, that's now ready to break'
And the neighbours extol, as they frequently speak
Of the charms of poor Marion Mackye.

Young Andrew she lov'd, nor unheeded her flame,
The youth was as tender as true ;
One soul seem'd in both ev'ry passion to frame,
Their prospects, their hopes, and their fears were
the same,

And in both mutual sympathy grew.

E 2.—Vol. 2.

A mariner he, o'er the boist'rous main,
Sought his fortune in many a clime ;
Whilst she watch'd her flocks o'er the wide-spreading
plain,
Endear'd to each nymph, and admir'd by each swain,
For Marion was just in her prime.

A contract of marriage they mutually swore,
But in hopes their poor stock to improve,
He thought he would trust to the billows once more,
By one lucky voy'ge to mend his little store,
Then return and be blest with his love.

The canvass unfurl'd, soon the bark she set sail ;
Serene was the face of the main ;
The winds were auspicious, quite steady the gale,
And fate with success seem'd their passage to hail,
And the crew with their prospect were fain.

The eyes of young Marion the vessel pursu'd
As far as one speck could be seen ;
But when the dear object no longer she view'd,
The fast falling tears her fair bosom bedew'd,
And she sank, midst her griefs, on the green.

The neighbours the maid gently bore to her bow'r,
Kindly seeking to comfort her woes ;
But e'en from the morning till midnight's sad hour
Her eyes appear'd delug'd with one ceaseless show'r,
And Marion seem'd lost to repose.

Tho' storms may perplex the vast depths of the main,
And Nature's fair aspect deform ;
Yet but for a period the conflict can reign,
Serenity, time shall restore us again,
And a calm still succeeds to a storm.

Thus Marion, poor girl ! tho' she languish'd awhile
In all the excess of despair,
By degrees grew more tranquil, a hope-aiding smile
Illumin'd her eye, her sad heart to beguile,
And serenity mix'd in her air.

Yet constant at ev'ning, when bus'ness was o'er,
And day from the west 'gan to part,
Impatient she'd haste her away to the shore,
There over the ocean would anxiously pore,
Sigh and pray for the youth of her heart !

At length came the news that the bark, homeward
bound,
Was fast nearing the long wish'd-for port ;
What raptures the bosom of Marion now found !
Her wishes and pray'rs with success seem'd all crown'd
And no longer of fortune the sport.

Three whole tedious days at the haven she staid,
In hopes their arrival to hail ;
Each noise that she heard—" They're now coming,"
she said,
In each passing tar her dear Andrew survey'd,
And their vessel in each passing sail,

The fourth morning came, but with it came the news,
Ship and crew had all founder'd at sea ;
The shock all the reason of Marion subdues,
Of cruelty heav'n she dares to accuse,
And her wits are quite wander'd away.

The corpse of her true love, by one kindly wave
Was wash'd up, with two or three more ;
A burial, in pity, the peasantry gave,
And all were together interr'd in one grave,
On a hillock that's close to the shore.

Here seated she'll sob all the summer day long,
E'en in winter, be foul or be fair ;
Unheeding the traveller that passes along,
Claps her hands at the birds as they carol their song
Claps her hands, tho' there be not one there.

Or sometimes, perchance, to the beach she may roam
On the sad, cruel billows to stare ;
There, oft, in her frenzy, find Andrew come home,
Or see him wild, riding upon the white foam,
Then, again sink to gloomy despair.

But lately I pass'd her, sat on the green grave
I spoke, but she made no reply ;
Her hands she kept smiting, but gave me a wave,
As much as to say, I but solitude crave ;—
“ And that, (I exclaim'd) hapless maid ! thou shalt
have ! ”
As she sigh'd out—“ Poor Marion Mackye.”

SIBERT AND ELEANOR,

A TALE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.



ARGUMENT.

SINCE writing the following story, I have met with one in Boccace's Decameron, which very much resembles it. The Italian, however, has this difference, that, after the horrid eclairsissement, he makes his Lady leap out of the window. The description of Sicily, and of Ætna, is little more than a translation of a passage in the third book of Virgil's Æneid; though I had not an opportunity, when this story was written, of referring to that poet, being forced to depend in this, as in every other piece, merely upon my own recollection.

NEAR where the lofty heights of Hartside rise,
Whose tow'ring cliffs salute its neighbour skies,
In days of yore a stately mansion stood,
Close to the margin of Tyne's winding flood;
Where liv'd, if rightly I relate my tale,
A wealthy knight, Sir Edred of the Dale;
One only daughter was his only care
And equal pride, young Eleanor the fair;
Bless'd with each charm that nature can impart,
And form'd alike, to captivate each heart;
Gentle she was, as is the tender dove,
And ev'ry action but excited love,
Full many a baron brave, and wealthy thane
Sought the fair hand of Eleanor to gain;

But she to all alike indiff'rence paid,
Save Sibert, who alone engag'd the maid.
No lands had he, no title, and no fame,
Low his descent, and as obscure his name.
Yet native beauty flush'd his youthful face,
And form'd he was with ev'ry manly grace ;
His courage ne'er was known to turn aside,
Nor paid respect to insolence or pride.

It chanc'd on bus'ness oft young Sibert sent
By neighbouring gentry, to Sir Edred's went ;
For such was his politeness and address,
That none were sham'd the stripling to caress.
Thus at the baron's house still frank and free,
Oft had he time fair Eleanor to see.
She too beheld the youth with fond delight,
Nor easy felt when he was from her sight ;
Thus seem'd one common flame to fire each breast,
And each to each that passion soon confess'd.
A sad disparity there was, 'tis true,
'Twixt him and her, which well young Sibert knew ;
But love impartial, little def'rence shews
To rank, nor more respect to these than those,
His own remarks to Sibert soon made known,
That he, was pleasing to the maid alone.
Thus happy in their loves, the moments pass'd
On downy wings, till destiny at last
Threaten'd all hopes of pleasure to suspend,
That now their happy intercourse should end ;
And each thro' future life be doom'd to share
An endless series of distress and care.

Far to the north, where Tyne his current pours,
And passing, waters bleak Northumbria's shores,
A wealthy baron liv'd, well known to fame,
Near Adrian's wall, Sir Hildebrand his name
Extensive were the lands that he possess'd,
And num'rous baronies his power confess'd.
Amongst the group who their addresses paid
From various views to Eleanor, fair maid!
Came Hildebrand; his suit Sir Edred heard,
And sordidly to all the rest preferr'd:
His vast domains were arguments alone
By which all other claims were easily o'erthrown;
And with the parent these sufficient prov'd,
Each obstacle beside was soon remov'd.
A daughter's happiness, a friend's distress
Were ne'er consider'd, and a lover less.
Love with ambition has but little part,
As little still affects the sordid heart;
Sir Edred view'd aggrandizement alone,
All else were trifles, foolish and unknown;
By such a union his was sure to be
The mightiest house in all the north country.
With heartfelt grief fair Ellen heard the tale,
But sighs or sorrow little can avail,
'Tis not for her, her destiny to choose,
This husband to prefer, or that refuse.
Alike in vain remonstrance or debate,
The father's fiat is the daughter's fate;
Tears and expostulations useless prove,
Or claims of pity, or imprudent love.

Each gentler argument must now give way
To sordid av'rice and confess its sway.
Fair Ellen, at her ruthless sire's command,
To one she hates must give her heartless hand.—
Rent with despair, the sad, unhappy maid
At midnight seeks the solitary shade ;
And, hopeless of all solace and relief,
She to the forest tells her tale of grief,
With bootless lamentation fills the grove,
And loud complainings of her luckless love ;
While the surrounding rocks, and murm'ring stream
Re-echo back the melancholy theme.

Young Sibert, haply passing thro' the shade,
Chanc'd to o'erhear the sadly-sorrowing maid.
His Ellen's voice full well the lover knew,
And to the place with swift impatience flew,
Enquir'd the cause of her uncommon grief,
And kindly sought to minister relief.
To him she told the tale of her distress,
Nor was the youth at hearing anguish'd less.
Despair his bosom rack'd with mingling ire,
His tongue vociferated vengeance dire,
They kiss'd, they wept, bemoan'd their hapless state,
And curs'd the authors of their wayward fate ;
But vainly their misfortunes they deplore,
Soon they must part, and part to meet no more !
A tender, last adieu, they sadly took,
As each reluctantly, the grove forsook :
But ere the lovers left the lonely place,
Or ere they sever'd from the last embrace,

g Sibert pledg'd a vow, and firmly said,
this be confident, thou beauteous maid !—
or alive, successful or o'erthrown,
heart shall still be thine, and thine alone !”
from those pleasing scenes of youthful love,
beauteous Eleanor must now remove,
in obedience to her wedded lord,
grace a mansion which her soul abhor'd.
wall, the place gothic pile, and rude,
bleak confines of Northumbria stood ;
on one side the Pictish wall extends,
to the westward, near the Solway ends ;
to the eastward, passing on the line,
near the efflux of the river Tyne.
y and bleak, the station still has been,
its vestiges may yet be seen.
with Sir Hildebrand, the hapless dame.
Eleanor, a bride all mournful came ;
leur was there ;—but, say, can this bestow
the mind where sits a settl'd woe ?
'twas not here her agitated mind,
somy grandeur, pleasure hop'd to find,
rooted grief sat pictur'd in her face,
roses from her cheeks retir'd apace ;
tion mark'd each action of her life,
ho' a bride she seem'd a widow'd wife.
ildebrand observ'd her secret woe.
new the cause, nor more desir'd to know.
nce, not love incited him to wed,
en, cheerless life with her he led ;

A secret jealousy possess'd his mind,
At best, not much to gentleness inclin'd,
And thus that grief her bosom felt before,
By his unkindness now increas'd the more,
And all her days and nights with care o'ercast,
In silent, sad solicitude are pass'd ;
No friend a kindly comfort to impart,
Or sooth the sorrows of her anguish'd heart.

Young Sibert, when he left his love-lorn fair,
In all the anguish of desponding care,
Madden'd with rage, by disappointment torn,
Awhile he wander'd thro' the land forlorn,
Absorb'd in all the mis'ry of thought,
Listless of where he went, or what he sought ;
It chanc'd, that then along the southern coast,
Brittania's powers were drawn, a numerous host,
In all the glare of martial pomp array'd,
With their proud ensigns gaudily display'd :
Their vessels further than the eye could reach—
A floating forest stretch'd along the beach.
The lion-hearted Richard bore command,
Of the vast armament upon the strand,
Which were, ere long, to seek the Holy Land ;
For now the banner'd cross was rais'd on high—
Crusade ! the watchword, and the common cry ;
All Christendom pours forth in hostile swarms,
Saints and assassins—all are cas'd in arms,
And each his fortune seeks in Palestine,
Amid the fight with mighty Saladine.

Day look'd the sons of Britain's hardy race,
First martial ardour flush'd each soldier's face ;
I all impatient wait the fav'ring gale,
And ling'ring signal for their fleets to sail.
With these young Sibert bravely volunteer'd,
For stormy waves, or hostile armies fear'd ;
Hopes, at least, 'midst oriental foes,
Not to win renown, to lose his woes.
In death itself, to him no horror bears,
More worse than death his present state appears ;
Flee from his Eleanor, all pleasure fled,
Flee from his health, care, like a canker fed,
; tho' thus doom'd to visit her no more,
Sibert, to heav'n the faithful Sibert swore
That neither time nor place should once estrange
His thoughts from her, or his affections change.
; tho' thus cruelly compell'd to part,
; still should be the mistress of his heart,—
; For blew th' auspicious winds ; the troops on board
; As signal made, the squadrons were unmoor'd ;
; As swelling canvas rustles in the breeze,
; And swift the vessels glide along the seas.
; Long at the rest, he desp'rate joins the host,
; To try his fortune on the Syrian coast.
; Now o'er the seas the fleets impatient glide,
; Now ply their sounding oars—now stem the tide ;
; Now headlong drive before the steady gale,
; And now by turns unreef or shorten sail.
; First far extended o'er the azure deep,
; Then lengthen'd navy bears with ample sweep ;

And now they reach Sicilia's far-fam'd isle,
Within whose ports they rendezvous awhile.
And with Mysenean cheer the troops prepare,
To brave the dangers of the coming war.

Not far from here terrific Ætna lies,
Whose spiky summit rears above the skies,
Perpetual verdure smiles around its base,
Whilst everlasting snows its tops embrace.
Beneath, volcanic fires its caverns rend,
Whilst high in air the mountain flames ascend ;
With roar tremendous, whilst the burning tide
Carries dire devastation far and wide :
And mingling streams of flame, and heavier stone.
Are o'er the isle in dreadful torrents thrown ;
Enceladus, as ancient fables prove,
O'ercome by the omnipotence of Jove,
For waging proud rebellion with the skies,
Transfix'd beneath the pond'rous mountain lies ;
And when he turns, his weary side to ease,
Convulsions dire its inmost caverns seize ;
And from its yawning mouths destruction pours.
Which, hurl'd in air, descends in flaming show'rs ;
And headlong bearing down with hideous blaze,
The torrid cataract rolls by diff'rent ways,
Then forests, cities, populace and all,
In undistinguish'd ruin sadly fall ;
Whilst clouds of suffocating ashes toss'd
In air, obscure the day, and strew the coast.

Now from the ports of Sicily, once more,
The fleets depart to seek the Cyprian shore ;

Where royal Richard sends to crave supplies
Of needed stores for him and his allies.
But Isaac, then the sov'reign of the land,
Refuses to comply with his demand,
And, spite of ev'ry stipulation made,
He churlishly withholds the needed aid,
Which, like a Christian prince, (so stood the laws)
He should have yielded to the common cause.
Rous'd by resentment at the foul offence
And base affront, the lion-hearted prince
Prepares the monarch's baseness to chastize,
Who his request thus proudly durst despise.
The soldiers instantly receive command
To quit their ships and hasten to the land.
The ready troops at the command proceed
To seize their arms, and disembark with speed ;
Sibert among the rest undaunted goes,
Careless how destiny of him dispose.
Without a motive he adopts the strife,
Heedless of honour, and still more of life ;
All that could stimulate to glory most,
In losing Eleanor, young Sibert lost.
Yet, tho' no mistress' smiles hit heart may cheer,
Resentment nerv'd his arm, and aim'd his spear ;
For where he fought, vindictive was his wrath,
And dire destruction mark'd his fatal path.

But soon the Cypriots, by superior might
O'erborne, relinquish the unequal fight,
Their prince a pris'ner, tyrant now no more,
The kingdom yields, and owns the victor's pow'r,

Who close the hapless captive king retains,
Loaden with infamy and galling chains.
Nor here his portion of misfortune ends,
The conq'ror he to Palestine attends,
There, to the Infidels, forc'd to proclaim
Great Richard's might, but most of all his shame,

At length once more from Cyprus they remove,
(Once the gay country of the Queen of Love,)
And strive with spreading sails, and lab'ring oars,
With speed to gain the hostile Syrian shores;
Nor long in vain their voyage they pursue,
Ere Jaffa's far-fam'd port th' advent'ers view.
Various and strange sensations now possess'd
Alike the sov'reign and the subjects breast;
Some, by the saints exhorted to depend
On faith, and gain salvation in the end,
Some, by their leaders taught to scorn alarms—
Rely on courage, and to practice arms;
One dreams of glory, others of disgrace,
And sad anxiety pervades each face.

At length the vessels strike the hostile strand,
All fears subside, and quick the warriors land.
Along the winding shores, the fleets remain,
Their spreading camps wide occupy the plain.
Each their respective leaders range around,
Or, move by the harsh trumpet's clang'rous sound;
Aloft, in air their sacred ensigns wave,
Whose sign the Christian soldier courage gave.
Whilst all the martial host with busy care,
For the approaching conflict now prepare.

Refresh'd awhile, the hostile powers proceed
To the commencement of the war with speed,
Siege follows siege, and fight succeeds on fight,
Nor discord rages more by day than night.
Great Godfrey's* prowess wide destruction spread,
And Richard's† name the nation heard with dread.
Where'er amid the ranks of war he press'd,
The harlot Fortune hover'd o'er his crest.
And now the encreasing war more furious grows,
The Saracens their mightiest force oppose ;
The Land of Promise, shakes with loud alarms,
And Salem's city thunders forth to arms,
Christians and Infidels, with equal ire,
Menace revenge, with desolation dire !
Ere long the hostile pow'rs with martial rage,
In sight of fair Jerusalem engage ;
Infernal vengeance stalks athwart the plain,
With carnage dy'd, and heaps of mangled slain.
Swords clash with swords, and shield encounters
shield,
And death and discord rage througout the field,
Amongst the rest, amid this scene of blood,
Young Sibert long superior force withstood ;
With heaps of slaughter'd foes entrench'd around,
He, like a tyger, furious keeps his ground ;

*Godfrey, Count of Boulogne.

†The name of Richard was so terrible in Palestine, that mothers, to quieten their clamorous infants, used to tell them that King Richard was coming ; as nurses talk now-a-days of *raw head and bloody bones*.

Wounded, at length, o'erpow'r'd, and out of breath,
Reluctantly he leaves the work of death !
And slow retiring, from the battle past,
Supported by a friend, to breathe his last !
Whom he adjur'd to promise on his word,
One last sad friendly office to afford.
This was, when dead, his faithful heart to bear,
Encas'd in gold, to Eleanor the fair !
The only token left, by which to prove
His matchless constancy, and deathless love.

With various changes ended the campaign,
And Europe's sons their countries seek again.
Amongst the rest the friend of Sibert came,
With his sad present to the hapless dame ;
Who, tho' another lord her hand possess'd,
He ne'er had gain'd an interest in her breast :
But mournful ever, tho' a wedded wife,
She with a husband led a widow'd life !
Who, jealous of the littleness of love
He shar'd in her, by ev'ry method strove
That little as it was, to render less
By cruelty, which doubl'd her distress,
Sullen in rage, but in that rage severe,
Sir Hildebrand might stand without a peer.

Quite punctual to his charge, the faithful friend
Of Sibert, now his journey at an end,
To Eleanor, in spite of danger went,
The faithful heart and casket to present.
But such was the determin'd will of Fate,
That, ere the stranger reach'd the castle-gate,

net Sir Hildebrand upon the way,
 forc'd the unwilling messenger to stay ;
 , maugre each equivocating shift.
 n him extorts his mission, and the gift.
 which, well pleas'd, he to the castle hies,
 'd joy and vengeance sparkling in his eyes.
 carefully the fatal charge belays,
 by one act his foul design betrays ;
 with an hypocritic meanness tries
 baseness of his purpose to disguise ;
 ears to be more affable and gay,
 with his wife the evening chats away .
 schemes of dire revenge and hellish rage
 eath this seeming calm his soul engage.
 ev'ning come, the knight all courteous grown,
 'd with his beauteous Eleanor alone.
 ast off that pensive gloom, fair dame ! (he cried)
 thus, for ever be the mourning bride ;—
 t boots this grief that preys upon thy mind ?
 I, thy husband, be more fond—more kind ?
 thee with plenty teems my spacious hall,
 are not all my servants at thy call ?—
 let thy smiles, sweet Eleanor impart
 t joy that ought to cheer a husband's heart.
 ev'ning, as I rang'd along the grove,
 w for thee, in token of my love,
 finest deer, that e'er took archer's aim ;
 cart shall be thy supper, lovely dame !
 eat—be cheerful—give the winds thy woes,
 let thy husbands bosom find repose."

MOV'd by his courtesy, and kindly treat,
With more than usual cheerfulness she eat.
And as she thought his kindness was unfeign'd,
Consum'd the whole of what the dish contain'd,
The brutal monster gladden'd to the soul
Thus to succeed in artifice so foul,
With laughter cried—"Now, lovely lady! say,
How did you relish this your supper pray?
I think you greatly seem'd to enjoy the zest,
And so you might, when you shall know the rest;
That heart which you so greedily have eat,
Once in the bosom of young Sibert beat;
In Palestine he fell—and ever true,
Bequeath'd it as a legacy to you!"

Quite petrified with horror at the deed,
She answer'd not, but seiz'd the dish with speed;
And with her tongue she lick'd it o'er and o'er,
As if resolv'd on all, if it were more;
Nor spoke a word, nor from the room retir'd;
But rais'd a scream of horror—and expir'd!

THE FOUNDLING;

A MODERN STORY, FOUNDED ON FACT



LOOK where yon cottage stands so humbly neat,
Oft the tir'd pilgrim's welcome snug retreat;
Whether from summer's heat, or parching drought,
Or wintry blasts, he kindly shelter sought.
The tempting sign to entrance did provoke,
And time was shorten'd by the landlord's joke,
The nut-brown ale, and hostess' courteous smile,
Serv'd the dull hour of ling'ring to beguile.
For complaisance was ever seen to wait
On those who deign'd a visit at their gate.
With rural neatness was the mansion dress'd,
Which gave the liquor still a double zest,
And so well pleas'd were all who chanc'd to stay,
That none e'er pass'd—who came again that way :
But now low laid is this industrious pair,
And ceas'd is both their courtesy and care.
Beneath yon hillock, where the myrtles wave,
This couple lie interr'd within one grave;
Strange was their destiny, unkind their fate,
But hush ! till I their history relate.

Near where yon distant mountains tow'ring rise,
And Skiddaw's summit seems to pierce the skies,

Liv'd farmer Harrowood, an honest boor,
A man nor very rich, nor very poor,
A farm he had indeed, it was but small,
A horse, two cows, some sheep and that was all;
Yet, he respected by his neighbours was,
Who think of what man is, not what he has ;
For 'tis not in the lowly vale of life
As in the higher spheres, where pride and strife,
With swoll'n ambition, occupy the great,
And merit rests on eminence and state.
No ! Farmer Harrowood was honest deem'd,
And was for virtue more than wealth esteem'd ;
To cultivate with care his little stock
Or on the mountain side to tend his flock,
Was nearly all his labour, all his care—
His heart for wishes had no time to spare.
The body's labour still engag'd the mind,
And health was still with exercise combin'd,
It chanc'd the Farmer rose one morn in may,
And to his labour took his wonted way.
In merry mood, he cheerly trudg'd along,
And carol'd to himself a homespun song ;
When suddenly he heard, with fix'd surprise,
Distinct and near, a whining infant's cries.
He look'd about—and nestling on the ground,
Beneath the hedge, a new-born infant found.
Naked it was, 'save that a rag was roll'd
Around its limbs, to shield it from the cold :
Mov'd with amazement at th' uncommon scene,
The Farmer look'd quite thunderstruck I ween ;

as his bosom pity ever knew,
 stood not long in pond'ring what to do ;
 from the earth the sprawling infant rears,
 to his wife the curious off'ring bears,
 whom, as it had pleas'd omniscient heaven,
 offspring of her own had e'er been given.
 her the husband tells the wond'rous tale ;—
 haps the strangest thing e'er happen'd in their
 dale ;

jealous doubts the rustic dame alarms,
 pleas'd she takes the foundling to her arms,
 with a mother's fondness, and her cares,
 h necessary speedily prepares ;
 n garments proper for its rank are bought,
 ist, as assiduously a nurse is sought,
 wants their joint attentions seem'd t' employ,
 l Michael was the name they gave the boy ;
 e reason was, as all the neighbours say,
 ause they found him on Saint Michael's day ;
 t thro' the neighb'ring vales the tidings run,
 at farmer Harrowood had got a son.
 case mysterious vex'd each rustic's brain,
 d wild conjecture guess'd, but guess'd in vain.
 ne thought of this one—others thought of that,
 d Michael was the theme of ev'ry chat.
 er heed ; he be of high or humble race,
 child was healthful and improv'd space.
 st, by degrees began to lisp and talk,
 d then progressively attempts to walk ;

Next, in his foster-father's hand he goes,
And calls him sire, as he no other knows ;
Still rip'ning onwards see him now ascend
The mountains, and his fleecy charge attend ;
For, ever pliant to his sire's controul,
T'obey seem'd all the pleasure of his soul.

Industrious, careful, honest and sincere,
He to his neighbours as his friends was dear ;
Whilst not a youth that rang'd the sylvan grove.
But what solicited young Michael's love :
Nor was he ever in his friendships shy,
As to oblige seem'd to increase his joy ;
Nor could the youthful beauties of the place,
With unconcern view his engaging face.
A manly comeliness, tho' but a child,
Sat on his brow, and o'er each feature smil'd,
Mix'd with a soft engagingness and ease.
That seem'd adapted ev'ry heart to please.
In fine, by either sex he was approv'd ;—

The males commended, and the females lov'd,
Amongst the various damsels of the dale,
The beauteous boast of Keswick's lovely vale,
Was Marg'ret, loveliest of the rustic train
Who sport at ev'ning on the dasied plain.
Her sparkling eye with softest lustre shone,
Her cheeks were like the rose-bud newly blown.

Her limbs seem'd form'd in nature's fairest mould,
And her whole frame was beauteous to behold ;
Base-born she was, the truth we must record,
For all depends upon the author's word ;—

racity historians should observe,
r from the paths of truth affect to swerve,
r mother was a low-bred country dame,
one would say, of no exalted fame ?
t whether by seduction's wiles o'erthrown,
from propensity to lewdness prone,
what I am not able here to say,
'tis a matter doubtful to this day.
t this we know—the child was born in shame,
o' from the world she kept the father's name.
e parish nurs'd the girl who grew apace,
d as she wax'd in years improv'd in grace.
t no more like the dame that gave her birth,
an melancholy is akin to mirth ;
r she was modest as a cloister'd nun,
d chaste as Delia, sister to the sun.
d farmer Jobson says, and says 'tis true,
finer girl than her he never knew ;
r she with him was servant seven long years,
s by her own indenture still appears :
nd whilst she serv'd him, he declares, that still
er chiefest pleasure seem'd to be his will.
olite to all she met, she won, no doubt,
h' esteem of all the neighbours round about.
'ell !—be it so, 'tis meet we forward speed,
nd to the marrow of our tale proceed.
Full fifteen years o'er Marg'ret's head had hurl'd,
ince she'd been usher'd to the busy world ,
t which said period ev'ry blooming grace
hat youth can boast, sat pictur'd in her face ;

Oft had her eyes on Michael fix'd their stare,
Unconscious of the cause that kept them there.
Of love she little knew except the name—
Strange to the cause, altho' she felt the flame.
Yet still she gaz'd on Michael with delight,
And felt uneasy when not in her sight.

Meanwhile the youth had now attain'd sixteen,
By far the sprucest stripling on the green;
With him not one of all the rural throng,
Could run so fast, or hold it out so long;
With such dexterity could leap the mound,
Or tumble heels o'er crupper on the ground.
In all these puerile feats he far excell'd,
Nor was unenvied by his peers beheld;
Who all with equal emulation fir'd,
To match at least, if not surpass aspir'd.
At ev'ning, when the labours of the day,
Were ceas'd, and twilight gave the village play,
With jocund heart he'd haste him to the ring,
And with his neighbour-youths would dance and sing;
Yet, when he sported 'midst the happy host,
Of all the nymphs he notic'd Marg'ret most.
With mark'd attention he beheld each grace—
Each rising beauty in her blushing face;
Watch'd all her movements with assiduous care,
And all her pains and pleasures seem'd to share.
Change where she would, or saunter here or there,
He still was happiest when she was most near;
And when dark night proclaim'd their ending sport,
Tho' e'er so long, to him the time seem'd short;

If e'er he went by chance to Maudlin Fair,*
No sport he found if Marg'ret were not there.
But fraught with nick-nacks homeward soon he hied,
With ev'ry thing save her, dissatisfied.
Thus long with passion combating they strove,
Each fearful to reveal their smother'd love;
Which stiff'd thus, but with more ardour burns,
And ev'ry effort of concealment spurns,
Till bursting forth it baffles all controul,
And each to each confess'd their secret soul,
Long had their neighbours mark'd their mutual love,
Nor one their flame could justly disapprove.
Their equal fortunes, and their equal age.
All seem'd a happy union to presage;
None could object to difference of estate,
So like their persons, and so like their fate:
And ev'ry body thought—who thought could spare,
There could not well be found a nicer pair.
Whilst Farmer Harrowood was pleas'd to th' life,
And swore that Marg'ret should be Michael's wife!
And in his will, so well he lik'd the lad,
He would bequeath him ev'ry thing he had.
Meanwhile the years on tardy pinions flew,
Whilst stronger their commutual passions grew.
At length a day was fix'd to solemnize
Their nuptials, and complete their long-wish'd joys.
The news diffus'd a joy throughout the dale,
And ev'ry youth was gladden'd with the tale,

*An annual fair held at Keswick.

The morn arriv'd—in gayest vestments dress'd,
The rustic groupe towards the bridal press'd,
All equally desirous to attend ;
As ev'ry swain to Michael was a friend,
And ev'ry nymph th' esteem of Marg'ret shar'd,
So all the village, on that morn, prepar'd
To celebrate with joy the festive day.
Where smiles illum'd each face, and ev'ry heart was
gay.

The Gordian Knot was tied—the happy pair,
Escorted by their train, from church repair
To farmer Jobson's house, who had supplied
A dinner for the love he bore the bride!
Here simple dainties in abundance made
A feast unmix'd with lux'ry or parade,
The spark'ling ale in goblets stream'd around,
And merriment the guileless banquet crown'd.
The dinner done, the cheerful throng withdrawn,
Prepare their gambols on the daisied lawn,
Where dulcet sounds of music echoing round,
A doubling chorus from the hills resound ;
At length the jovial party, ev'ning come,
'Gin each to think of their respective home ;
The pair they wish all happiness and health,
With handsome children, and increase of wealth,
Each farmer cordial shakes his neighbour's hand,
And from the green retire the jocund band.
Young Michael with his blushing Marg'ret goes
To Jobson's house, the bridal scene to close,

selected friends attend him there,
with him all the joys of ev'ning share ;
right now far advanc'd, the bridegroom led
; Marg'ret from amidst the throng to bed.
at friend Jobson's house a week they stay,
former service wishful to repay,
ewes selects, the fairest of his flock,
o the bride presents, to found her stock :
promises of favours yet to come,
on as they got settled once at home,
; Michael, ever careful in his schemes,
av'd, whilst in his servitude, it seems,
ges sav'd, and various other ways,
i, in time, might independence raise,
ng his hours in indolence he pass'd,
ooking round each day, he found at last
e close by, quite answ'ring to the plan ;
ow he deem'd himself a happy man.
soon he shifts, and stocks his little farm,
as the road was near, thought it no harm
ep a public-house ; as, by that chance,
p'd his little fortune to advance ;
n his sign inscrib'd the humble tale,
ere was sold—" Good Porter, Beer, and Ale !"
s his warmest wishes were excell'd,
ouse with customer's was daily fill'd,
ndlord's courtesy allur'd each guest,
all the goodness of his ale confess'd ;
t ev'ry trav'ler, with his welcome fain,
is'd to call whene'er he came again.

Thus happiness appear'd to bless their days,
And thus success attended on their ways.
No feuds domestic vex'd their frugal life,
The husband happy—and content the wife.
That love, which in wild passion first begun,
Wore into friendship, as it onward run.
In six short years six children's smiles they share,
As Michael mild, and as their mother fair.
But evanescent are all earthly joys,
How soon misfortune's touch each hope destroys,
How soon our fairest prospects are o'erthrown,
And dire Despair usurps Hope's radiant throne!—

It chanc'd, one wintry day, quite wet and cold,
That Marg'ret's mother, feeble grown, and old,
Set down the dale, in slow unequal trot,
To pay a visit to her daughter's cot.
For, tho' conceiv'd in guilt, and born in shame
Dear to the parent was the daughter's name.
Fast fell the rain, the hurricane blew strong,
As Magdalen, all storm-struck, trudg'd along.
Scarce could she combat with the baffling blast,
And in the mire her feet were oft stuck fast.
At length she reach'd the place, but so o'ercome,
She scarce could gain the portal of the dome
She knock'd—the ready door wide open flew;
But how was Marg'ret thunderstruck to view
The hapless parent of her lawless birth
Exhausted, palé, and sinking to the earth!
Tho' Marg'ret never knew a mother's care,
At least of kindness had but little share,

Yet filial piety her bosom warms,
And, taking the poor wand'rer in her arms,
She bore her gently, tho' bedaub'd with mire,
And plac'd her in a chair before the fire.
There with officious care a cordial brings,
And ministers revivifying things ;
With anxious hopes to stop the fleeting breath,
And snatch her from the yawning jaws of death.
The daughter's kindly care, the genial flame,
Recover'd partially the shiv'ring dame.
But death's cold hand had grasp'd about her heart,
And life seem'd stagnant in each vital part.
And tho' affection might with nature strive,
It certain seem'd she could not long survive ;—
Convinc'd herself, of her approaching end,
Them she entreats a moment to attend,
Ere she surrender'd to all-conquering fate,
To what she then was lab'ring to relate ;
But begg'd that to the world might ne'er be known,
What was of consequence to them alone ;—
They hush'd, the expiring beldam thus begun :
“ Draw near—my daughter !—and attend my son ;
Both children of my womb !—say whilst I live,
Can you this peerless cruelty forgive ?
If so, 'twould rather ease my parting soul,
And sooth a conscience, with offences foul ;—
Brother and sister by one sire you are,
One common mother too, in me you share !
A lawless libertine your father ;—he
Seduc'd, betray'd, and then deserted me !

Thee, Michael, first I bore; and 'twas my aim
 By thy exposure to conceal my shame;
 For I so artfully the world beguil'd,
 No mortal ever knew I was with child!
 But Marg'ret! ere with thee I'd pregnant been
 Six months, my guilt was evidently seen:—
 But, oh!—I faint;—the icy hand of death
 Suspends each faculty, and stops my breath:—
 Oh!—can you—can you pardon, ere I die?"—
 She ceas'd;—no more but one expiring sigh.
 But say, what pencil shall describe the look,
 That of the hapless pair possession took?—
 Silent in grief—both petrified they stood,
 Whilst horror fix'd their looks, and chill'd the ~~the~~^{air}
 blood.

The awful pause at length poor Michael broke,
 And thus unto his consort-sister spoke:
 "O, Marg'ret! how shall I this blow survive?
 It were in vain with destiny to strive;
 I feel more agonies than tongue can tell!
 The damn'd reflection drives me down to hell!
 Incest—perdition! heav'n can ne'er forgive
 The monstrous wretch, and suffer him to live!
 O, cruel, cursed mother!—damn the tongue,
 In telling us the secret kept so long!
 Why, if thy silence saunter'd to this time,
 Might we not live—unconscious of the crime?—
 Why not, when guiltless of that damning fact,
 Could she have spoke, and stop'd th' infernal act?

But now to come, when all the crime was past,
And make us doubly miserable at last !
Guilt was not ours till conscious of th' offence !
And tho' we err'd, 'twas but in innocence :
Pure was our love, reciprocal the flame.
In childhood nurtur'd, and thro' life the same.
Happy in each, till her foul ravings first
Show'd us our sin, and made us doubly curs'd !''

Thus storm'd the injur'd husband and the son,
Whilst from his tongue loud execrations run !
Wild phrenzy shook his frame ! all reason fled ;
And one short week beheld him with the dead !
Poor Mar'gret longer bore her hapless part,
A year she pin'd, but sorrow broke her heart !

ROSLEY FAIR.



OF Isthmian and Olympian games,
Let ancient rhymers ring,
Their ~~wrestlers~~ and their ~~boxers~~ names,
In noisy numbers sing ;
Or Egypt when the annual Nile,
Its common bound ovr ran,
Sec auld far'd claver's not worth whyle,
Foaks lyke o' us to scan,

I'th' present day.

Twea thousand years are ovr an' mair,
Sen a' this nonsense vanish'd,
An' to the de'il by christian care,
Their pagan pliskits banish'd ;
Whylst modern tymes by change refyn'd,
For wisdom mair reputed,
For sports t' oblivion lang consign'd,
Have merrier instituted,

In latter days.

or what avail'd their rammish routs,
 Wi' Sampson-lyke exertions,
 heir broken nappers, syling snouts?
 Could thar be ca'd devarshions?
 ot Athen's tho' for sense renown'd,
 Nor Thebes could ere compare,
 or pastymes sec as may be found,
 Ilk year at Rosley Fair;
 O'th second day.

ere mirth and merchandize are mix'd,
 Here love with tumult rages,
 ere fraud on folly fast as fix'd,
 And sense with craft engages;
 y villainy hauds out her hand
 Your pocket nuoks to rifle,
 id clouds are rais'd o' stour and sand,
 Eneugh auld Nick to stifle,
 O' th' hill this day.

ee frae a' quarters, east and west,
 I droves the country coming,
 Whyle flocks o' naigs and kye are press'd,
 By flocks o' men and woman:
 Buss'd i' their best, the blythesome troop
 Bang forward helter skelter,
 Whyle mony mang the mingl'd group,
 O' th' gait are fit to swelter,
 Wi' heat that day.

Here pedlars frae a' parts repair,
`Baith Yorkshire beytes and Scotch folk,
And Paddies wi' their fyne linn ware,
Tho' a' design to botch folk ;
Cheat that cheat can's the common rule,
Folks a' cheat ane anither,
For he that's nowther knave or fuol,
'odsake what brought him hither,
To th' fair this day.

See mounted on an old grey mare,
Led forth in pompous pride,
Auld Baxter fidling thro' the fair,
Wi' th' baileys by his syde :
This is as mickle as to say,
The tryste is fairly started ;
Now you may up and cheat away,
For nae man shall be thwarted,
That's here this day.

Now for a break—'od sake stand clean
Or luok for future evils,
A' Bewcastle's broken lowse—see there !
They're ga'n lyke stark mad deevils :
Wi' whup and spur they rive away,
And drive down a' before them,
And heaps on heaps are whurl'd away,
Or lam'd, the vengeance roar them,
For brutes this day

Here ample rows o' tents are stretch'd,
 The gurse green common bigg'd on,
 And baggin ready cuok'd is fetetch'd
 Frae Peerith, Carle, and Wigton,
 Vi' rowth o' spirits, wynes and yale
 In bottles and in barrels.
 That will ere neeght, if reeght's my tale,
 Ferment a power o' quarrels
 And stryfe this day.

See Sawney wi' his auld din'd yad,
 Just cum'd frae Ecclefechan,
 Telling the gimmer wi' a gad,
 Tho' lyke a porpoise peighing;
 He warrants her sound win and limb,
 As onny o' the hill;
 Tho' fint a yen wad creedit him,
 That's owther seeght or skill—
 A word that day.

Patrick o' Fagan wi' his cloth,
 Comes on amang the rest,
 And tells his dealers with an oath,
 'Tis better than the best;
 This yard which cost me half-a-crown,
 For eighteen pence I offer;
 By Jasus, man! I'm quite torn down!—
 Which forces me to proffer
 So cheap to-day,

Here's Yorkshire impudence d'ye see,
Advancing for a brek,
Just seeking thryce as much as he,
Kens he'll consent to tak ;
Here maister, buy a coit cloith here,
Ye's have it chep believe me,
'Tis of the finest ool I swear,
Mon think ye I'd deceive ye,
Not l this day,

Luok whar ith' nuok o' yonder tent,
Yon crew are slyly smuggling,
I warrant ye now thar gang are bent,
To take folk in by juggling :
Some cut purse dow-for-noughts nea doubt,
That deevilments have skill in,
And some that com weel laden out,
May gang without a shilling,
Off heame this day.

Whisht, what's yon noise amang yon crowd,
Yon ranting and huzzaing,
Whar trumpets skirl and drums beat lo ud,
And organs sweet are playing ;
Here walk in gentlemen and see,
Exclaims a hobthrust fellow,
The King and Royal family,
Auld Nick and Punchenello,
In style this day.

Here's eagle, ostritch, and macaw,
 Wi' the fam'd horse o' knowledge,
 Who more sagacity can shew,
 Than twenty fools from college ;
 A thousand tricks by cards he'll tell,
 Each one esteem'd a wonder.
 And all the pack he knows so well,
 I never knew him blunder,
 By night or day.

See the huge elephant advance,
 Of men he'd carry tharty,
 A thousand lyke him sent to France,
 Would crush proud Bonaparty.
 Here's the fierce tyger from Bengal,
 Th' oppossum from Savannah,
 The royal lion and jackall,
 The lynx and fierce hyena,
 Alive this day.

Do walk in gentlemen, walk in,
 The price is only three-pence,
 We're just a going to begin,
 You two step in for fi'pence ;
 You ne'er have seen in all your days,
 So fine a show as this is,
 Go where we will it gains the praise,
 Of gentleman and misses
 On every day.

Come John I think we'll skift our stand,
 And see what's yonder bawling,
 Winge lad its a quack doctor man,
 His drugs and nostrums calling,
 Here are the pills that cure all ills.
 And slype off ev'ry evil,
 The cramp, the stich, the pox, the itch,
 Nay that wad kill the deevil,

If here to day.

Sic hurdum durdum, dust and din,
 Wi' showmen and physician,
 Ane'd think that they meeght Babel an',
 Class'd for a new edition ;
 The noise o' boxers and o' bulls,
 O' drums and dibblers jingling,
 O' calves and carles wi' clatter'd skulls,
 Are lyke confusion mingling
 Reeght loud this day.

But let us step into Camp House,
 And see their dancing sprees,
 There we may cruok our hams and booze
 A wee bit at our ease ;
 Where we our various cracks may ha'd,
 On ilka thing that passes,
 And watch the water oasting, lad,
 O' some our bonny lasses,
 Unseen this day.

Wi' merry lilt the fidler's chang,
 The lads and lasses bicker.
 The drink o' acid teasts sea strang,
 'Twad make an auld naig'nicker;
 Some sit and rub their shins reeght sad,
 Full sair wi' sindry knocks,
 Ithers wi' keveling hey go mad,
 Sweat lyke as mony brocks,
 I'th' room this day.

Here lan'leady some mair short takes,
 And meng us up thar glasses,
 Fidlers screw up your strings for faiks,
 We'll lilt up Sowerby lasses;
 And hey for our town lads, stand back,
 And lets have room to rally,
 We'll thump away till a' be black,
 Weel fidg'd my soursy Sally,
 Thou's myne this day,

Here a' seems happiness throughout,
 Lang be your pleasures lasting,
 The punch and cyder laves about,
 And few are here black fasting;
 Ilk lad now hugs the lass he lykes,
 Whyle some have hauf a dizzen,
 Unless some wreen ill-natur'd tykes,
 That car'nt if th' lasses wizen,
 At th' fair this day.

But we'll agean our matty shift,
And stroll about together,
We'll not give ae place a' our gift,
And hain nought for a nither ;
A thousand farlies yet unseen,
We'll find at diff'rent places,
I' scores o' tents we hev'nt been,
Nor seen hauf th' bonny faces,
Are here this day.

Let's tek a scover thro' th' horse fair,
And hear some coupar jargon,
We'll see them cheat and lythe them lee,
Owr monny a gallows bargain,
For Bewcastle aye bears the bell,
For jobbers, scamps, and dealers,
And low be't spoken some folks tell.
They erst hev been horse stealer's,
In there away.

Luok, lyke mad bulls they bang about,
Wi' shouts their thropples riving,
Whyle whup for smack the rabble rout,
Are t'ane owr tother driving ;
Perdition seems to mark their gait,
Wi' rage and wilful murder,
Some safer bit, we'll try to laite,
And pauk on rather further,
Frae skaith this day,

Whyte round the hill we'll tak a range,
And view whatever passes,
The varying ojects as they change,
Fyne wares and bonny lasses ;
If e'er variety can please,
What place is there in nature,
Where can be fund wi' greater ease,
Or where it can be greater,
Than here to-day,

Wi' monny mair see Meggy Howe,
Wi' her bit sarking linen,
That keep'd her feckly thro' th' how doup,
Wate weel reeght constant spinning,
Thro' monny a lang cauld winter neeght,
I'th' nuok as she sat drilling,
Her pund lyne gairn and now she's reeght,
If 't bring her forty shilling,
This Rosley day.

Here's babby lalkins, rowth o' spyce,
On sta's and rails extended,
Wi' nibbelties as guode as nyce,
In strange confusion blended ;
Wi' bozlam wares, shoon scores o' pairs,
And Whillymears rare cheeses,
Clogs splinter new, bass bottom'd chairs,
And lee stanes for new leeses,
I' heaps this day.

See swinging ovr the foggy swaird,
Begrac'd wi' angel features,
Wi' hra's weel buskit rig'd and squared,
A wheen delightful creatures ;
But ah ! beware the fause fac'd fair,
That seek but your undoing,
Thar blythsome blenks are but t' ensnare,
And tempt to certain ruin,
Puor gowks this day.

Ye heedless haufins that may hap,
To fall into their clutches,
Tent ye, or ye may nurse a clap,
For a' their gaudy mutches ;
And sud ye ablin be sea daft,
Ye'd luok but silly sloutches,
Wi' not a plack o' kelter left,
But heame wi' empty pouches,
To slounge this day.

Hark, where th' inviting drum o' Mars,
Athwart the fair loud rattles,
It minds me aye o' wounds and scars,
O' bruolliments and battles ;
But sergeant Kyte wad fain persuade,
'Tis but the call of honour,
Where certain fortune shall be made,
By those who wait upon her.
Off hand this day.

I lyke the king, I lyke the state,
 The kurk and constitution,
 And on their foes baith soon and late,
 Wish downfal and confusion;
 But may nae friend o' mine by cheats,
 Turn out that maizlin ninny,
 To barter a' a Briton's reeghts,
 For nonsense and a guinea,
 Wi' Kyte this day,

But here's a row worth a' the rest,
 Come we'll attend this tuoly,
 I' faith we've fund a famous nest,
 That mak a battling bruoly,
 Here crazy, lazy, blind, and lame,
 Engage for general trial,
 And heevy skeevy, fire and flame,
 They yoke in battle royal,
 Pell mell this day,

A sodger wid a wooden leg,
 A kynd o' snaffling noddy,
 Had bug'd a bure, her neame was Meg,
 A winsome weel far'd body;
 A darky glaum'd her by the hips,
 The sowdger band lyke thunder,
 But still the blind man held his grip,
 As tho' he ne'er wad sunder,
 Frae her that day.

Then up ruose Cæsar in a wrath,
And swing out ovr his crutches,
Swear he wad lib the fidler's graith,
If he com in his clutches ;
But his inconstant marrow Meg,
As for a bang he bumbl'd,
Lows'd in a tryce his timmer leg,
And down the warrior tumbl'd,
Lang streek'd that day.

Low sprawling on the brade o' his back,
Wi' rage the veteran ranted,
And round laid monny a loundring whack,
But aye effect they wanted ;
For as they ceep'd ayont his reach,
His bats fell fause not fairly ;
Whylst they kept batt'ring him en breach,
Which vext the wight reecht sairly,
Wate weel that day.

Round on his bum, his central bit,
As on a pivot wheeling,
The hero whurld 'him wi' his fit,
Fast round his drubs aye dealing ;
At length ovrwhelm'd wi' filth and sods,
Frae thar ferocious tartars,
He sank beneath superior odds,
And grean'd aloud for quarters,
And lyfe this day.

Now a' seems outrage ow'r the hill,
 Dread conflict and confusion,
 'The watch word's blown, be kill'd or kill.
 The day's wark's near conclusion ;
 We'd best be setting off wi' speed,
 Whyle we've hale beanes for carrying,
 For fear some hawbuck tek't i' his heade.
 To brake us weel for tarrying,
 Sea lang this day.

VERSES PROTEMPORE.

WHEN Haman plotted royal Esther's life.
 The Persian monarch like a decent fellow,
 Determin'd to support his injur'd wife:
 And minding not his ministers cabals,
 And state intrigue, which some so much appals,
 Care not how loud the treas'ry rogues might bellow.
 But on that self same high and lofty gallows,
 Whereon the uncle should have been exhibited,
 This Haman (as a premium for his malice)
 By a decree, that afternoon was gibbeted.
 Why might not Britain's George, like Persia's Cyrus
 At once dismiss this shameful, wick'd strife.
 When all the multitude are so desirous,
 Like a good man, protect his injur'd wife.
 This with his dignity, would better sort,
 And violated justice more atone,
 To drive corruption from about his court,
 And hang up every satrap round his throne,
 For there are some (with all their sleaky gammon)
 Deserve a gibbet, full as well as Haman.

SIR ODO THE PROUD.



OF all the proud Normans to William that bow'd
When England with dole was o'erspread,
Not one was more cruel, by all 'twas allow'd,
Then he erst ycleped Sir Odo the Proud,
For his name's yet remember'd with dread.
His castle, the strongest perhaps of the day,
Near the banks of the Solway then stood ;
Around the usurper's domains widely lay,
His vassals were num'rous, despotic his sway,
But his title was founded in blood !
A fam'd Saxon lord, yclad Morcar the brave,
Those manors had formerly held ;
But Harold's sad fate to his countrymen gave
A blow that soon threaten'd the whole to enslave,
And Morcar his lands was expell'd.
Now forc'd a small portion to till for his bread,
Of his own once extensive estate,
The indigent life of a vassal he led.
His flocks the fair Hilda industriously fed,
And shar'd, quite resign'd in his fate,

Fair Hilda for beauty as widely renown'd,
As Morcar for courage was fam'd ;
With each female grace and each virtue was crown'd,
On her even queens might with envy have frown'd,
For the Rose of the North she was nam'd.
It chanc'd as Sir Odo the field one day pass'd,
Where Hilda was tending her care,
His eyes on the unhappy beauty he cast,
His passion was kindled, his heart flutter'd fast,
And he ardently gaz'd on the fair.
His pride and his pow'r each respect taught to scorn,
For virtue his bosom ne'er knew,
From Morcar what tho' his domains he had torn,
And he forc'd to drudge in a state most forlorn,
His Hilda must now be forc'd too,
Thus fir'd with desire, which brutality warms,
The tyrant rush'd on to the field ?
The poor helpless innocent seiz'd in his arms,
And cried—" 'Tis in vain to refuse me those charms,
Which, maugre resistance must yield."
Entreaty was vain where no pity was known,
Resistance was equally vain ;
Her shrieks rent the air, Odo's bosom alone
Unmov'd could have heard such a pitiful moan,
But here could no pity obtain.
Her cries Morcar heard, and he flew to her aid,
For wings in his vengeance he found ;
But poor was the effort, unarm'd he assay'd
His Hilda's defence, for the tyrant's keen blade
Soon laid him a corpse on the ground !

Then quick from his hand the dire weapon she drew,
Which strait thro' her bosom she thrust !
And thus she exclaim'd—" bloody tyrant here view
A scene that ere long to thyself shall accrue,
The reward of thy rage and thy lust !"
Asham'd to behold, and distracted with rage,
Away to the castle he press'd ;
But what shall his conflict of passions assuage,
Here sharper reflections his bosom engage,
And horror beat loud at his breast !
No longer the chase can Sir Odo delight,
No longer of pleasure can share ;
Foul terrors torment him by day and by night,
Two stern bloody spectres are still in his sight,
And pride now gives way to despair.
He solitude shuns with solicitous dread,
Nor from company pleasure can take ;
Or when on his pillow he lays down his head,
Expectant repose to obtain from his bed,
More dreadful to dream than awake.
The dying prediction of Hilda the fair
Sunk deep in the knight's guilty breast ;
Distrust and disquietude, join'd with despair,
Corroded his bosom and heighten'd his care,
Whilst grandeur itself grew a pest.
The curfew had toll'd, and the hamlet was still,
No noise near the castle was heard,
Except the faint sound of the murmur'ing rill,
Or winds hollow whistling along the bleak hill,
By which scarce the aspen was stirr'd ;

When, lo ! the great bell of the mansion was rung,
As boding most dreadful alarms ;
With horror and haste from his couch Odo sprang,
His sword by his side in confusion he slung,
And call'd his domestics to arms.
To arms flew the servants, despair in each face.
For none the occasion could tell ;
Loud shouts and wild uproar surrounded the place,
The court and the castle appear'd in a blaze,
And loud, and more loud rang the bell.
It seem'd as if hell had burst forth in a crowd,
And fury permitted to range ;
When still and anon was re-echo'd aloud—
“ Come forth, thou base tyrant ! thou Odo the Proud !
For Morcar and Hilda, revenge ! ”
Sir Odo rush'd forth with his sword in his hand,
To examine the plight of the place ;
But, horrible ! when he beheld the fell band,
And Morcar, who furiously tossing a brand,
Discharg'd it at Odo's wan face !
Quite stunn'd and confounded, he fell to the ground,
Blue flames seem'd his corpse to enshroud ;
A legion of spectres encompass'd him round,
Whilst each with his firebrand inflicted a wound,
Yelling—“ Perish Sir Odo the Proud ! ”
So said, the fell legion their clamour loud raise,
Triumphant, tho' dreadful the roar !
The castle was rent from the top to the base,
And dire devastation soon cover'd the place,
But Odo was heard of no more !

The villagers, strangers oft show to the place,
Where once the proud fabric was seen ;
The ground-plot the trav'ler may easily trace,
The ditches without, and the vast inner space,
And place where the portal had been.
Yet still, as they say, on that night in the year,
Round that place, by the moon's silver sheen,
A legion of furies, with horrible cheer,
Keep wassal, whilst torches and firebrands they bear,
And dreadfully dance round the green !
And as with their gambols horrific they crowd
In movements mysteriously strange,
With hootings tremendous they halloo aloud—
“ Down, down thou base tyrant ! thou Odo the Proud !
Thus we Morcar and Hilda revenge ! ”

THE APPARITION,

A TALE.



NEAR where o'er monny a craggy steep,
The Liddle winds its flood ;
Deep in the bosom of a glen,
A Kirk a' lonely stood.

Nor house nor hall for monny a mile,
Was seen on ilka side,
But gloomy solitude appear'd
To mark the prospect wide.

Save ablins when the peasant swain,
His lowing heifers led,
Or sporting o'er the mountains brae,
The fleecy lambkins fed.

For if by chance mid mirky night,
The shepherd sought his cot,
With studied care he'd strive to shun,
This melancholy spot.

Syne fame had round the country rung,
That monny o' flayseme sight,
Had in the lone kirk yard been seen,
Oft by the moon's pale light.

Especially whene'er a corpse,
Was taen to his lang home,
Some de'il was sure to take his post,
Close o'er the new-made tomb.

Oft by miscanter this way led,
The nighted traveller's seen,
A frightful ghaist array'd in white,
Where a new grave had been.

And true, tho' wonderful it is,
Soon as he met the light,
He has deleerit turn'd and swoon'd,
Wi' thikning on the sight.

Full oft the reeling carlin too
Wi' swats and sleep misleer'd,
Their wits have tint wi' sprights beheld,
As they have this way steer'd.

Nae sneaking suitor frae his lass,
Tho' this were e'er sae bain,
But snaip'd wi' fear o' goblins dire,
Another gait has taen.

May not the bauldest of the bauld,
When glooming black'd the bent,
Wad madly tempt the dang'rous pass,
Were certain skaith was kent.

It chanc'd ae night ane Kirsty Bell,
For de'ils no muckle flay'd,
Had lang ayond the hour o' twal,
At the neist Clachan staid.

For Jemmy Ruikbie's cracks and yele,
Sae occupied his pate,
He ne'er ance thought tho' it was dark
And wet, about his gait.

The nearest way to Kirsty's house,
Lay by the lonely kirk,
But who sae brave wad try the road,
At midnight wet and mirk.

Beside a neybor had yestreen,
Been to the earth consign'd ;
These circumstances a' conspir'd,
To damp the callans mind.

But he mun hame, befa' what will,
Let de'ls or darkness league,
Tho' terrors mair employ'd his mind,
Than thoughts o' the fatigue.

But tother Hawick jill put down,
Pot valiant made the weight,
And off he sets to face the storm,
And horrors of the night.

O'er monny a hill, thro' monny a gill,
He grap'd his tractless way,
At last drew near the place and where
This dismal kirk yard lay.

And as he near'd the fated bit,
By ilk dyke nuik he past,
His een wi' wild enquiring gaze,
Are on each object cast.

At length a wee bit spunk o' light,
Transfix'd his wandring eyes,
Chill horror shook his manly frame,
And fill'd him with surprise.

A chilly sweat his limbs bedew'd,
His hair erected stood,
An icy coldness seem'd to stop,
The current of his blood.

But soon his courage he resumes,
Yet cautiously proceeds,
To where out by the steeple's end.
The winding pathway leads.

Here at the corner of the kirk,
Arriv'd he views wi' dread,
A ghaistly spectre pale and wan,
In funeral garb array'd.

Forment him yawn'd a frightful grave,
On ilk side o' the ground
Lay skulls and various other bairns,
Confus'dly scatter'd round.

A' power o' motion now seem'd lost,
Fear nearly stopp'd his breath,
Retreat was vain while to proceed,
Seem'd hurrying on to death.

The spectre ey'd him, and a luik,
On Kirsty cast askance,
But wi' a ghaistlike beck advis'd,
The carle not to advance.

But this wee interval of pause,
Contributes to compose,
His drooping courage, which ance mair,
Rekindling, bravely rose,
Conscious of nae uncommon vice,
Thought Kirsty to himsell,
For what need I be flay'd to face,
The hale train band o' hell.
Besides imposters weel I wat,
Have been baith rife and great,
And ablins searching this may shew,
Has been but a mere cheat.
What tho' the de'il before him stood,
And menac'd his approach ;
The whiskey steevering in his pow,
He fear'd him not a roach.
No Kit embolden'd by despair,
Or stupid wi' affright,
Resolv'd to have a nearer stand,
To contemplate the sprite.
Wi' panting heart tho' stedfast eye,
He view'd him o'er and o'er,
But sec a nither awfu' sight,
He ne'er beheld before.
His head seem'd tow'ring to the lift,
His een horrific glar'd,
Whilst on th' intrusive visitant,
The spectre sternly star'd.

And thrice he shook his hideous head,

Thrice wav'd him to haud back.

And thrice he stamped wi' his fit,

But fient a word he spak;

Oh, whisky, thou most potent draught,

Wi' thee, what pow'rs we feel,

Thy influence can inspire the heart,

Wi' pith to dare the de'il.

Undaunted Kirsty saw him nod,

Undaunted met his stare,

Resolv'd if possible to trace

The end of this affair.

But as he offered to advance,

To face the frightfu' foe,

The phantom rais'd a spade on high,

And aim'd a deadly blow.

Which swift descending on his crown,

His skull tho' thick had broke,

Had not our wight wi' agile spring,

Step'd back, and shunn'd the stroke.

Convinc'd frae carnal proofs like these.

He'd here nea spirit found,

Kit on him lyke a tyger lap,

And harl'd him to the ground.

For fear subsiding, strength increas'd,

When join'd in closer strife,

And murder, loud the miscreant skirl'd,

And piteous begg'd his life,

What are you ? what's your business here ?

Quo' Kirsty, speak, reply,
Take heed and don't equivocate,
Or else by heaven you die !

Here in this newly howked grave,
Thy carcase will I stow,
Unless that thou shalt answer me,
All I shall seek to know.

O spare my life, the wretch exclaim'd,
O spare these vengefu' blows,
And a' that you desire to ken,
I'll faithfully disclose.

My cot's a wee bit down the burn,
I lead a shepherd's life,
These hands have a' to fin that feeds,
Six young anes and a wife.

I've struggl'd sair, baith late and air,
To keep them ga'n wi' bread,
And monny a bitterment we bade,
In times o' pinching need,

What else but need could bring me here,
To do this dismal act,
And what will folks not undertake,
By poortith sair attack'd,

For oft as death a neybor sent,
In peace to his lang home,
My custom's been at dead of night,
To howk him frae his tomb.

K—Vol, 2

And monny a clay-cold corpse I've stript,
Of a' their funeral graith,
That brats and sarks have weel supply'd,
For wife and wee anes baith.

For haith I thought it nea great harm,
To rob the slumb'ring dead,
O' things that they could never want,
O' things that we had need,

Full weel I kend the country's fears,
By vulgar panic bred,
'Twas these secur'd me from surprise,
And left me nought to dread.

Nor wad the bauldest of the swains,
Have on discov'ry thought,
Had you not accidentally,
By chance thus found me out.

To a' that ye have sought to ken,
My answers are sincere,
Nor need you question ought I say,
Syne you behold me here,

No, faith, quoth Kit, I've nea dispute,
The proofs are far ower strang,
And for the trade that here ye've held,
Ye weel deserve to hang.

But syn 'tis lyke ye may'nt ageane,
Sec bus'ness undertake,
Ise e'en release and let ye gang,
For wyfe and wee anes sake,

Bauld Kirsty thus wi' whisky arm'd,
This ghaist sea dreadfu' laid ;
The dead folk undisturb'd now lie,
The living pass unflay'd.

HORACE, BOOK 3d, ODE 3d,

ARGUMENT.

AUGUSTUS had a mind to rebuild Troy, and make it the metropolis of the Roman empire; having closeted several senators on the project, Horace is supposed to have written the following Ode on the occasion.

THE man of honest life, and doubtless trust,
Unknown to guile, benevolent and just,
The clamours of each faction may disdain,
To him the smile, or menace are in vain,
The frown of tyranny he can despise,
The look of angry insolence defies,
And with contempt on prince's turn his eyes,
Not the loud tempest, whose rude gust deforms,
The Adriatic Gulf, and vexes it with storms,
Th' unshaken virtue of his soul can move
Nor ev'n the mighty arm of angry Jove
When Cyclops forg'd for him the forky dart
That strikes with terror ev'ry human heart,
Should one vast wreck o'erwhelm the mighty world,
And heaven and earth be in confusion hurl'd,

He unconcern'd would hear the thunders roll,
Nor nature's fall would shake his dauntless soul.
Such were the noble qualities of yore
That to the realms of light great Pollux bore ;
Such did for great Alcides plead the cause,
And won ev'n from the deities applause,
Augustus now mix'd in the heav'nly roll,
Amongst the gods quaffs the nectarious bowl,
His ruddy lips with hallow'd tincture shine,
And pour the strains of melody divine :—
By arts like these did young *Ilyacus* rise,
His grisly tigers drew him to the skies ;—
Led from the deserts whence they ne'er had roam'd,
In vain their eye-balls flash'd, in vain they foam'd,
Their savage nature to the lash he broke
And tam'd the hideous monsters to the yoke.
Such were the ways that Rome's great founder sought,
Who 'mid the hurricane to heav'n was caught,
His mortal body to the world he toss'd,
And in a god, the conqueror was lost :
'Twas then bright Juno heav'nly silence broke,
And thus the assembl'd deities bespoke :—
Troy, said the goddess with an awful sound,
The dire effects of tyrants' guilt has found :
The tow'ring piles, the peaceful, calm abodes,
Whose walls were founded by the servile gods,
Each lofty battlement now stoops its head,
And common ruin o'er the place has spread,
A state at once both impious and unjust,
And a perfidious queen's licentious lust,

in the dust—mix'd with the common lot,
ice her crimes and mem'ry are forgot ;
edon, the gods to disregard,
cheat the mortal powers of their reward ;
guardian gods their succours disavow,
on thy foes their approbation shew,
y resentment and Minerva's cheat,
king and people their destruction meet :
now the jarring noise of war is o'er,
Grecian, fair adultress shines no more ;—
more brave Hector shews his mighty shield,
it the mighty master of the field ;
rage on Troy long since is satisfied,
er descendants then to Mars allied,
once to godhead, let the ruler rise,
take his happy station in the skies,
scenes of happiness his soul employ,
let him banquet in eternal joy,
ff with the deities immortal wine,
see adoring nations crowd his shrine :
remnant of poor Illion's scatter'd band
find a refuge in some distant land,
peace in some more happy clime enjoy,
far be separated Rome from Troy ;
ided by the sea from that curs'd shore,
ween, let tossing waves and tempests roar,
let that fated and detested place,
ere Priam lies, and Priam's guilty race,
cover'd o'er with weeds and hid in grass.

IMITATION OF HORACE, ODE 5, BOOK 2.

Inscribed to the Revd. Mr. S——.

PARSON, I fear your Miss is yet too young,
Nor rightly knows what marriage doth belong,
She's unacquainted what it is to wed,
Nor dreads the encounters of the bridal bed.
Postpone awhile, kind Sir, your ill-tim'd joys,
She'll not yet understand your wooing noise,
Let her among her schoolmates yet remain,
To gather flowers and gambol on the plain.
She'll soon attain maturity's sweet age,
When childish tricks her thoughts will less engage,
Like fruit in autumn she'll her charms advance,
'Tis then your fault if you elude the chance :
Have patience, Sir, but do not change your choice,
Fortune will be propitious to your voice,
As you grow elder she will grow the same—
I'll pass my word for 't you shall have the dame ;
Soon bashfulness in her will disappear,
Her cheeks shall yet a fairer colour wear.
She'll not be one of those, depend, my boy !
Who to torment young men, seem always coy.
Faith, she's a pretty girl, I'll swear by heaven !
To her each beauty, grace and charm is given ;
— ~~—~~ appears like snow it is so white,
— reflected in the night.

THE PANIC.

A CUMBRIAN LEGEND.



ARGUMENT.

The following relation though it may appear absurd and incredible, is nevertheless a fact, which really happened not above a Century ago, at a small parish called Renwick, in the county of Cumberland, where, in consequence of the extraordinary magnanimity displayed on the occasion, by Tallentire, the parish clerk, the Lord of the Manor, did, then and there enfranchise his estate to him and his heirs for ever, and by which tenure it is held by his posterity even unto this day.

GOD prosper lang auld Talentire,
His wife and bairns and a',
An unco feary fray there did,
At Renwick ance befa'.
The good folk of the parish erst,
A vow to God did make,
That as the kirk was lyke to fa',
They down the pile would take.
And on that spot and self same room,
Their former kirk had fill'd,
They wad as soon as possible,
A better new ane build.
For in their tabernacle frail,
The people dought not bide,
And yet 'twere mete on the Lord's day,
The Lord war glorified.

To raise this fane wi' lyme and stane,
A' Renwick took their way ;
The bairn sal laugh that's yet unborn,
At that eventful day.

But ere a temple could be rais'd,
Wherein to preach and pray,
'Twas needful first the auld ane sud,
Be tirl'd and harl'd away.

Wi' meeght and main the parish ruose,
(God fearing) pious people ;
Wi' easy fa's first fell the wa's,
Then bang came down the steeple.

For as king Solomon hath said,
The place I'll not turn tilt,
There is a tyme to big, likewise
To pull down that that's built.

Sae here wi' gavelicks, hacks, and shoofs,
The folk like furies work,
And lang ore half the day was done,
They'd feckly down'd the kirk.

When as with lev'ling bats they bang'd,
About the steeple's base,
To down an undemolish'd nuok,
And fairly clear the place.

Wi' dreadful noise on sounding wings,
A hideous monster rose,
And round their faces, eyes, and ears,
Its dingy pinions throws.

In coruscations here and there,
Now high, now low it flew,
The people glop'd wi' deep surprise,
Away their wark-gear threw.
And to their heels they tuok wi' speed,
Syn he that fastest ran,
Esteem'd himsel, as fair he meeght,
Wate weel the luckiest man.
For whae wad be sae daftly bauld,
Expos'd in sec a case,
As madly stop and turn to meet
The deevil in the face.
Nae, for a myle they ran at least,
Till a' war felly spent,
Then down they sat in council grave,
To muse on this event.
There monny a curious judgment past,
And queerfar'd exposition,
What this infernal spright might be,
This flaysome apparition.
Some said it was the de'il himsel,
Whae aye in secret lurks,
To counteract the works of grace,
In corners of auld kirks.
But others of opinion war,
Some wand'ring ghaist 't meeght be,
That had been conjur'd here of yore,
And thus by chance set free.

Tho' the majority agreed,
Whose notion took the sway,
That 'twas a cockatrice, and weel,
War they that wan away.

For had the monster fix'd his een,
On them before they fled,
They had as sere as they were whick,
Been every soul struck dead,
But syne 't'ad pleas'd the pow'rs abuin,
To shield them frae anney,
'Twas mete that sunkets they devis'd,
This pestment to destroy.

Yet, where a champion might be found
With heart and valour stout,
Sae terrible a foe to face,
Was theme of mickle doubt,

Then up rose doughty Tallentire.
At that time parish-clerk.
And said, " gude neighbours! ne'er be baz'd
I'll undertake the wark,

Wi' rowan tree weel fenc'd about,
We're safe fra ev'ry evil;
For wate that wood has virtor i'nt
To charm away the deevil."

Sae said, frae the first buss they met,
Each man ruove down a beugh,
But Tallentire cut for himsel,
A stow'r baith lang and teugh.

n back to Renwick Kirk they hied,
 'ho' not at sic a pace
 when they left it; but as tho'
 'hey had a de'il to face.

uld Talentire with spelfu' spear,
 Inrival'd takes the lead,
 lave tho' hang'dly take the rear,
 Vi' nae uncommon speed,

d monny a panting heart was there
 That bid full bitter picks,
 'tho' wi' witch-wood weard, yet well
 They ken'd auld horny's tricks.

or sud miscanter in the end,
 Their scheme thus bauld befa'
 lld Nick wi' cowper hand wad take
 Full vengeance on them a'.

length they reach'd the fated spot,
 And circling round the pile,
 It ore the business, they resume
 To breathe and think awhile.

or whae with rashness would proceed,
 The de'il sae close at hand?
 y', e'en the bauldest of the bauld,
 Wad here hae made a stand.

it suon the stanes they 'gin to rowk
 And bicker butt and ben,
 i' picks and poles again to raise
 The auld ane frae his den.

Forth frae the bit they scry'd it first,
Again the demon springs,
And round their lugs and haffets flaps
His diabolic wings.

Struck wi' surprise these sons of fear
Set up a piteous roar,
Tuok to their heels, and run as fast
As they had run afore.

Save Tallentire, the dauntless clerk,
Of heart and mettle sound,
He scorn'd an ignominious flight,
And bravely stood his ground.

And as the foe his circles wheel'd,
Now darting high, now low,
The champion at the fluttering fiend
Aim'd many a harmless blow.

Still, by agility or chance,
It shuns his fiercest strokes,
Tho' both wi' skill and pith bestow'd,
Which sair the clerk provokes.

For twice or thrice between his e'en,
It peck'd some sharpish blows.
At last, as if from mere contempt,
It sh—t upon his nose,

And lang the goblin vex'd him sair.
Till by one lucky drub,
His adversary sunk beneath
His massy, magic club.

Drawn by his shouts triumphant, back,
His friends far scatter'd round,
Return to see the foe, whae lies
Expiring on the ground.

But say, how were these sons of fear
Transfix'd with deep surprise
To see the cause of their alarm
Now mangl'd, where he lies.

It that before inspir'd sic dread—
That seem'd, the de'il kens what—
Reader ! canst thou the tale believe ?—
'Twas but an owr-grown bat !

Thus has the world been oft alarm'd.
By bug-bear, panic fears ;—
The mountain labours, and, behold !
A feckless mouse appears.

MARGARET OF THE FORTH.

A NEW SONG.

HERE, as 'midst southern climes I roam,
Far distant from my native home,
Where warmer suns and brighter skies,
With fairer prospects round me rise,
Drawn from thy peaceful, gentle arms,
I notice not surrounding charms,
But anxious look towards the north—
And thee, sweet Marg'ret of the Forth.

Tho' crowds of beauties round me throng,
And lull me with their syren song,
And practice each alluring wile,
My heart all steadfast to beguile;
Yet can their charms no charm impart,
To sooth my sad, dejected heart,
Which constant turns towards the north—
And thee, sweet Marg'ret of the Forth.

No, 'tis not distance, time, or change,
My fix'd affections shall estrange,
'The passion planted in my breast,
By death alone can be suppress'd ;
Tho' millions may from truth depart,
Yet like the magnet my true heart,
Still constant turns towards the north—
And thee, sweet Marg'ret of the Forth.

BESSY BELL.

A SONG.



WHEN first I ken'd young Bessy Bell,
She was baith fresh and fair,
Her eyes were like the sparkling gem,
Like threads of gold her hair.
But see her now ;—how sadly chang'd !—
Wan cheek, and downcast eye,
And as she sadly crawls along,
Heaves many a bitter sigh.

O, Bessy Bell ! I lov'd her well,
And thought she'd been my own,
For still she taught me to believe,
She lov'd but me alone :
But, ah ! how sair was I deceiv'd,
'Midst a' my promis'd joy,
To find that she'd betroth'd her heart
To the young soldier-boy.

When ilk'd I bann'd my bitter lot,
That might not better be,
To think that I'd been made the sport
Of her duplicity.
But punish'd was her perjur'd love ;—
Her faithless soldier fled,
And left her wi' three helpless weans,
To beg her bitter bread,

Twas but yest'reen, nae langer gane,
I met her on the street,
Ae bairny buckl'd on her back,
Twae toddling at her feet,
I slipt a crown into her hand—
She wept and turn'd away
My heart was like to burst to think
On things I durst not say.
Oh ! Bessy Bell, hadst thou been mine,
I'd not have serv'd thee so,
I'd not have serv'd thee thus, to pine
In wretchedness and woe.
Though punish'd be thy faithless love,
Yet I mun mourn mysel,
To think on those sweet moments pass'd
Wi' bonny Bessy Bell,

MARY GRAY.—TUNE, SALLY ROY.

YOUNG Mary Gray was once the pride
Of all the village swains so airy,
No other lass was thought beside,
So fair by far as lovely Mary ;—
Her eyes were like the dappl'd sloes,
Her cheeks like fairest flowers in May,
And ev'ry beauty youth bestows,
Bloem'din the face of Mary Gray.

Unclouded pass'd her youthful years,
To tend her flocks, and mind her dairy
Was all her care ; no vexing fears
Disturb'd the breast of lovely Mary :
Each youth with emulation strove,
At ev'ry fair and festal day,
To gain the heart, and fix the love
Of her, the lovely Mary Gray.

Lothario came with 'witching wiles,
He practic'd ev'ry fond vagary,
His looks, his tears, his vows, his smiles
Were play'd on unsuspecting Mary ;
The thoughts of grandeur turn'd her brain
Her virtue to her pride gave way,—
An equipage and gaudy train
Bewitch'd the heart of Mary Gray.

But soon the fond, delusive dream,
Like many more as visionary,
Meets sad reverse, in woe extreme ;—
Now mark the fate of hapless Mary :—
Betray'd !—her love, impostor prov'd ;
With treasons charg'd, is torn away,
A gibbet bears the man she lov'd,
And frenzy seizes Mary Gray.

Now sad, dejected and forlorn
She roams thro' yonder dale so dreary,
Her feet by vexing brambles torn,
Tho' sharper rend the heart of Mary ;

Unmindful of the wintry gale,
Unheedful of her wistless way,
She to wild echo tells her tale.
And cries, "Heav'n help poor Mary Gray!"

POOR MARION.—A SONG.

Ah! how could poor Marion repose on her pillow,
Her true love was toss'd on the boist'rous billow,
Around her lone cottage the tempest was howling,
And hoarse on the beach the broad surges were
 rolling,
Her dreams of felicity now were all over,
She heard the loud storm, and she sigh'd for her lover.
She rose with the dawn, fill'd with fearful emotion,
And bied all alone to the side of the ocean,
Here soon she beheld near the root of a willow,
Her lover's cold corpse just thrown out by a billow,
Her hopes of felicity now were all over.
She saw, and she knew it was Andrew, her lover.
Mute over his body poor Marion stood bending,
Her soft bosom beating, her fair tresses rending :
O Fate! she exclaim'd, how couldst thou be so cruel,
As thus to deprive me of Andrew, my jewel ;
Her heart-strings were burst, and the conflict was
 over,
And lifeless she sunk by the side of her lover.

THE HAPPY COUPLE,

A PASTORAL.

“ Harmony to behold in wedded pair,

“ More grateful than harmonious sound to th’ ear.”

Milton’s Paradise Lost.



BENEATH a rev’rend oak, whose spreading boughs

Hung o’er the plain and form’d a pleasing shade,

Two lovers lay, exchanging mutual vows ;—

The young Philander and his long-lov’d maid.

Not less in love than Eden’s loving pair,

With fond embraces each encircling each ;

Strangers to discontent, no pain or care,

Save what fond love creates, their breasts could
reach.

O Delia, thus began th’ enraptur’d swain,

When first I view’d thy charms devoid of art,

Impetuous transport rush’d thro’ every vein,

And instant love subdu’d my youthful heart.

My bosom then conceiv’d a flame, th’ effect

Of outward loveliness beyond compare ;

But ’twas thy mind, with lovely beauties deck’d,

That fed the flame and firmly fix’d it there.

Without thee Delia, all the world could give,
Would ne'er restore me to sweet peace of mind,
Of thee possest, contented I could live,
In humblest state, unenvying all mankind !
O dear Philander, thus the maid return'd,
When big with love her lab'ring breast had sigh'd,
Long has my heart with warmest passion burn'd,
For thee, my swain, of Eden's banks the pride !
At ev'ry rural wake, my partial eye
Still thee preferr'd—no other youth could move
The tender look and deep impressive sigh ;
And if, as you declare, sincere you'll prove.
Yon splendid orb majestic queen of night,
And all the glitt'ring fires that round her burn—
Shall cease to spread o'er earth their radiant light,
When thee forsaking, Delia's love shall turn.
O then, resum'd the youth with hasty joy,
Why put we off the hour of nuptial bliss,
Till flying years and posting age destroy,
Our youthful prime, the time to toy and kiss ?—
Next Sunday morn the priest, dear maid, shall tie
The marriage knot, and join us two in one,
If thou wilt give thine hand ;—then Delia, I
Shall be the happiest swain these plains have known.
The nymph consented—to the church they went,
And long have liv'd a truly happy pair,
To bless their age, indulgent heav'n has sent
A num'rous race, as virtuous and as fair.

THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.



'TWAS near to Strivlen on a night,
Sir Simon with his legion lay,
The midnight moon she beam'd more bright,
Than beam'd his hopes of coming day.
The centinels were on the watch,
Caernarvon's[§] spreading camps around ;
Whilst some, o'ertoil'd, were fain to snatch,
A moment's slumber on the ground.
No echo floated on the blast,
The hour was silent as the grave ;
Save where the soldiers, as they pass'd,
The counter-sign alternate gave,
Sir Simon from his slumber woke,
He started up in wild surprise ;
He thought he heard a voice which spoke,
And said—" Sir Simon, haste, arise !"
The moon, a sort of scanty glave,
T' illumine his darksome tent supplied ;
He thought he ken'd a lady fair,
All shiv'ring stand by his bed side.

§ The Surname of Edward the Second.

Lie to the wall ! thou baron brave ;
Lie to the wall, make room for me ;
A lady lorne doth shelter crave,
And she would sleep to night with thee.

Sir Simon was a worthy wight,
And eke as fam'd for gallantry ;
Nor was there a more courteous knight
Than him in in all the North country.

Come to my couch, thou lady fair,
To shelter thee, am I right fain ;
My pallet, welcome, shalt thou share,
Thou art so like my Lady Jane.

Sir Knight, hast thou a Lady Jane ?
If so, I may not sleep with thee ;
No : I must wander on again,
And for some other shelter see.

Yes ; Lady Jane she is my wife,
But she is now far, far away ;
Then turn thee in, my dearest life,
And shelter till the dawn of day.

Didst thou e'er love thy Lady Jane,
Didst thou e'er doat upon her charms,
Didst thou e'er feel a moment's pain
When she was absent from thy arms ?

Yes, I have lov'd my Lady Jane ;
Yes, I have doated on her charms ;
And I have felt a peerless pain
When she was absent from my arms.

Then how canst thou, Sir Simon, say,
(If thou hast lov'd as thou hast said,)
Thus take another lady gay
To be a partner in thy bed ?

Yes, yes, my love I must avow,
Still Lady Jane is dear to me,
But so alike to her art thou,
It is not strange I fancy thee.

Thy shape, thy features, all conspire
To make me love thee, lovely dame ;
Thy gait, thy gestures, and attire,
Thy voice, is just the very same.

Then come to bed sweet lady fair,
To shelter thee am I right fain ;
My pallet thou shalt freely share,
Thou art so like my Lady Jane.

Now, she's pull'd off her scarf and gown,
And stript her to the very skin ;
And gaily turn'd the bed-clothes down,
And gaily has she tumbld in.

But strangely felt Sir Simon's heart,
A senseless stupor seiz'd his head ;
A death-like coldness numb'd each part,
As his fair consort came to bed ;

And strange sensations fill'd his mind,
And oft and sore he gasp'd for breath,
Nor rest nor pleasure could he find,
For still he felt cold—cold as death.

And chilly, chilly, all the night,
 He listless pass'd the hours away,
But ne'er once turn'd, (nor sought delight,)
 'Towards the lady where she lay,
At length appear'd the glimm'ring dawn,
 Things more distinct he 'gan to ken,
The strange one from his side was gone,
 Had left him, but he knew not when,
Now, by my sooth ! Sir Simon said,
 This is an accident most rare,
All night I've slumber'd by a maid,
 And slighted here a lady fair.
How must the damsel me despise, &
 How much my gallantry disdain.
But had I her in such a wise,
 She should not serve me so again.
Next day the proud, embattl'd hosts
 Menace in combat to engage,
But all their threat'nings, and their boasts,
 Blow off with vaunts and useless rage.
Again the hour of midnight came,
 The moon her wonted splendour wore ;
Again, the fair, mysterious dame
 Appear'd as she had done before.
And as upon the former night,
 The lady went to bed, I ween,
So long before the morning light,
 She left Sir Simon's side unseen,

tever sot behav'd like me !
Sir Simon with a vengeance said)
He has the damsel come right free,
And twice hath gone away a maid !
Third night came, the am'rous knight,
Expectant of the lady lay ;
When she came in beauty bright,
And lay with him till it was day.
Cold, and colder all the night,
The heart of sad Sir Simon grew ;
He was in such rueful plight,
That how it chanc'd he never knew.
He hath call'd his trusty squire,
And unto him hath sternly said ;
I not, oaf ! of thee require
To watch me well this mystic maid ?
Lord, I watch'd the live-long night,
Unslumb'ring, till the dawn of day,
Neither lady brown, or bright,
E'er challeng'd me, or went my way.
Verily, Sir Simon said,
My mind misgives me ; and, I fear,
Sad of this suppos'd fair maid,
Some elfin harlot has been here ;
No, her visit bodes no good ;
Would to heav'n the day were o'er !
Night my dreams have been of blood,
And they have troubled me right sore.

134 THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

But now the crimson-mantled east

**Its blushing curtains had withdrawn ;
The swagg'ring shadows fast decreas'd,
 That tow'r'd along the western lawn.**

**The harsh-voic'd trumpets 'gan to blow,
 The squadrons for the fight prepare ;
To Bannockbourne, in order slow,
 They march to meet the kindling war.**

**Down from the heights of Strivlen fast,
 The Caledonian legions pour ;
A sudden gloom the heav'n's o'ercast,
 And ominous appear'd the hour.**

**The hostile armies soon engage,
 Wild uproar rages o'er the plain ;
Fell ruin spreads with deadly rage ;
 And thousands are by thousands slain.**

**Proud Edward's num'rous vaunting host !
 To patriotic valour yield,
And, maugre all their former boast,
 By flight inglorious quit the field.**

**Sir Simon in the mingled fight
 Receiv'd a deep and dang'rous wound ;
Which render'd him unfit for flight,
 And left him helpless on the ground.**

**Towards a neighb'ring clump of trees,
 With mangled limbs he crawl'd along ;
At least to lie with greater ease,
 And to avoid the passing throng.**

All on a mossy bank he lay,
Writhing with pain, besmear'd with gore;
When, lo, he saw the lady gay
Whom he had seen the night before.
Why, how now ! brave Sir Simon, say,
What brings thee here in such a plight?
Ill suits the sadness of to day,
The gallantries of yesternight.
Ah ! cruel lady, leave me now ;
Thy presence hath increas'd my pain ;
I only sinn'd in thought ; 'twas thou
Didst challenge me to guilt in vain,
Oh ! do not mock me in my grief,
Upon the very verge of death ;
'Twere better thou hadst brought relief,
For I am sick, and pant for breath,
I would not mock thee in thy grief,
Upon the very verge of death ;
No, I would rather bring relief
When thou art sick, and pant'st for breath.
But why, Sir Knight, wouldst thou reply.
Now conscience checks thee from within,
That thou art guiltless, and 'twas I
Who tempted thee to carnal sin ?
Didst thou not tease me might and main,
And ceaseless protestations make ;
I was so like thy Lady Jane,
That thou didst love me for her sake ?

Didst thou e'er love thy Lady Jane,
Didst thou e'er doat upon her charms ;
Didst thou e'er feel a moment's pain
When she was absent from thy arms ?

Oh ! that my Lady Jane were here,
Oh ! that she saw my woeful plight ;
I wot no labour would she spare,
But take me to her arms to-night.

Sir Knight, thy Lady Jane is here
Full well she knows thy woeful plight ;
I wot no labour will she spare,
But take thee to her arms to-night.

Thy Lady Jane she lov'd thee well,
Thy Lady Jane was ever true ;
A victim to her love she fell,
Sir Simon, yes, for love of you !

Disconsolate—a widow'd bride ;
Your absence she bewail'd full sore
But when two months were pass'd, she cried,
“This anguish I'll endure no more.”

“But I will go and seek my Lord,
Betide what fortune will to me ;
Since solitude can nought afford
But pain and pensive misery.”

Unable with her griefs to cope
Straight to the nearest port went she ;
And there embark'd, in eager hope
Ere long her much-lov'd Lord to see.

But as towards the foaming Forth
The tott'ring vessel onward stood,
A tempest from the hostile North
Deep sunk them in the furious flood.
There deep in death, sleeps Lady Jane,
Her eyes no more shall view the light ;
Then hear, Sir Simon, once again,
For thou shalt sleep with her to-night ?
So said,—the spirit, soft as air,
Evanish'd quickly from his side !
Sir Simon rais'd a ghastly stare—
Then clos'd his languid eyes and died !

Sentimental Sonnets.



THE following Sonnets, which are said, or supposed to be, the productions of a Signor Francisco Bragazzi, I lately met with, in an Italian collection ; though the title was anonymous, yet at the end of an epistolary dedication, was subscribed this name. As I had never met with an English version of this work, and, as many of the Sonnets contain, a good deal of sentimentality, I thought a translation into our own language, would not be unacceptable to the admirers of this species of composition, tho' I must confess at the same time, that my very imperfect knowledge of the Italian language has rendered this attempt greatly inferior to the original ; however, such as it is, the public is heartily welcome to it.

One would almost think, from the variety of incidents that are occa-

sionally glanced at, in the different Sonnets, that the author had intended to work up the whole into a kind of series, which should have assimilated to something of a metrical novel: but there is such an obscurity in the events, and such a want of connect-edness in the whole, that they seem to be rather the desultory effusions of an unhappy amour, than the systematical plan of any particularly methodized scheme of narrative. —At any rate there is a peculiar air of melancholy pervades the whole of these compositions, that one would almost be induced to think, from the over sensibility of the author, that his own Leontine in the Rencontre, was intended as an exact picture of himself.

SAY, you that have studied mankind,
Or life, seeking science have spent ;
In wandering, e'er chanc'd you to find
The goddess ycleped Content ?
For oft have I anxiously rov'd
Thro' the city,—the village and shade,
But all unsuccessful have prov'd
My ev'ry research for the maid.
Some tell me in courts she presides,
Others say to the hermit she's giv'n :
A third with the swain she resides,
Whilst some, she an exile was driv'n ;
But reason these notions derides,
And says, she exists but in Heav'n.

SONNET 2.—ON SPRING.

HOW smiles creation o'er the flow'ry plain,
Whilst Flora, with her variegated train
Of vernal graces decorates the scene,
The blooming garden and the forest green.
Pleas'd with the change, the tenants of the grove,
Attune their songs of gratitude and love ;
The flatter'd peasant o'er the prospect smiles,
And future hope his recent care beguiles ;
Warm expectation glows in ev'ry face,
And nature shines with universal grace :
But stay, vain man ! too sanguine in thy views,
Let not appearances that hope abuse,
Enjoy those pleasures offer'd in the spring,
Nor wait for those which summer ne'er may bring.

IN blooming beauties clad, and smiles serene,
Fair summer comes to deck the rural scene ;
Beneath her footsteps flowers spontaneous rise,
And sweetest odours scent the ambient skies ;
In brightest verdure drest, the thick'ning shade,
Now stands in sylvan elegance display'd ;
Whilst on each bough, the sweetly warbling throng
Attune to melody their joyous song.
Here Ceres and Pomona kindly bear
The golden treasures of the promis'd year ;
Around, observe those universal joys
That flush each cheek, that ev'ry heart employs.
One Common Cause inspires the cheerful lay ;—
'Tis Heav'n, and thus our gratitude we pay.

SONNET 4 —ON AUTUMN.

SEE where the ruddy nymph and eager swain,
Their toils beneath the mid-day sun maintain ;
Pleas'd with the prospect of the rip'ning fields,
That thus a kind reward to labour yields.
How waves the golden harvest with the breeze,
And clust'ring fruitage loads the bending trees.
In grown perfection see Autumnia rise,
And fill with joy th' industrious peasant's eyes ;
Such are thy gen'rous gifts, all bounteous heav'n !
To helpless man such kind assistance giv'n.
Thus may the genial seeds of virtue, sown
In human hearts, when to perfection grown,
Produce that harvest of eternal joy,
Which time nor accident shall e'er destroy.

NOW comes bleak Winter, with his ruffian band
Of big, swollen tempests billowing in his rear,
To spread wide desolation o'er the land,
And spoil the beauties of the blooming year,
Swept o'er the plain, the scatter'd foliage flies,
O'er oceans deep, the mighty whirlwinds roar,
And waves on waves from the invaded skies,
Are tumbl'd headlong on the sounding shore.
So, when the wintry hand of age shall bind
Life's feeble channels, and arrest the heart,
When storms of passion agitate the mind,
And chilling death invades each vital part;
What power to quell the tumult shall pretend,
Till in eternal calm these conflicts end?

SONNET 6.—EXPOSTULATION.

SAY, Laura! doth that bursting sigh,
The language of thy bosom speak?
Or may I read the heart's reply
In that suffusion on thy cheek?
The rising blush—the stiff'd sigh,
The inward sentiment reveal;
Then tell me—lovely fair one! why
Those lips that impulse should conceal?
Is not this constant heart of mine,
That throbs, that pants for thee alone,
As fond, as true, dear girl! as thine?
Believe me, Laura! 'tis thy own;—
Then come, dear fair one! to my breast,
We have rest.

SONNET 7.—HAPPINESS. 143

I'VE sought for happiness a thousand times,
Thought she might mingle with the courtly throng,
Suppos'd she haply rov'd to foreign climes,
Or to the humble peasant might belong;
In riches calculated countless joys.
As honour, grandeur, and a gaudy train,
In books, in music and a thousand toys,
But each experiment, still prov'd in vain.
Tir'd with enquiry, vex'd with the pursuit,
I half resolv'd, my searches to forgo,
Her very being, ventur'd to dispute,
At least, I doubted of her here below :
At length, I found her, deck'd in all her charms.
Yes ! amply found her in my Laura's arms !

SONNET 8.—HOPE.

HOPE ! thou firm anchor of the soul,
Sweet antidote of every sorrow ;
That canst to-day's distress controul,
Thro' expectations of to-morrow ;
Thou that with kindly hand dost bear,
The vassals yoke, the captive's chain,
That canst assuage our every care,
And mitigate each rankling pain.
Cheer with thy smile the drooping heart,
Shew future pleasures fair to view,
That whilst we feel the instant smart,
We may the distant bliss pursue :
'Tis thine alone to soften every care,
Life to prolong and dissipate despair.

144 SONNET 9.—THE QUESTION.

WHAT is that hope? Lorenzo, (said my friend)

Of which you spoke so ardently to-day,

Are you assur'd, on it you may depend?

Or are you certain, that it may'nt betray?

It is, dear maid! (said I) that cheering ray,

That heaven holds forth in mercy to mankind,

To light us on life's solitary way,

That bids us cast our present cares behind,

And future happiness expect to find.

But say, (cried she) has it no other name?

For tho' your virtuous mind it may enrich,

Yet doubt and fear, which opposite you name,

To me appear so very like the same,

I own I ca'nt distinguish which is which.

SONNET 10.—THE WISH.

I WISH, said Laura,—here she stopp'd and sigh'd,

The ejaculation ended as begun;—

I wish;—but further utt'rance seem'd denied,

And the scarce form'd apostrophe, was done,—

What want unanswer'd, what suppos'd delight,

Can that fair bosom with a wish inspire?

Be thou assur'd, my fair one, if 'tis right,

My fondness shall anticipate desire.

What reason can require, or love bestow,

To thee sweet nymph; esteem has amply given,

To wish for more my Laura, would but shew,

A will rebellious, to the will of heaven;

What ever I possess at fortunes hand,

You need not wish for, as you may command.

SONNET 11.—THE EXPLANATION, 145

**O MY Lorenzo ! said the blushing fair,
You form your observations too severe,
Could you suppose, I had a wish to spare,
Could give offence, to one I hold so dear ?
This heart still grateful to all bounteous heaven,
For all the mercies, here bestow'd on me,
Is ever thankful for each blessing given,
But first and most, Lorenzo ! giving thee ;
But I did wish, nor fancied it a crime,
Tho' modesty, its utterance might suppress,
Till the last syllable of wasting time,
I wish'd our present love might ne'er be less,
Lovliest of women ; I replied till then,
To Laura's wish let me respond, Amen.**

SONNET 12.—MORNING.

**NOW beams again the glorious lamp of day,
Refresh'd creation cheerful smiles around,
The warbling choir now raise their matin lay,
And all the grove re-echoes with the sound.
Gay Flora's tribe in gaudy vestments drest,
Expand their beauties, and their scents exhale ;
They seem as of a double charm possess'd,
The sight to ravish and perfume the gale.
The waving forest and the winding stream,
Th' extended landscape op'ning to the sight,
The scented zephyr, the bright orient beam,
Combine to fill all nature with delight.
Save only me, the glorious face of day,
These sightless orbs shall never more survey.
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NIGHT comes once more, with all her frightful train
Of sad reflection, horror and despair ;
I court the aid of sleep ; but court in vain,
Sleep seldom visits the recess of care.
Weary, and worse than weary, sick at heart,
With aching head the midnight hours I past ;
I count the tedious moments as they part,
And often wish that each might be the last.
Rock'd on the surge, the seaman finds repose,
The soldier slumbers mid the cannons roar ;
Ev'n to the criminal, the pow'r bestows,
That boon which I must bootlessly implore
Often I cry amid the silent gloom,
How happy they that slumber in the tomb.

SONNET 14.—LIFE.

WHAT is that giddy whirl ycleped life,
This dream of sickness, sadness care and strife,
A transitory peep into a play,
Where scarce the scene begins till we're away.
Where the spectators all at once engage,
To help along the business of the stage ;
'There jumble on the pauper and the peer,
The hero and the hermit figure here :
And tho' each tires, ere half his part be done,
Yet each one lingers, when he should be gone ;—
Death's bell is rung, the action hurries o'er,
And life's brief pantomime is soon no more ;
Like wing'd ephemera, from yonder river,
A moment seen—then disappears for ever.

SONNET 15.—CONTEMPLATION. 147

SICK of the world, its bustle and its noise,
Life's vain engagements, and fantastic joys ;
Back on itself, the fretted soul retires ;
And from within, more perfect bliss enquires ;
In contemplation, seeks the genuine spring,
Of sacred joy, the world can never bring ;
On wing sublime, th' untrammel'd soul can trace,
The regions of uncomprehended space ;
Thro' systems infinite, her course pursue,
And in his works, the Everlasting view,
Disclaims earths shackles, seeks the blest abodes,
And tastes the joys of Angels, and of Gods ;
To thee, fair Nymph, alone, the power is given,
To raise the pensive soul from earth to heaven.

SONNET 16.—FANCY,

SAY ! wandering fancy ; to thy vast domain,
What boundaries, what limits, shall be given ?
What confines circumscribe, thy ample reign ?
By turns, on earth, in ocean, and in heaven ;
High on the summit, of the towering hill,
Along the margin of the spreading lake,
Or, by the winding of the murm'ring rill,
Dost thou not oft, thy midnight rambles take,
Or, mid the mouldring ruin, once renown'd,
The crumbling cloister, or the dreary cell ;
Fit themes for thee, O ! Fancy, may be found,
And here, the muses often chuse to dwell.
Where reason stoops, thy bolder pinions soar,
All possible creation to explore.

148 SONNET 17.—THE SETTING SUN.

ON yon uplifted mountains brow,
 Where faintly gleams the setting ray,
 And darkness thickning from below,
 Proclaims the sad retreat of day ;
 Now from his weary team the swain,
 Hies homeward o'er the upland lawn ;
 The warbling songsters, cease their strain,
 Until the fair returning dawn ;
 Her empire silence wide extends,
 The song is ceas'd, the dance is done,
 Black night the chargeful throne ascends,
 And all the joys of day are gone.
 Thus life ! but a more long eventful day,
 A few more setting suns, shall pass away,

SONNET 18.—TO-MORROW.

TO-MORROW ! was it, that I heard you say ?
 I thought I heard you mention it to-day ;
 To-morrow ! Laura, is a vacant word,
 That with sincerity doth ill accord :
 Promise equivocal ; meant not to bind,
 Still in advance, and still yet far behind :
 He who his fortune, in to-morrow views,
 Is like the fool, that his own shade pursues ;
 Or Ignus Fatuus, whose deceptive glance
 Recedes the more, the more that we advance :
 Retract the promise Laura, be sincere,
 To palter with affection, is severe.
 To-day is ours—to-morrow may arrive,
 But when my Laura ! not while you'r alive.

MUST I consent to him ? my dearest friend,
 The friend, I value dearer than my life ;
 May I on his integrity depend ?
 And shall I ?—no, I cannot be his wife !
 Thou know'st Lorenzo, that this bleeding heart,
 Throbs but for thee ; yet, oh ! the rending care,—
 I may comply :—Lorenzo may desert,
 Leave me to infamy, and to despair.
 Like a vast precipice the rock appears,
 Beneath who's cliff, I hear destruction roar,
 Many, and just, are a poor female's fears,
 For when she falls, she falls to rise no more.
 Dismiss thy fears my Laura, happy be,
 When I desert thee ! heaven abandon me,

 SONNET 20.—PROMISE.

FROM whence proceeds this folly of delay,
 This strange, unwarrantable waste of time,
 Why thus protract our joy, from day to day,
 Or shrink from happiness, as from a crime :
 The present moment love, is only ours,
 The future :—who can tell, what it may bring,
 Returning seasons, bring returning flowers,
 But wasted youth has no returning spring :
 Then why not let me (lovely charmer) know
 When I, that promis'd pleasure am to prove,
 Or when will you, that happiness bestow
 The bounteous recompence of all my love ;
 Your love, by love, shall amply be repaid,
 But when ?—to-morrow ; said the blushing maid.

COME, gentle sleep ! and in thy soft embrace,
Let me forget the world, and all its woes ;
From mem'ry each unwelcome record chase,
And give to sorrow undisturb'd repose :
And when the shackl'd reason, wrapt supine,
By thee, death's prototype, insensate lies ;
May sportive fancy no such laws confine,
But let her spread her pinions to the skies,
And midst herself created regions fly ;
Or the fair gardens of Elysium roam,
Or seek the promis'd paradise on high,
And snatch a foretaste of the joys to come.
Hence may those transports which in sleep we share,
Ameliorate those ills we're waking doom'd to bear.

SONNET 22.—JEALOUSY.

WHAT ! was Lorenzo angry ? that I smil'd
Upon Barnardo, as we walk'd along,
I knew him, and esteem'd him from a child,
And never thought, that this was doing wrong :
No !—I would not inflict a moment's pain
Upon the heart, that fondly lives in me :
Lorenzo ! then these foolish fears restrain,
And know, that Laura lives alone for thee.
I feel rebuk'd, said I, most lovely maid,
Forgive the fondness of this niggard heart,
Tho' such a miser grown, that 'tis afraid,
E'en with the offall of esteem to part ;
Tho' you may censure, yet the fact must prove,
I am a very epicure in love.

LAURA and I, one ev'ning hand in hand,
Walk'd on the margin of the briny main,
I with my finger, wrote upon the sand,
My tale of sorrow, and of heartfelt pain.
The flowing waves upon the sloping shore,
Advancing, roll'd in quick successive sweep,
One came ; my tale of sorrow was no more,
'Twas buried in the bosom of the deep.
See, see ! Lorenzo, cried the affected fair,
How soon your mournful monody is gone :
As soon, cried I, might end my real care,
But that I am compell'd, to bear it on.
Yes, Laura ! time's slow tide, ere long I find,
Shall wash the tale of sorrow from my mind,

SONNET 24.—THE THEATRE.

I went with Laura to the play,
The tragic muse, I knew she lov'd,
She wept and sigh'd, the piece away,
Her heart was by the drama prov'd,
How lovely beauty's eye appears,
When drench'd with pity's falling tears.
With poor Ophelia thro' the whole,
She seem'd t' affect a mutual part :
The fictitious pang that rent her soul,
With real woe, rung Laura's heart,
But when she saw the sadly mournful end,
The deep catastrophe o'ercame her mind.
She grasp'd my hand, and weeping, said, my friend,
In you a Hamlet never let me find.

152 SONNET 25.—BOUQUET.

THE fairest flowers that in the garden grew,
 I cull'd, and took to fairer Laura's hand,—
 Here, take, dear girl ! (said I) this tribute due,
 Which love hath brought, tho' Nature gave command,
 Behold ! (said I) that rose, in blushing grace—
 Emblem of innocence, how sweetly fair !
 It droops as tho' ashamed to meet that face,
 As conscious of superior beauties there.
 Here's all the charity that I could find,
 Of love, indeed, I've brought a large supply ;
 Then, since your votary, has been so kind,
 What will you give him, in return ? said I.—
 Lorenzo ! I can ne'er ungrateful prove,
 (Replied the nymph) I 'll give him love for love.

SONNET 28.—THE GARDEN.

YOU tell me, dear Laura ! the garden looks gay,
 The rose and carnation are lovely and fair,
 The offspring of Flora, their beauties display,
 And sweet exhalations diffuse thro' the air ;
 The garden, I grant you, may beautiful be,
 The rose it may blush, and the tulip may smile ;
 But I was so busily thinking of thee,
 The garden unnotic'd, escap'd all the while ;—
 The tulip and hyacinth blossom in vain,
 The gaudy carnation as uselessly blows,
 The picture for me, doth no beauty contain—
 When thus to my bosom, I hold my fair rose.
 Yet Laura, you please ; hence I'll value your charms,
 And feast on your odours, when she's in my arms.

SONNET 27.—THE LINNET. 158

ADIEU, sweet warbler, whose harmonious strain
Has often cheer'd, the solitary hour,
When sad reflections, o'er the heart obtain,
Life to embitter and its joys to sour.
Like me unconscious of impending woe,
Unfearful of the ills that life await,
Thy song of cheerfulness alone could shew,
Thy happy ignorance of changeful fate.
That happy innocence which sway'd the heart,
Kept far aloof each motive of distress ;
Untaught to fear fate's unevasive dart,
Thy native joys no danger could suppress.
Thus live the innocent, their hours thus past,
Thro' life still gay and fearless at the last.

SONNET 28.—THE JAUNT.

LAURA ! have you forgot the jocund morn ?
When once, well pleas'd, we left the noisy town,
And, on the wings of fond impatience borne,
To taste of rural pleasures posted down :
What transports then thrill'd in your fluttering breast,
What raptures then, beam'd in your glist'ning eye,
The soul in ev'ry feature stood confess'd,
And e'en your silence, spoke a fond reply :
To me, the banquet could no pleasure give,
The entertainment, nought engag'd my heart,
Unless I knew my Laura might receive,
In all these joys, at least, an equal part ;
The only happiness to me then known,
Dear girl ! was but in pleasing thee alone.

LAURA and I, to pensive rambles prone,
At midnight walk'd along the river side ;—
Behold, (said she, with melancholy tone)
How peaceful rolls along, that limpid tide.
Were we, e'n now, submerg'd beneath that stream,
Would it ensure uninterrupted peace,
And terminate at once, life's weary dream?
Or all the miseries of being, cease?
No! (I replied) thro' that invidious flood,
Perdition hides, eternal and severe,
Enough of guilt is ours ;—'tis best we should
Return ; and try for reformation here,
We may repent our follies ;—in that river
They must be unrepented of for ever.

SONNET 30.—THE REMARK.

I SAID to Laura, standing at the glass,
See where Renaldo and Almida pass,
With what suspicion, he her look surveys
How sternly jealous seems his steadfast gaze ;
Laura, what can his curious conduct mean ?
What in Almida, has Renaldo seen,
That causes him, thus watchfully, to pry
O'er all her movements with suspicious eye.
Seen ! (said the fair one) he has chanc'd to see,
What, heaven forbid, you e'er behold in me,—
He in Almida, luckless chanc'd to view,
What heav'n forbid, I e'er behold in you.
Has seen her faithless !—which, as I'm alive,
I might forgive—but never would survive.

SONNET 31.—THE DREAM. 155

LORENZO ! in the visions of the night,
When sportive fancy plays upon the brain,
I thought, cried Laura, I beheld a sight,
That fill'd my soul with jealousy and pain:
Me thought, in spite of all my flatter'd charms,
Of all your oaths and promises of love,
I saw you clasp'd in Leonora's arms,
And swear from thence, you never would remove,
Ah ! why, (cried I) should that unwelcome name,
Sound in my ear ! and wound my coward heart ;
Or flush my dastard cheek, with guilty shame,
And conscience stab, in the most vital part,
I would forget myself ;—forgetful be
Of ev'ry thing in nature, but of thee.

SONNET 32.—FAREWELL.

I am going ! (exclaim'd the fond fair,
As she sigh'd out a falt'ring adieu ;
I am going ! I cannot tell where,
But Lorenzo, I'm going from you.
The anguish that flow'd from her breast,
Trickl'd fast, down her still lovely cheek,
And the pang that her bosom oppress'd,
Like her looks, never language could speak,
Has the city for me any charms ?
When the palace a prison would prove,
When I'm far from those shelt'ring arms,
When I'm far from the lord of my love.
Like an exile forlorn, 'midst the million I dwell,
Apart from all pleasure—Lorenzo ! farewell.

156 SONNET 33.—THE DEPARTURE.

HOW I sigh'd, when poor Laura, repeated adieu!
How I wept, when she, weeping, falter'd farewell,
I am going, she said, my Lorenzo from you,
That word rent my bosom, 'twas love's passing knell;
When I prest her fair hand, as I stood by the coach,
My heart felt emotions it ill could withstand,
But ah! how I dreaded the moment's approach,
The moment should tear her away from my hand.
It came; and the carriage soon hurried away,
My heart hurried after, but it ne'er shall return:
She wav'd her white hand, tho' she nothing could say
I turn'd from the tumult, in secret to mourn.
Yes, Laura, in secret thy loss to deplore,
Until thy return, my quietus restore.

SONNET 34.—MUSIC.

I TOOK, I tried, the sweetly warbling flute,
For mirthful strains; but it was all in vain,
I seiz'd the viol, but its strings were mute,
Unless attun'd, to melancholy's strain.
I struck the harpsicord, the quivering wire
Responded, with a sadly plaintive tone,
Each cadence seem'd with sorrow to expire,
And trembling, ended in a piteous moan.
Was it the instrument, or 'twas the hand,
Produced those mournful symphonies of care,
Or 'twas the heart divested of command,
No! 'twas because that Laura was not there.
Her presence perfect melody could make,
And all the powers of harmony awake.

WHY lingers my Laura so long ?

With the tumult and noise of the town,
Has the dazzle, the splendor, the throng,
All the bands of attachment broke down,

Can I fancy my fair one untrue ?

Can I think that she meant to deceive ?
Can I fancy ? but ah ! the sad view !

'Tis what I shall never believe ;
To prove her affection, she gave—

Every proof, that she had to bestow,
And she swore it was only the grave,

That affection should make her forego ;
Yet my heart's to alarm such a slave,
Shall I doubt thee ! oh ! no, my love, no.

SONNET 36.—THE GROVE.

HERE I ramble alone thro' the grove,

Midst the linnets and nightingale's song,
Yet the ramble no longer I love ;

Since my Laura, yet lingers so long,
The walk with each beauty is stor'd,
Creation around me is gay ;

Yet to me they no pleasure afford,

Since my Laura thus lingers away,
Then haste thee again to these arms,

Nor thy absence thus let me deplore,
Restore lovely nature her charms ;

And the peace of my bosom restore,
Which throbs with a thousand alarms,
If thou'rt lost, I am happy no more.

158 SONNET 37.—DESPONDENCY.

NO ! my Laura will never return,
 And no more, need I seek for delight,
 'Tis my lot to be destined to mourn,
 And to live in misfortunes despite :
 O ! ye swains, that have seen my distress,
 O ! ye nymphs that have heard my despair,
 Tho' your kindness, I still must confess;
 Yet it ne'er can diminish my care :
 Of my life, the whole tenor is grief,
 Save the comfort in Laura I've known,
 But where shall I now seek relief,
 Since with her every solace is gone.
 Only Death, can dismiss from this bosom, its care,
 And alone with my being, must end my despair.

SONNET 38.—FORGETFULNESS.

FORGET thee, Laura ! that I never can,
 Fond memory, too tenacious, lives in me,
 Believe me fair one, whilst I am a man ;
 I never can forget to think on thee :
 I may forget, I e'er have tasted woe,
 I may forget fair nature's vanish'd charms,
 I would, I could forget, what now I know,
 'That thou art absent from those longing arms.
 I may forget, that I myself am blind,
 I may forget my duty to high heaven,
 And may forget my duty to mankind,
 Thro' mercy, these I hope, shall be forgiven ;
 I may forget myself, all these may be,
 Because I think of nothing else but thee.

SONNET 39.—THE JOURNEY. 159

going said I ; dearest girl far away,
 d tho' my departure, at present you mourn,
 distant my journey ; tho' lengthen'd my stay,
 7, can you be constant ? until my return.
 onstant ! said she, can Lorenzo suppose ?
 at Laura, forgetful, or faithless can prove !
 ect for a moment, that heart which he knows,
 aves only for him, and but lives on his love,
 se me said I, this admit to be true,
 d tho' o'er the world your esteem I prefer,
 ove ever fearful, might thus answer you,
 u are but a woman ; and therefore may err :
 en knows ! she replied, that sad fact you may tell
 I am but a woman : you've prov'd it too well.

SONNET 40.—STAGE COACH.

Leonardo ! nimble as the wind ;
 the hotel, and tell the careless host,
 my portmanteau has been left behind,
 n Leonardo ! or it may be lost !
 your portmanteau (the postillion cries)
 in the box ; and all things safe and sound :
 k goes the whip, away the carriage flies
 with the wheels, my brain seems whirling round.
 whence this agitation then ? said I,
 y reason seems of certitude bereft,
 whirling thoughts, in mix'd confusion fly,
 d still I fancy something has been left.
 ow the affecting cause at length I find,
 is—that I have left my heart behind.

MOPING and pensive, thro' the weary stage,

I speechless sat; had not a word to spare,

The company, endeavour'd to engage

My conversation, and divert my care.

'Twas all in vain, to me the varied scene

Possess no beauty, promis'd no delight,

The spreading landscape, or the forest green,

Were objects only grievous to my sight,

I felt no pleasure in the changeful view,

By sad necessity compell'd to roam,

No word dwelt on my fancy, but adieu,

I wish'd no other prospect than my home;

Yes! that alone, was all I wish'd to see,

Laura and home: were all the world to me,

SONNET 42.—MELANCHOLY.

I will not court thee, melancholy,

As I would do another muse,

Because to urge thee, is a folly

Who never dost thy aid refuse;

Art thou not constantly beside me?

As wishful this poor heart to win,

And let what will mischance betide me,

Thou still art ready to step in.

Or, e'er lank poverty o'ertook me,

And fortune, of her gifts bereft me,

When all the world besides, forsook me,

Thou melancholy, never left me;

No! mournful maid; thy impulse oft I find

Diffus'd in silence o'er my pensive mind,

SONNET 43.—THE VOYAGE. 161

HERE as I stem the Adriatic wave,
And fair Ausonia's various ports explore,
And every elemental danger brave,
Still turns the heart towards its native shore.
Where the fair turrets of proud Venice rise,
Emerging, beauteous, from the circling main,
Where the Rialto meets the wond'ring eyes,
Diversified, with many a stately phane.
'Tis not the distance, or the lengthen'd space,
Or change of clime, can change produce in me ;
The change of prospect, or the change of place,
Can ever change my veerless heart from thee ;—
No, Laura ! as the magnet to the pole,
So turns to thee, my ever-constant soul.

SONNET 44.—THE OCEAN.

ON my uneasy couch, the live-long night,
Weary and sick at heart, I sleepless lay,
Without desire for the returning light,
Without soliciting the coming day.
I heard the ocean, with incessant roar,
Close to the mansion, fretted with the wind,
Tossing and foaming on the rocky shore ;—
Thought I, the sea is something like my mind ;
The gusts of passion, in their stayless sweep,
Work up the tumults of the troubl'd breast ;
As does the tempest on the tortur'd deep,
And never let the turbid bosom rest.
Oh ! for that calm serene—where not a breath
Shall agitate the soul ;—the calm of death.

162 SONNET 45.—THE HOTEL.

HOW disagreeable, is all this din !

Where tumult and commotion round appears,
I hate the noisy bustle of an inn !

One scarcely has the use of their own ears;
Answer'd to each enquiry, with a yes,

And—coming, Sir, to ev'ry comer's call,
Yeur very meaning, they would seem to guess,

And tho' still coming, no one comes at all :—
Commend me to the happy humble cot,

Where calm tranquility and peace reside,
No charms should tempt me to exchange my lot

With splendid luxury, or boastful pride ;—
A happy competence, with Laura's smile,
Would all the various wants of life beguile.

SONNET' 46.—THE BEDCHAMBER.

NOW, at this solitary, midnight hour,

When mortals commonly expect repose,
I yield to melancholy's gloomy pow'r,

And ruminate on recollected woes.

Say, can the splendid couch, the gaudy room,

The gorgeous carpet, or the proud display
Of all around, dispel this mental gloom ;

Or drive remember'd mis'ry away ?

On downy pillows, tho' I lay my head,

The live long night—I sleepless vigils keep,
Tho' curtains of Damascus, round me spread,

Still cruel mem'ry will not let me sleep.

No ! the collective whole, becomes more drear ;—
Ev'n silence tells me, Laura is not here.

SONNET 47.—THE BILLET. 163

ALPHONSO, take that pen, said I, and try,
 If you can write a letter here for me,
 You 'll be amanuensis, Sir, whilst I
 Will try to dictate, what the scrawl must be :
 It is to Laura, Sir ; said he, begin,
 Date it from Florence, hoping she is well,
 Say, what's the next?—we're waiting at an inn ;
 Say, I repeated ;—but I cannot tell :—
 I want to say—what language cannot speak,
 I want to say—what words cannot express,
 I want to say— O ! my fond heart must break ;—
 That—that would say, the tale of my distress :
 I want to say, that here I'm doom'd to mourn—
 Unknown—unpitied—in a land forlorn.

SONNET 48.—THE WALK.

HERE as I range thro' Arno's lovely vale,
 Where oft of yore, the muse Torquato led,
 Where to Ferrara's maid, the melting tale
 Of tender passion, oft the poet read :
 I only think upon those happy hours,
 When we together, Laura, us'd to roam,
 On Tyber's bank, amid the myrtle bow'rs,
 Where each recess brought happiness and love :
 Not Arno's vale, or Tuscan grandeur round,
 Or the fair city ; struck me with their charms,
 In all the landscape I no beauty found,
 Because—that thou wert absent from these arms.
 If to my fond embrace thou here wert given,
 I should be blest, and Arno's vale be heav'n.

164 SONNET 49,—APOSTROPHE.

COULD I like Petrarch, sing the song of love,
Like Tasso tell the mournful tale of woe ;
Or in description like a Dante prove,
Or would my strains like Ariosto's flow.
Then Laura ! I would tell thee such a tale,
Would make the ear of malice self incline,
Yet 'twould be cruel, and would nought avail,
Unless to make thy heart as sore as mine.
No, Heaven forbid ! that thou shouldst ever know,
Such agonies, such anguish as I do ;
And to describe a portion of my wee,
Were but to ring thy tender bosom too.
I know that pleasure my return attends,
And 'tis a weary day ! that never ends.

SONNET 50.—THE CONFESSOR.

HENCE !—vile, insidious, venerable knave !—
Confession !—think of no such thing from me ;—
Suppose me not to be, that bigot slave,
Would shrive to such a hypocrite as thee :
To heav'n alone, that witness'd the offence,
As doth become me—I confess the deed,
To heav'n alone, that pardon can dispense—
Alone, for absolution shall I plead.
Of all the plagues, to human nature giv'n—
Priests are the worst—their practices most foul,
They interdict the blessings sent by heav'n—
They rob the body, and would damn the soul.
Get thou to shrift, vile hypocrite !—I see,
Thou'st need of absolution, more than me.

SONNET 51.—THE CAPUCHIN. 163

WHO told thee Capuchin, I should be damn'd ?
 Art thou dispenser of the Will Divine ?
 Shall I, on thy account, in hell be cramm'd—
 Because, 'tis an invidious wish of thine ?
 Doth it become the ministers of heav'n,
 The human race, in trammels thus to bind ?
 Thus to prohibit the best blessings giv'n,
 And tens, instead of blessing—curse mankind ?
 Say, rather, you're the ministers of hell—
 Sent to mislead and gull the human race ;
 All true religion seeking to expel,
 By planting superstition in its place.
 The engines, which the adversary hath,
 Sent to deceive the world, in his infernal wrath.

SONNET 52.—THE MENDICANT.

HERE, Lazarello, take that crown, said I,
 I seek not to enquire thy tale of woe ;—
 That thou 'art no hypocrite, that languid eye,
 And war's sad ravages, too plainly shew.—
 Yet thou, no doubt, hadst hop'd for happier days—
 Had once indulg'd in Fortune's happier smile ;
 Thus oft, the state your services repays,
 And Fortune thus, the fool will oft beguile.
 But thou art honest, soldier ; at the least,
 Hast been, no doubt, courageous, in thy youth ;—
 Not like that hypocrite, canting priest,
 Who has not courage here, to speak the truth.
 Yet he has courage too—his God defies,
 And braves him, with innumerable lies.

166 SONNET 53.—THE SOLDIER.

SIR :—an unwilling conscript I was led,
 A cruel despot's quarrels to maintain;
 To combat where ten thousand heroes bled,
 And bleed myself, where thousands more were slain;
 Returning home, thus mangl'd and forlorn,
 I sought my wife; she failing of relief,
 Had from my hopes, by cruel fate been torn.
 Yes, Sir !—she died of poverty and grief.
 Oh ! my Laurentia ! here the falling tears,
 Bedew'd the hoary veterans furrow'd cheek ;
 She has been dead these five and twenty years,
 He sob'd and sigh'd—but could no further speak :
 The tear of symyathy began to flow,
 I turn'd—I could not hear his tale of woe.

SONNET 54.—THE INGRATE.

THERE'S not a wretch, by savage wilds embrac'd,
 Or wand'ring fugitive, on Zara's waste,
 Or grief worn exile, on the loneliest shore.
 Or shackl'd slave, that plies the galling oar ;
 Nor one nor all of them, should they combine,
 Endure a mis'ry that can equal mine,
 For all the ill's, at once that ever flew,
 From curst Pandora's box my steps pursue ;
 And yet, I charge not, heaven with all these wrongs;
 To hell such foul malignity belongs,
 Resign'd, I meet the mandate of my God,
 Esteem it mercy—kneel, and kiss the rod ;
 But when a bosom friend, the stab bestows,
 Where shall we hope—for pity or repose.

SONNET 55.—INGRATITUDE 167

THE man that owes me full five hundred crowns,
 To meet me thus, with menaces and frowns,
 I ransom'd him in Tunis, when a slave,
 And once, I snatch'd him from the swallowing wave ;
 Bail'd him from prison—for him pawn'd my word ;—
 Rescu'd and sav'd him from the bravo's sword ;—
 And yet, the wretch, because that I am poor,
 Insulting, spurn'd me from his very door.
 Ingratitude ! thy origin proclaims,
 Nature denies, and shudders at the name :
 No miscreant, ever base enough, was known,
 That would, this vice acknowledge for his own ;
 With Lucifer the principle began,
 Which he communicated next, to man,

SONNET 56.—ABSENCE.

And to be parted from the thing we love ;
 The object which the heart has held most dear,
 Aye ! there's the rub : the touchstone that must prove
 The pang of absence in the soul sincere :
 Like some poor sufferer, who by luckless chance,
 Feels his dissever'd, limb, when far apart,
 Feels all the pangs, that thro' its fibres glance,
 In kindred fibres, with a mutual smart.
 So sever'd from its native breast, the heart,
 That with some distant object shall remain,
 Respondently transmits the foreign smart,
 And tho' remote, bestows immediate, pain ;
 Or, 'tis two kindred hearts, that strive in vain,
 T' effect that union they can not obtain.

PATIENCE ! Hortentio, didst thou recommend ?
 I know that thou wouldst council as a friend,
 But say what now that virtue can afford ?
 I've lost it ; and it cannot be restor'd :
 I once possess'd it in a high degree,
 Some anchorites, perhaps, had less than me ;
 Imprisonment and exile, I have borne,
 Fatigue and famine, infamy and scorn ;
 Pain, sickness, absence, poverty and care,
 Of all life's evils I have had a share :
 These unsubdu'd I bore ; still Laura's smile,
 Misfortune's sternest menace could beguile,
 Her love to me was happiness alone ;
 That's wander'd, and with it has patience gone.

 SONNET 58.—PATIENCE.

WHAT is this patience ? good Hortensio say,
 I heard you talk about so much to-day ;
 Is it a philosophic turn of mind,
 That makes men to their fortunes more resign'd ?
 Or 'tis a stupid, senseless unconcern.
 At losing that, whose worth we could not learn ;
 The miser's patient, tho' he has the itch,
 The reason is, because the catiff's rich :
 The lover's patient, void of gold or brass,
 This is accounted for, he has his lass :
 Thus of the thing we most esteem possess'd,
 With seeming patience we can yield the rest ;
 That too ; when lost, Hortentio ! reason flies,
 Ev'n hope forsakes us, and poor patience dies.

SONNET 59.—INSENSIBILITY. 469

YES ! they may talk Rolando of such things,
 As that insensate stuff, the stoic's pride ;
 That when keen agony, the bosom wrings,
 The stedfast soul, its poignance can deride :
 Can mock the dagger's point, the rack despise,
 Unconquer'd, crouch beneath the tyrants chain,
 But either such pretensions, must be lies,
 Or such pretenders, all must be insane :
 For I have tasted, in the full excess,
 The sad variety of human woe,
 Pain, durance, absence, insult, want, distress,
 Nay, all adversity could well bestow :
 In each, this self prov'd axiom we obtain,
 In spite of sophistry ; that pain is pain.

SONNET 60.—THE REPROACH.
 THERE is a time, the heart would rather break,
 Than let the tongue have liberty to speak ;
 There is a time the sordid heart denies,
 Its cooling moisture to the scorching eyes ;
 And when the stifled sigh, by force suppress'd,
 Is made to torture, not relieve the breast ;
 When neither whispers, tears, or sighs may flow,
 To trust ev'n friendship with the treasur'd woe,
 This is Orlando, when a virtuous shame,
 Would rather suffer, than the fact proclaim,
 When common prudence dictates to conceal,
 The secret 'twould be dang'rous to reveal :
 Silence you say is painful, friend—'tis true ;
 But then reproach ! more painful might ensue :
 Our pride, our honour, feels affected here,
 Remorse, we may ; reproach we cannot bear.

170 SONNET 61.—THE RENCONTRE,

POOR Leontine ! I met him t'other day
On the parade : my very blood ran cold ;
He's lost his sight, his scanty looks are grey,
Yet still the man is far from being old ;
His countenance, bespeaks a mind of care,
And grief hath drench'd his cheek with many a furrow,
Yet still his aspect means a placid air,
That smiles defiance to the work of sorrow ;
He Laura ! that was late the soul of wit,
The paragon of fancy, most refined ;
The joy, the grief, the idol of the pit,
Is now emaciated, poor and blind ;
In him, like some vast structure we survey,
A stately ruin, wearing fast away.

SONNET 62.—THE REFLECTION.

I KNEW poor Leontine, when he was young,
Long ere his strange career of life began ;
Of quick conception, and of memory strong
In fact, a most miraculous young man ;
Small was his education, yet his mind
At once, seem'd all the sciences to view ;
Pure in his style, in sentiment refin'd
In short, some part of every thing he knew :
A man of love—but in that love extreme,
A man of virtue—and in that severe ;
Religious too—but not as it would seem,
But in his friendship, open and sincere :
To over sensibility, a slave,
His passions, laws to all his actions gave.

SONNET 63.—THE REMONSTRANCE. 171

DEAREST Antonia ! let me not complain,
When there's no expectation of redress,
Remonstrance and complaint would prove in vain,
When insolence but laughs at my distress ;
When my infirmities are made a jest,
My frailties, all held up to ridicule,
And tho' the world, my genius once confess'd,
Yet now Malvolia, tells me I'm a fool :
Indeed ! I own the stigma over true,
I've been a senseless, stupid, foolish elf,
I gave to friendship, all I thought was due,
Nor left one single ducat to myself ;
And now good heavens ! when feeble old and poor,
I'm forc'd to beg my bread from door to door.

SONNET 64—THE ADIEU.

YE beautious plains ! where once sweet Maro sung
Thy praise Octavia, to immortal fame,
And when surrounding dells, and grotto's rung
Responsive to a brave Macæna's name :
Maids of Cremona ! and ye mantuan swains,
Who the gay rounds of happiness pursue,
At once to you, and to your peaceful plains,
I bid a painful lingering, long adieu :
The blooming vineyard, or the myrtle grove,
Or the fair Parmazan, I range no more ;
But yielding to the weightier claims of love,
That love commands me to a distant shore :
Ye shepherds know, where'er the region be
That Laura lives ! 'tis paradise to me,

172 SONNET 65,—THE POLACA.

BLYTHE spring the nimble mariners on board,
To square the yards, and set the spreading sail,
Soon the Polaca's, from the pier unmoor'd
Fair serves the tide, and fav'ring blows the gale,
Whilst the fond heart (as thro' the briny deep,
The vessel glides, with swift, but steady sweep)
Impatient throbs, its native shore to hail.
Nor yet with unconcern, the mind surveys
Ausonia's beauties, less'ning to the view ;
In mem'ry those fond recollections raise,
And sad regret, slow falters forth adieu ;
Terrestrial paradise ! a pang like this,
Would rend my heart ; but that superior bliss,
Upon my native shores, I now pursue.

SONNET 66.—IMPATIENCE.

BLOW, blow, ye southern breezes, faster blow,
And speed the vessel in her onward way ;
Me thinks at once, the winds and waves are slow,
And all the elements conspire in my delay :
Spread all your canvass—mariners make sail,
Loose ev'ry reef, and catch the flagging gale,
Why earnestly, thus strains the anxious heart ?
With eager hope, towards its distant home,
As tho' 'twould from its native bosom part,
And to some other dearer bosom roam.
Thou being ! that hast witness'd all my care,
Has oft, my wayward purposes withstood :
Grant, this impatience !—ah ! the fearful prayer ;
Fountain of goodness !—grant it end in good.

THE voice of terror bellowing from the deep,
 Destruction's roar, loud thund'ring from on high ;
 The vast tornado, and the whirlwinds sweep,
 The surging ocean, and the drenching sky ;
 The bickering lightning, blazing thro' the air,
 The deaf'ning thunder, with tremendous roll.
 Might common courage, sink into despair,
 And e'en intimidate the virtuous soul :
 Yet, there's a charm can fortify the heart,
 To meet those mingling terrors undismay'd,
 Love can alone that fortitude impart,
 True gen'rous love, that never is afraid :
 This virtuous passion in the breast sincere
 Braves ev'ry danger, and despises fear..

SONNET 68.—THE RETURN.

HERE, Leonardo !—here we are once more,
 The tedious dangers of the voy'ge are past ;
 Thank heav'n again, we hail our long left shore,
 Yes, happy land ! I've reach'd thee at the last :
 What passions throng in the tumultuous mind,
 Pain, pleasure, sorrow, joy, love, hope and fear,
 They act at random, to no laws confin'd,
 And reason seems suspended in her sphere.
 Now for my home ! the seat of past content,
 Wing'd with impatience, fast my course I bend,
 Where all those various hopes and fears imhent,
 At once, as to their common centre tend.
 Oh, Laura ! shall I wish ? great power divine,
 Oh ! be her heart—more tranquiliz'd than mine..

174 SONNET 69.—THE VILLAGE.

I rang'd thro' the hamlet, how chang'd was the scene
 When I ask'd for my friends; these alas! were no more
 Not a vestige remain'd, that had formerly been,
 Save the brook that meander'd along as before.
 Each person I met, was all equally strange,
 And as strange were the objects around I survey'd,
 O time ! I exclaim'd, what a wonderful change,
 In this short fifty years ; what a work hast thou made,
 To the church-yard I saunter'd to seek for my friends
 Their sequester'd retreat, each hic jacet express'd,
 They told me their ages, they told me their ends,
 The sexton, most kindly inform'd me the rest,
 With a sigh I exclaim'd ! when this bustle is past,
 Here quietly meet all life's trav'lers at last,

SONNET 70.—THE COTTAGE.

'Twas here, that those moments of pleasure were spent
 When the hours without care, or anxiety flew,
 When each night brought repose, and each morning
 content :
 'Twas the cottage, where first, my dear Laura I knew
 How I wistfully sigh'd ! as I stood to survey,
 All those once happy scenes, each fond object to trace
 at the cottage had moulder'd, had sunk to decay,
 And a new stately edifice rose, in its place.
 This ! I cried, is the fate, that must happen to all,
 To the lover, the poet, the base, and the bold,
 They shall rise, they shall flourish; decline, & shall fall,
 And a new generation their places shall hold.
 But the evening of life, I would gladly have spent,
 In that cottage with Laura, with peace and content.

SONNET 71.—THE STREAMLET. 175

DEAR stream, as along thy green margin I stray,
Where oft with the oziers my steps are entwin'd,
Or pensively musing, I hold on my way,
What scenes thy soft murmurs recal to my mind ;
The season of friendship, the season of love,
The pastime of youth, and the pow'rs of delight,
When pinion'd by pleasure, each day seem'd to move
And balmy contentment, lay down with each night;
Then oft on thy borders, well pleas'd have I stray'd,
When fresh fanning breezes wav'd thro' the green bow'r
Whilst Philomel, vocal the coppice has made,
And Laura hath sooth'd me until the late hour.
Yes, streamlet ! thy waters still dear to me prove,
Since here on thy banks, I first whisper'd my love.

SONNET 72.—THE KISS.

THERE was a time, that Ormez I'd have given,
Had Laura deign'd me one nectarious kiss,
Her smile to me, was as the smile of heav'n,
And when the yielding fair one falter'd, yes—
My soul confess'd or hop'd no higher bliss.
But then what follow'd ? this indulgence granted,
Still the voluptuous fancy courted more ;
And reason, with the madning draught enchanted,
The more that it obtain'd, the more it wanted,
Till peace was lost, time never could restore,
Thus the poor silly fly, that treacle sips,
Finds ultimate destruction in the sweets,
So he that dwells, upon a woman's lips,
Becomes entangl'd, and sure ruin meets,

WHERE, bent by the zephyr, soft waves the lorn willow,
Near where the broad lake its smooth waters hath
spread ;

Who's she ? that reclin'd on the earth's humid pillow,
Weeps fast as the willow that waves o'er her head :
The nightingale's note, or the lay of the linnet,
The smile of the landscape to her are unknown,
Those sounds & those scenes she regards not a minute
Her soul seems absorb'd, in her sorrow alone.

Horatio ! that form, that now claims thy compassion,
Whose eye is now languid, whose cheek is now pale,
Was lately the mirror of beauty and fashion,
The boast of the city, the pride of the dale :
That picture of sorrow, that type of despair,
Is—rather Horatia, was—Laura the fair.

SONNET 74.—INSANITY,

Say, beauteous form, why in that wand'ring eye,
Sits keen enquiry, and that steadfast gaze ?
Why, in that bosom, heaves the bursting sigh ?
And why those looks, convuls'd with wild amaze ?
Has malice told, Lorenzo was unkind ?
Has slander said, Lorenzo was untrue ?
Heav'n knows ! no pow'r could shake his constant mind
His fix'd affection, nothing could subdue.
Of memory, live there yet, one parting ray,
Or glimpse of reason, in that bosom dwell,
Speak : a fond lover's anguish to allay,
Speak ; if 'tis but to lisp, a fond farewell.
Lorenzo ! no : her mem'ry his gone,
Her reason's fled : and thine shall soon be flown.

have rang'd the dear hamlet around,
 Still in hopes to escape from my care,
 ut where happiness used to be found,
 I can now only meet with despair ;
 he walks that were pleasing before,
 And the scenes of my former delight,
 ere alas ! can now please me no more,
 They are grievous of late to my sight.
 or these but to mem'ry recall,
 What that mem'ry would wish to forget,
 am weary and sick with them all,
 With the world and myself in a pet :
 or the object that render'd them pleasing before
 he soul of my happiness—now is no more.

SONNET 76.—THE RESORT.

LAIL not a drinking—fill me up the the bowl,
 And let me inundate this mass of sorrow ;
 Is this alone supports the sinking soul,
 And makes us brave the dangers of to-morrow :
 ou cry 'tis folly, madness, thus to drink,
 Which but increases, not disperses sadness,
 hy ! 'tis an equal madness, then to think,
 Especially, when thinking drives to madness ;
 madness then ; at any rate be mine,
 When sorrow holds the overflowing measure,
 er bitter cup, I carefully decline,
 And chuse that madness mingl'd most with pleasure
 ot moping, grieve, and think, for this is folly ;
 ut fill the bumper to the brink, together joy and
 wisdom drink,
 And drown dull melancholy.

178 SONNET 77.—THE CHURCH-YARD.

HERE in the church-yard drear, at midnight hour,
I pensive range, among the silent dead,
And all my soul, to melancholy's power,
At once by darkness, and distress o'er spread.
Here lies the all ! could make me wish to live,
All that could render life, or being dear,
All that could pleasure, joy, or comfort give,
Or reconcile me to the world—lies here.
Before; if life was difficult, then now,
How insupportable, must be my woe ;
O ! gracious heaven ! in mercy teach me how,
I may sustain the overwhelming blow,
Life is too long—the spirit would be free ;
Yes ! beauteous cherub—I must follow thee.

SONNET 78.—THE EPITAPH.

SICK of existence ; with the world at strife.
The man of sorrows—laid him down to rest ;
He liv'd not long, but surfeited with life,
Each added year, but found him more distress ;
For in his heart mischance had plac'd a thorn,
Which rankling—fester'd to his inmost soul,
And every setting day, and opening morn,
But more embitter'd sorrow's bitter bowl.
'Twas true, he waited for the fatal stroke,
But not with patience—that had long been gone !
Yes ! ere the shaft was rais'd his heart was broke,
And ere it fell, the work of death was done,
O ! with his life ; may all his sufferings cease,
His faults, find mercy—and his spirit peace.

THE MOUNTAIN MANIAC.

A RHAPSODICAL CANTATA.



Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undiscover'd crimes!—
Hide, hide, thou murd'rer, hide thy bloody hand!
Thou perjur'd villain, holy hypocrite,
That drinkst the widow's tears, sigh now, and ask;
These dreadful summoners' grace!— I am a man
More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Shakespeare.



ON the bleak summit of a craggy steep,
Near where the Clyde in mighty volume pours,
Its vast expanse to the Atlantic deep,
And with its waters laves fair Arran's shores.
In frantic guise a hapless Maniac stood,
Mocking the whirlwind and the thunder's roar;
Whilst far beneath the agitated flood,
Shakes with incessant stroke the craggy shore.
Here to the whirlwind bellowing forth his woe,
Or sighing to the changeful gales his grief;
To whom the changing seasons as they flow,
Afford no respite, render no relief.

Hark ! the hoarse loud whirlwind howling !

See the light'ning's dazzling glare !

Hear the deaf'ning thunders rolling

Thro' the agitated air.

See, where mighty forests bending,

With their heads salute the ground,

Whilst their tortur'd branches rending,

O'er the waste are scatter'd round,

Hear yon cliff, by force stupendous,

Rifted from the mountain's brow ;

Tumbling down, with crash tremendous,

To the hideous gulph below !

There the water-sprite loud yelling,

Mingles with the bellowing gale ;

And wild Nature's chorus swelling,

Echoes loudly thro' the dale.

At a distance, hear old ocean

Furious dash th' the obstructing shore ;

And amidst the wild commotion,

Raise a supersounding roar,

“ Roar on, ye thunders ! whirlwinds, louder howl !

Your's is the music that best suits my soul !

Not the vex'd ocean, nor the tortur'd wind

Endure a conflict equal to my mind !

Your conflicts sometimes cease—that in my breast

For ever rages—never finding rest !

Oh ! I am sick ! and my drain'd heart denies

Its kindly tears to cool my scorching eyes .

A fever fires my brain; congeals my blood!—
Whilst I am more than mad with wild despair!
And, as beneath I hear the rushing flood,
I'm half resolv'd to calm the conflict there:
But, as if to perpetuate my care,
The cruel fates my purposes withstood;
I'm held by force in being, still to bear
Misfortune's scourge, and o'er those evils brood,
Which death alone can quiet and conclude!

I climb o'er the mountains! I plunge thro' the dale,
I am drench'd by the show'r—and am dried by the
the gale;

The rude blasts of winter unheeded I bear;
Keen hunger sustain, for these cause not my care!
The anguish, deep-rooted, is fix'd in my heart,
And till that shall burst, I must suffer the smart."

"Who would believe that such excessive woe,
Would not have done the business long ago:
But surely mine of sorrows are the worst,
They petrify the heart that they should burst!
And from the consequence of such excess,
Instead of short'ning, lengthen my distress!"

But, see, the tempest 'gins to cease,
The battling elements at peace
Are hush'd into a calm serene,
And sweetly smiles the rural scene.
The soaring lark on quiv'ring wings,
To heav'n her raptur'd carol sings,
Q.— Vol, 2.

The azure vault, cerulian clear,
Bids nature's languid offspring cheer,
The gladd'ning summons, pleas'd and gay,
Creation hastens to obey.

The hart his covert now forsakes,
Despising bow'rs and shelt'ring brakes;
And o'er the mountain bounds elate,
On dasied lawns to join his mate ;
The sounding bittern quits the glen,
The snipe forsakes the marshy fen ;
And all the children of the air,
The common invitation share ;
'Tis love the rising joy excites,
'Tis love that all the throng invites.

“ Then may not I the cheerful concourse join?
Shall love invite, and Oscar not obey?
Where is the passion that can equal mine ;
Which time nor absence can ever allay :
But as it lives, grows stronger with each day !”

Down the mountain's sunny side
Swift I sweep, to bring my bride ;
Saunt'ring in the verdant vale,
List'ning to the cuckoo's tale.
In the scented myrtle grove,
Sweetly sits my pensive love.

Whilst around their scents exhaling,
Sweet the rose and woodbine blow,
With their od'rous breath regaling
Julia, as she sits below.

Julia ! blooming, beauteous maid !
Leave awhile the bow'ry shade ;
Leave awhile thy soft recess,
And thy longing lover bless :
Leave awhile thy peaceful dreams,
Myrtles-shades, and murm'ring streams ;
And with fond impatience haste,
All the joys of love to taste !
With what pleasure I'll behold thee,
With what rapture I'll enfold thee.
Haste then, Julia, come away,
This is Hymen's holiday :
Pleasure ev'ry sense delighting :
Haste then, Julia, come away,
For the season's most inviting.
On the blue-rob'd sun-gilt mountain
Will I make thy heathy bed ;
By the side of yonder fountain,
There our banquet shall be spread.
Strains of love, in softest numbers,
On my dulcet pipes I'll play,
To provoke refreshing slumbers,
As I guard thee thro' the day.
But see, where all blooming my Julia appears,
Her smiles are the op'ning of spring ;
Her presence all lovely, my bosom re-cheers,
And transports revive, and dispell'd are my fears,
'Tis Julia alone could such extacy bring.
Hence, come, my dear Julia, great nature's fair blossom
Come, come, and recline thy dear head in my bosom.

The fond throbbing heart how with rapture 'tis beating
To think on the pleasures of this happy meeting.
What makes thee linger thus, most lovely maid ?
Randolph is dead ! thou needst not be afraid ;
Ah, me ! she shrieks !—the villian there behold,
With rude embrace my timid wife enfold !
“ Unhand her, monster ! or, by yonder heaven !
Thou'rt in an instant to damnation driv'n,
'Twere better thou hadst never seen the light,
Than with this outrage to provoke my sight.
Beast ! dost thou mock my anger ? then, come on—
O God ! O God !—what has my fury done !—
She bleeds !—she falls !—perdition seize thy soul !
Death is too little for a crime so foul.

My rapier's point shall tap thy lustful blood,
To the extinction of the very heat
That inflam'd thee to this dev'lish deed.
Oh ! I will aunch thy soul before 't has time
To scream for mercy, or to sue for pardon,
And hurl it headlong to infernal hell !
There, there ! begone to everlasting death !
And may thy soul as little mercy find,
Where I transmit thee, as I've shewn thee here !—
But, oh ! my Julia !—why so sadly mute ?—
The ruffian now is hush'd—and so art thou !—

Oh, I am madly mad, past all relief,
With indignation, love, and bursting grief ;
Not all the tortures hell to guilt can deal,
Can parallel the torments which I feel !

O my poor Julia !—O my lovely bride !
So soon, so sadly soon, thus torn away,
Would, would to heav'n that I myself had died !
Ere I had seen this lamentable day.

O Julia, thy spirit that hovers around me,
Will pardon my rashness, and pity my grief,
Will pity those feelings that mortally wound me,
For whose keen endurance time brings no relief.
I'm wretched, I'm mad, I'm more than distracted,
To think on the sad cruel work I have acted,
Yet that which is over can ne'er be retracted,
Tho' mine with misfortunes may stand as the chief.

Ye thunders that roll thro' the sky,
Ye tempests that furiously blow,
Now bellow your loudest and try
To make me forget all my woe.

Let earthquakes and deluges wage
Their warfare on nature each hour,
They could not exhibit my rage,
Were I but possess'd of their pow'r.

The tempest that ocean deforms,
The whiriwinds that ruffle the air,
Are not to compare with the storms
This bosom is destined to bear.

But ah, alas ! where are my senses fled ?
I've lost my wife, my hapless Julia's dead.

But oh ! how little was the time
Those pleasures were to last !—
But one short week ; fell ruin came,
That blessedness to blast.

It chanc'd, that on a sultry day,
To seek the cooling shade,
My Julia to the copse, alone,
Had negligently stray'd.

Sir Randolph, he, the haughty lord,
Of all this vast domain,
Had long seduction's basest arts,
On Julia tried in vain.

He met her in the lonely shade,
He there resolv'd amain,
By violence to win the prize
He might not else obtain,

Alarm'd—the fair-one scream'd aloud ;—
I heard—my sword I drew,
And, wing'd with fondness, thro' the grove
To her assistance flew.

I, in an instant reach'd the place,
And there my Julia found,
All breathless—struggling in his arms,
And sinking to the ground.

“ Turn—villain !—turn ! (enrag'd, I cried)
And yield thy forfeit life ;
Nor with impunity expect
To violate my wife,”

As the fierce lioness, who views
Her whelps by hunters torn,
O rush'd I to the fatal place,
With jealous fury borne.
With foul confusion in his looks,
My rage the villain saw ;
And, tho' he scorn'd inglorious flight,
He had no time to draw.
But as with more than mortal ire,
I madly onward press'd,
He turn'd my Julia to my sword,
Which stabb'd her lovely breast
Keenest pangs of jealous hate,
My bosom rent before ;
Not to behold this cruel scene,
Inflam'd me ten times more :
I madly bellow'd with my rage,
The cause was surely great ;—
And tho' I took Sir Randolph's life,
Revenge felt incomplete,
Pierc'd his body thro' and thro',
Remorse my heart had none ;
Or, oh ! my Julia, lovely bride !
She was for ever gone !
O heavens ! what anguish then was mine !
Revenge had done its worst ;—
Too late the happiest of mankind,
I now was doubly curs'd.

A whirling frenzy seiz'd my brain,
 Strange shadows dimn'd my sight !
My burning eyes refus'd to flow,
 And reason left me quite.
The bleeding bodies from the place
 I madly dragg'd away ;
And in that grave, dug by these hands,
 Now lies my Julia's clay,
Expos'd upon the mountain's side,
 Sir Randolph's carcase lies ;
On his detested corpse, I yet
 Can glut my vengeful eyes !
And here I range the forest wild,
 Unwistful of relief ;—
Assur'd no hand, but that of death,
 Can mitigate my grief.

THE
FROGS CHOOSING A KING.

Written in the year 1802.



THROUGH nature's rounds, what can we find
So fluctuating as mankind ;
What different aims, what various schemes,
Engage life's mad fantastic dreams.
Our actions, passions, all agree
To mark our inconsistency ;
Oft times those very things to choose,
Which got, we peevishly abuse ;
Nay oft to court those very things
From which a certain mischief springs,
For ever curious to obtain
Objects most difficult to gain :
Still discontented with our state,
We wish to change the laws of fate :
From good to bad, from high to low,
From rich to poor, from joy to woe ;
Be the transition e'er so strange,
There's hop'd for pleasure in the change ;
That human bliss howe'er so great,
Whilst here on earth, is incomplete,

Has been an axiom long receiv'd,
And universally believ'd ;
And that perspective happiness
Exceeds those pleasure's we possess ;
Enjoyment with each blessing cloy's,
And winning, but the wish destroys ;
To have, is but to ask for more
And be as anxious as before ;
To individuals not confin'd,
The rule extends to all mankind :
Nay, mightiest states by turns have shewn,
This native fickleness their own:
Once on a time as fables sing,
The frogs petition'd for a king ;
Jove heard their prayers, and midst the bog,
A sov'reign hurl'd a lifeless log ;
Awhile the croaking tribe survey'd
Their monarch, and obedience pay'd—
Beheld the form with rev'rend awe,
Resolv'd his mandates should be law :
Each with respectful caution creeps,
To view their prince, with stealthy peeps,
Bless me, quoth one, don't make a riot—
The king's asleep—good Sirs be quiet.
Another, shooting forth his head,
Declar'd he thought their sov'reign dead
A third insists that no such thing
As that was fit to be a king.
A king ! quoth one, that's mighty good—
Why, this is but a log of wood.

s rev'ence soon to insult turns,
 each the lifeless monarch spurns.
 in they meet in council grave,
 in resolve a king to have.
 e they petition as before,
 l one and all a prince implore :
 hears their senseless discontent
 d straight a furious serpent sent,
 o thro' the lake tyrannic scours ;
 d great and small of frogs devours.
 vain they now for mercy plead,
 ere tyranny exalts its head,
 vain attempt to seek redress
 check the foe, to humble less ;
 hope remains ;—but gen'ral dread
 o'er the croaking nation spread :
 us, quite o'erwhelm'd with dire dismay,]
 Jove, again they humbly pray,
 at he'd once more hear their request,
 and rid them of this 'vengeful pest :
 hen thus the god.—Were I to grant
 I that you wish—or think you want,
 ou'd soon the fatal effects see,
 and more dependence place on me ;
 rust your short-sighted judgment less,
 and Fate's superior hand confess,
 ontent receive the station given,
 y the all-bounteous hand of Heaven,
 These boundless wisdom best must know
 he proper blessing to bestow ;—

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Your pray'r is heard ;—but learn from hence,
Aright to weigh the consequence.
Thus brutes, like men—and men, like brutes,
In common err, in their pursuits ;—
Each, with his lot dissatisfied,
Would turn the hand of Heav'n aside :—
Rome, once a nation wise and brave,
Amidst a multitude of things,
Who laws to countless kingdoms gave,
Was proud, nay, happy in her kings ;
But, strange ! a prince's brutal lust,
Could fill the kingdom with disgust ;—
With Tarquin royalty expires,
And each a commonwealth admires ;
Long, firm the fair republic stood,
Their armies brave, their councils good :
Alike for arts and arms renown'd,
Their equals no-where could be found,
With self-erected freedom bless'd,
They amplest happiness possess'd ;
From Scandinavia's icy shores,
To where the fam'd Euphrates roars,
'Midst Arab tribes, and Scythian bands,
O'er Afric's wastes, and Lybia's sands,
Extended was the Roman name,
And farthest nations own their fame :—
Yet tho' with wide dominion bless'd,
Tho' wealth and freedom they possess'd,
Urg'd, by caprice 'tis strange to tell,
How from that eminence they fell,

Sunk from that height, so rais'd by fate,
 To the most abject, servile state,
 Their rights, their liberties resign,
 And expedite their own decline :
 Nay, ev'n prepare those very bands,
 With which a Cæsar binds their hands.
 Thus, Israel's children, discontent
 With Heaven's too gracious government,
 By fashion led, like many more,
 They for an earthly king implore ;
 Jehovah heard their foolish call,
 And for a ruler gave them Saul,
 A peevish prince, whose only joy
 Seem'd other's pleasures to destroy ;—
 And thus the Jews, tho' lately blest
 Are punish'd at their own request.
 When Israel thus, to error prone,
 Had off the Lord's dominion thrown.
 The Athenians, by more wisdom fir'd,
 Or with more heav'n-ward zeal inspir'd,
 Down from their thrones their tyrant's drove,
 Resolv'd to have no king but Jove.
 Thus, whatsoe'er be man's estate,
 Or high, or humble be his fate,
 By whimsy led, the wav'ring will,
 Is hunting for new changes still.
 Whilst thus these changes we explore,
 'Mongst ancient states and days of yore ;
 May we not modern nations view ?
 The same fantastic course pursue,

Turn but one moralizing glance
To that deluded country, France,
There reason owns, in spite of pride,
This hapless truth is verified ;
Long languish'd had this fated land,
Beneath oppression's ruthless hand,
In servile bondage long had groan'd,
And their sad, suff'ring state bemoan'd ;
When sudden see his sons inspir'd,
And with the love of freedom fir'd,
By one, bold, energetic stroke,
Throw off the tyrant's galling yoke,
Cast from their hands oppression's chain,
And life, with liberty regain.
What pleasures spread throughout the state,
At this unlook'd-for change in fate ;
Content in ev'ry face appear'd,
When liberty each bosom cheer'd ;
The king was bound to rule by law,
They serve by love, and not by awe ;
The very name of freedom gave
Importance to each former slave :
When envying nations from afar
France threaten'd with invasive war ;
Unmov'd, they heard their vain alarms,
For conquest ever crown'd their arms ;—
But, ah ! how wond'rous is the chance,
Of sad, infatuated France.
'Tis said, the burst of sudden joy,
Will sometimes reason's pow'r destroy,

And nothing known so madd'ning is,
 As meeting with excess of bliss,
 At least to those condemn'd to know,
 Through former life, excess of woe ;
 Thus on a sudden rais'd on high,
 From vassalage to liberty—
 Releas'd from bondage and despair,
 To breathe in freedom's cheering air.
 The sons of France the mania caught,
 And grew enfrenzied with the draught :—
 Their words—their actions—all presage,
 A wild, enthusiastic rage,
 Intestine broils convulse the state,
 And Gallia, thus so blest of late,
 Tears from her brows fair Freedom's wreath,
 And turns the scene to war and death :
 Her king, of late belov'd, confess'd,
 By flatt'ry call'd, of kings the best,
 Is by the public voice accus'd,
 And in the clam'rous mob abus'd,
 To dungeon vile is impious led,
 And soon condemn'd to lose his head ;
 His family his fate to share,
 Nor one of Bourbon's line to spare ;
 Thus launch'd into the dang'rous flood
 Of civil discord, rage and blood ;
 Wild anarchy o'erspreads the land,
 And murder waves her crimson'd hand,
 The guiltless with the guilty fall,
 And dire confusion seizes all,

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Till tir'd at length with war and death,
 The murd'ring madmen stop for breath ;
 The pause, tho' short, reflection gave,
 And some resolv'd the state to save ;—
 To save ?—but how ?—why, to restore
 That system they'd destroy'd before !
 To set up tyranny accurs'd—
 The second viler than the first—
 From the mere scum of all the land,
 To choose a catiff to command,
 Whose mean intrigue, and projects base,
 A common catchpole would disgrace ;—
 A Buonapart from earth to raise,
 On Lewis' rain'd throne to blaze ;
 Nay, ev'n Franks themselves to urge
 The tyrant to accept the scourge,
 And yield those liberties as nought,
 For which, so late, they dearly fought,
 And he, usurper-like to scorn
 Those fools by whom he was upborne ;—
 Think—Frenchmen, and repent your choice,
 And list to reason's soothing voice ;—
 Check his ambition, and controul,
 The machinations of his soul ;—
 Nor thus implicitly consent,
 To what with ease you may prevent ;
 'Tis not for you, with reeking scars,
 To dare unnecessary wars ;—
 Know, that the pow'r you now provoke,
 Is not dispos'd with you to joke,

She can and will revenge her wrongs,
And loves what liberty belongs ;
Then think not with a hostile hand,
To spread confusion o'er this land,
Seek your own order to restore,
And prudence govern you once more,
Strive pow'r despotic to restrain,
And Frenchmen !—be yourselves again.

AN ANECDOTE.

ONCE on a time from Britain sent,
To Berlin's court an envoy went,
Before great Fred'rick's throne to bring
Dispatches from his sov'reign king ;—
His business done, the Prussian Sire,
For gen'ral news 'gan to enquire ;
Ask'd him how things were going on,
With dull Mynheer, or pompous Don,
With each new vict'ry or mischance,
And how went on the war with France ?
When thus the envoy to the prince
Replied, dread Sov'reign, not long since,
By God's assistance, well sustain'd,
A signal victory we obtain'd
O'er France, that most imperious foe,
Which looks like a decisive blow.
What I cried the prince, with feign'd surprise,
Is hea'vn's great King 'mong your allies ?
Yes, Sire, the Englishman return'd,
Whose breast with keen resentment burn'd,
He is the only staunch ally—
To whom we pay no subsidy.

THE WANDERER.

COLD, cold blew the wind o'er the brows of King
Harry,*

The hoar on the hether fell heavy and chill,
The day far declin'd, when, dejected and weary,
A trav'ller slow wound down the slope of the hill,
Lank famine and want in his face were depicted,
His limbs with the cold and fatigue seem'd con-
stricted,

His looks spoke a heart with deep anguish afflicted,
And Mis'ry had mark'd him with masterly skill.

To the mansion of wealth his weak steps were di-
rected,

- In hopes an asylum through pity to find ;
But often by wealth are the needy neglected,
Their hearts are more cold than the tempest behind ;
For spite of entreaties, the poor hapless danger
Is thrust from the portal, 'midst darkness and danger,
No sympathy here for the sad sinking stranger ;
The wild waste receives him, and cold blows the wind.

* A mountain in the eastern part of Cumberland, so called, as it is supposed, from one of the Henry's having formerly had an encampment here.

By the side of a hedge, which the tempest was
tearing,
The wand'rer sunk down, his sad fate to deplore ;
" Oh ! Erin, (he cried, for his country was Erin)
Dear, dear happy land ! I shall see thee no more !
For here, by barbarity unprecedented,
I languish unseen, and expire unlamented,
Whilst all my complaints are from hearing prevented,
And drown'd by the whirlwinds that round me loud
roar.

Oh, Albion ! where lives now thy boasted humanity,
That clemency, partial, extends not to me ;
No vestige I find of remaining urbanity,
Which if it once flourish'd, now ceases to be,
The savage who ranges the desert most dreary
Whom reason ne'er taught, nor religion more cheery,
Would not thus have spurn'd a poor wand'rer when
weary,
And left him to die at the foot of a tree."

I ask'd but a morsel to stay my keen hunger,
I ask'd but a shield from the cold and the rain.
With common compassion what claims can be stronger,
But such with the selfish but seldom obtain ;
For sordidly fearful of my sad remaining,
Unmov'd by my anguish, and deaf to complaining,
They thrust me away, all entreaties disdaining,
And left me to languish in mis'ry and pain.

“ Bewilder’d, unknown, ’mongst a people inhuman,
Where pity ne’er dwelt her kind aid to impart;
With no kindly ray the drear waste to illumine,
No friend to support me, or soothe my sad heart.
Ah ! little suppose you, my dear, dear connexions,
My babes, my Alicia, what piercing reflections
Engage my sad bosom ! the sad retrospections
Increase my keen anguish and double the smart !

Sick, sick is my heart, whilst around the storm
musters,
The cold hand of death seems to sink to my soul;
Unheeded I hear the loud tempest that blusters,
Unmindful I note the big gusts as they howl.
Sensation scarce lives, oh ! just heav’n, forgive me,
If, dying, the cruel I curse that outlive me,
Who neither protection nor pity would give me,
Expos’d to the rage of the storms as they roll.”

“ Whose he that exclaims ? (call’d a voice, deeply
sighing ;)

Whose he that sustains all the rage of the storm ?”

“ Heed not (he replied) a poor wand’rer now dying,
To whom thy compassion no part can perform,
But if ’twas true pity thy heart actuated,
Thy purpose by heav’n shall be compensated,
And those who inhumanly spurn’d me be hated
For cruelty that would a demon deform.”

“ Live, live and despair not, (exclaim’d the kind stranger,)

Heav’n yet may restore thee to comfort and life ;
And kindly support thee thro’ hardships and danger,
To visit thy country, thy friends, and thy wife,”

“ Ah! no, (said the wand’rer,) each fond expectation
In me sadly sinks, being past consolation,
The cold hand of death fast arrests each sensation ;”—

He sigh’d—and dead silence concluded the strife !

Where sympathy sits in the soft heaving bosom,
The eye, still responsive, a tear can bestow ;
But where rancour crops pity’s delicate blossom,
Such tender emotions they seldom can know,
Think, think, O ! ye sordid disciples of malice,
Whose hearts to the cries of distress are still callous,
That fate, which the convict receives at the gallows,
As properly Justice on you might bestow.

TOM KNOTT.

TOM KNOTT, lyke monny mair in lyfe,
Was pester'd with an illgien wyfe
Frae morn till neeght her millclack tongue
Dirl'd in his lugs and loudly rung ;
The clangour of her squeel pype throat,
Was ever tuon'd in mischiefs note :
Whate'er he did, whate'er transacted,
Or whether ill or wheel he acted,
Was a' as ane, for nowght was wreeght,
An' Tib misca'd him day and neeght.
Which made him wish his spouse uncivil,
Full monny a tyme was at the devil ;
But this he aye keep'd till his sell,
And tho' aggriev'd durst never tell,
Because he knew reeghtweel sud he
Set up his gob, directly she
Wad raise a hay-bay in the house,
Which meade him mum as onny mouse,
And snuol lyke, yield a forc'd submission,
To what he deem'd a de'il's condition ;
But tho' to keep a whyat lyfe,
Tom tamely knockled till his wyfe,
Yet now and then he'd raise a durdum,
Sae loud 'at hauf o'th' town meeght heard him ;

But this was oft at the Blue Bell
When met wi' halfthicks like himsel,
Ow'r some o' Nanny Newton's yale,
Tom then wad tell a parlish tale,
Wad rant and roar, and raise a rumpus,
Aye, sometimes swear by jing to thump us :
For frae experience, oft we see,
When folks anca taste of liberty,
'At hev before oppression fun',
Still to some daft extreme mun run,
And slaves the maist oppress'd, still would
Be th' greatest tyrants if they could :
Thus he a sackless when at heame,
Nowght of good man but just the neame,
Wad, when he reach'd a public house,
Unkend to Tib, turn deev'lish croose,
And domineer owr folks, as vain
As if the town was a' his aine.
It chane'd ae halloween, that Tom,
Wi' Harry, Jack, and Simy com,
And monny jafflers like his sel,
To slote awhile at th' auld Blue Bell,
Ae whart fast after tother follow'd,
They smuik'd, they drank, they sang, they hallo'd,
And lang before the midneeght hour,
War a' as drunk as they could glow'r.
Loud noise—by some ea'd disputation,
For want of better conversation,
Employ'd this open throppl'd crew,
And nonsense frae a' quarters flew,

And things war said as reason ended—
Unmeaning—as unintended ;
Tom umbrage took at winkin' Wat,
Who something said—he knew not what ;—
Ne'er ack, it matter'd not a fardin,
Tom goister'd, Watty begg'd his pardin ;—
It was a' ane—no damn thy snout,
I'se here—if thou's a man turn out,
Thou's monny tyme run th' rig o' me,
For lyle or nought—but now let's see
What mak o' stuff thou is, when try'd—
Thou need'nt glyme, I'll yark thy hide,
I'll larn thee to cock-mantle, will I—
And teach thee better manners Billy :
The room was full o' noise and racket,
Tom doff'd his neck-cloth, hat and jacket,
And like a madman stamp'd the fiere,
When wicked luck, the entry deer,
Just at that instant gev a creech—
In bang'd Tom's wife, she could'nt speak,
Rage tied her tongue, or else she would ;
Tom petrified with horror stood ;
A beesom shank her hand first met,
Wi' which she like a vengeance set
Upon his ready bare made back,
And dealt him monny a wordie smack,
Ow'r sides and shoulders—craig and crown,
Until the blood ran spurtlan down ;
At last her yammer outgate fan,
And thus this rantipow began ;—

'Thou nasty, good-for-nothing dog,
Here is ta, drunk as onny hog,
Whyle th' bairns, a bonny speech indeed,
Mun sit without a byte of breed ;
O thou's a menceless urlin, ista,
Weel thou desarves thy pakes at dista :
And you—'od whyte leeght on you a',
A set o' dow-for-noughts to draw
Folks' men away to th' public houses,
And here to haud your midneeght bouses,
O, little stops me, but I'd jaup,
This whart o' yale about your scope—
Sae said, she cleek'd wi' ilka hand,
The glass and stoup, and on the band
Them shower'd ;—'at Simy's chafts she clash'd
The whart—the glass at Jack she dash'd,
And when nae mair to throw she had,
She clapp'd her hands and skirl'd for mad.
Tom saw the storm was louder gatheran,
And flait o' gittan tudder letheran,
Thought it was prudent to retire,
As stand and face a second fire :
Sae thro' the snow, stark nak'd he pot,
Widout ance speeran for his shot ;
Tib, like a Fury cursan efter,
And he tho' swift, had nae bouk left her,
For baith gat nearly hame together,
As spite sped ane, and freeght the ither ;
Here was a fearfu' altercation,
Wi' ill-far'd names, noise and vexation,

Tho' Tom—peer man, no mickle said,
 But slipp'd off whyately to bed;—
 Yet Tib, you meeght hev heard a mile hence,
 Till sleep had stuok'd her gob in sillence :—
 Oh, man !—oh, man !—what pity 'tis,
 That what we hope our heeghest bliss
 Sud disappoint us ;—nay what's worse,
 Sae oft turn out a real curse :—
 It shews man's want of foreseeght truly,
 In not consideran matters duly,
 And gives him mony ill-far'd cowps,
 Whea gowk like luoks not ore he luops :
 But shaugh ! what signifies reflection ?
 To strife let's never add dejection :
 Tom had eneugh o' this at hame,
 When th' meagrims tuok his stingy dame ;—
 But what o' that ? he now and then,
 Could be a middlin happy man,
 Which shews that human disposition,
 Is seldom fix'd in ae condition.
 Tho' lately Tom had sle a bruely,
 And hey bey wi' his wife unhuoly,
 When to avoid her clam'rous jaw,
 He skelp'd stark nak'd amang the snow ;
 Yet scarce a month was aw'r or mair,
 When Tom returnin' frae the fair,
 Met his three crownies on the road,
 And he, a silly sackless poad,
 God kens smaw invitation sarra'd,
 When thus wi' typers sae weel marrow'd ;

To gang and pree anadder bicker,
Of Nanny Newton's nappy liquor ;—
In bang'd our neighbours helter skelter,
For each was at a slote a smelter,
And he 'at foremost could advance,
Aye thought he had a deuble chance ;
Ance set—whart follow'd whart as fast,
As if each ~~ane~~ had been their last,
And a' the foursome gat as merry,
As tho' they'd drunken sack or cherry :
Time they beguil'd w' clish-ma-clatters,
And crack'd on many different matters,
Sometimes on trade, sometimes on war,
Sometimes on countrie—God kens whar ;
When Simy, that old-fashion'd hannel,
Whae was as slee as onny Daniel,
Declar'd, to him 'twas parlish strange,
That yale sud wark sae mickle change,
In folks ; especially, says he,
As we've beheld friend Tom, in thee,
For gen'rally, we mun allow,
In bruolliments thou art no cow,
Nay, for a pinch, wad risk thy life,
But when a rumpus wi' thy wife,
Breks out, 'tis then a chang'd affair—
Thou hast not hauf a word to spare,
Why, man, she kelk'd thee like a log,
And chac'd thee like a coaly dog,
And then sic ill-far'd names she ca'd tha,
Thou wad be vex'd, Tom, I'll uphaud tha :

Dal me !—I'd try to mend this matter,
And bridle this infernal clatter.
Tho' Tom, a buzzard was at hame,
Was not at ev'ry place the same,
His stomach ne'er could brook advice,
Especially in points so nice—
His wife the subject;—feegh upon her !
But then you see—it touch'd his honour,
Aye, there's the thing that rais'd the racket;—
Ance mair, off flew coat, sark and jacket,
Without a why, or wherefore speeran,
He rose, like onny deevil sweeran;
His thumps at random dealt pell mell,
Beneath his strokes a' threesome fell,
A' three he beat, thrice risk'd his life,
Weant hame,—was paick'd again by the wife.

TO A

YOUNG LADY AT HER HARPSICORD.

BEGIN, fond muse, begin the partial lays,
The pleasing task of yielding merit praise,
So shall my verse, each rising wish proclaim,
And, softly flowing echo Delia's fame.
Come then, Apollo, music's guardian sire,
To thee, the votive bard resigns his cause,
With ardent zeal, his glowing breast inspire,
And crown a tribute, fraught with fair applause.

Then may the conscious muse, exulting plead ;—
Plead the soft influence, gratitude conveys,
Then may the bard, from rising caution freed,
Exalt each strain replete with Delia's praise.
But, hark ! the god propitious, claims the ear,
In sounds the gen'rous heart expands to hear ;
His form, a semblance, fair as smiling youth,
His voice, a language sweet as artless truth.

Mortal, says he, thy flatt'ring hopes resign,
'Tis not for thee, t' ascribe the plaudits due—
A task like that, requires a pen divine,
Sublimar—far, than e'er ambition knew.
Essays like these, fair gratitude inspires,
But, ah ! they cannot Delia's worth proclaim.
Short are the limits of thy fond desires,
If human eloquence can speak her fame.

THE LOITERER.

A FAIRY TALE.



IN days of yore, when (quoth romance)
The fairy sprites were wont to dance
Around the may-pole on the green,
With Oberon, and Mab their queen ;
Whilst on the slender mushroom's head,
Their tiny banquet oft was spread,
With pearly dew-drops for their drink,
In acorn-cups up to the brink ;
And pigmy knights, in armour bright
Oft gambol'd by the moon's pale light ;
Strange was their pow'r, the pranks they play'd,
With such as dar'd their haunts invade ;—
With various forms themselves they'd please,
And others could transform with ease ;
Turn day to night, or night to day,
Make black be white, or green be grey ;
Could lengthen time, or make it short,
Just as it suited with their sport ;
Give to deformity each grace,
And frightful turn the fairest face ;

Oft have these playful wanton elves,
Just purposely to please themselves.
Slid thro' the key-hole of the door,
When all within was thought secure ;
Sly slipt the sleeping babe away
And in its place a fairy lay !

Yet, tho' to mischief often prone,
This did not busy them alone ;
For oft the cleanly household maid,
Their frequent bounties has repaid ;
With rings of fair and brilliant hue,
Or teasters left her in her shoe ;
But if her house was filthy kept,
They'd pinch the hussy as she slept :
And by such warning teach the jade,
That sluts were never better paid.

'Twas in those days of fairy reign,
Of which replete is Chaucer's strain,
That, on a summer afternoon,
A certain simple country loon
By chance came whistling o'er the lee
With heart as lightsome as might be.
A load of oatmeal in a sack
The bumkin bore upon his back ;
And tho' both youthful, stout, and strong,
Yet lazily he drawl'd along ;
And liting an unmeaning air,
Betray'd a heart devoid of care.
When near the corner of a wood,
By which a clay-built cottage stood,

'The sound of music struck his ears,
Which pleas'd the gaping rustic hears,
And, as he felt no mind for speed,
He stood to hear whence might proceed
Those sounds harmonious, which he swore
Excell'd whate'er'd he heard before.
Where'er he listens still 'tis plain
The hovel must the choir contain ;
Wherefore the boor at all adventures—
Sans ceremony—boldly enters,
And at the door his station took,
Intent to take a standing look ;
Not to go further, save invited,
For fear he might be ill requited,
And his too curious prying folly
A sequel find more melancholy ;
For so impertinence, by right,
Both men and fairies should requite ;
And nothing can be reckon'd ruder
Than an unmanner'd bold intruder,
Who'll frequently, 'thout invitation,
By meddling where he's no occasion,
But scarce had he the threshold gain'd,
When eyes and ears were entertain'd ;
For since he first beheld the light,
He ne'er had seen a fairer sight !
A band of fairies heav'nly fair,
Array'd in green with neatest care,
In youthful bloom, whilst ev'ry grace
Adorn'd each pigmy elfin's face ;

And, as the music gaily play'd, . .
A thousand antic springs they made ;
Now here, now there, now high, now low,
Now strangely quick, now gently slow ;
Still as the minstrels chang'd, so they
Their movements chang'd, and danc'd away.

Whilst Hodge, with extasy unbounded,
Gaz'd on with wonder quite confounded,
But still suppos'd, so threng they'd been,
His entrance they had never seen ;
Nor had it ever struck his brain,
That these were of the elfish train,
But wrongly had the lout believ'd ;
He from the first had been perceiv'd !
For these were fairies, and may be
Knew what he thought as well as he ;
And cunning had he been, I ween,
Had he stood here by them unseen.
But that it seems 'twas their intent
With him t' increase their merriment ;
For they no seeming notice took,
But let him peaceful keep his nook ;
Nem. Con. determin'd that he should
Stand there till doomsday, if he would ;
Whilst they their gambols still pursu'd,
And he with equal pleasure view'd.

But little wist he with the throng
That he had saunter'd there so long ;
For their gay pranks and music strains
Had so bewitch'd the gawky's brains,

That it ne'er enter'd Hodge's head
His family were wanting bread ;
And that he should have posted back
With that same meal he'd in his sack.

At length, grown weary with his station,
And sated quite with recreation,
Once more the easing with his load
Slunk out, and hasten'd on the road ;
For 't must be known, that whilst he stopp'd
His burthen he had never dropp'd,
But, as a cursory beholder,
Stood bending with it on his shoulder ;
And, so well pleas'd the boor had been,
With all he'd heard, with all he'd seen,
That he suppos'd, amidst the sport,
His dalliance there had been but short ;
A quarter of an hour at most—
But strangely he'd his reckning lost.

Well ; homewards Hodge in haste now hies,
But what strange objects meet his eyes !
Chang'd was the face of all around him ;
Indeed, sufficient to confound him.
For ev'ry now and then he'd meet
Whole groups of strangers in the street ;
And, gaze on either side he would,
Long clusters of new buildings stood.
In fine, the whole was so much chang'd,
That he to all seem'd quite estrang'd ;
And scarcely could the bumpkin keep
From thinking that he was asleep :

Indeed, what could he justly deem
This wond'rous change less than a dream ?

With gazing, and with staring round,
His well-known cot at length he found ;
But louder here the uproar grew,
Each one he met affrighted flew !
And cried, " Heav'n shield us from all evil !
That's Hodge's ghost, or else the devil !"
" Zeunds ! (quoeth the boor) what means this clatter ?
Are all gone mad ! or what's the matter ?
Why, here the people flee the road,
And shun me as I were a toad !
Sure this must be some witch'd delusion,
For all around me seems confusion ;—
Or is it I, or they, or who,
That are bewitch'd ? for I don't know.
All things appear transform'd I view
I'm surely metamorphos'd too !

At length, his Marg'ret, honest dame !
Rous'd by th' uncommon clamour, came ;
But soon as she poor Hodge beheld,
Her aspect seem'd with terror fill'd,
She scream'd aloud, and back retreating,
Endeavour'd to avoid the meeting.
But Hodge, enraged and quite perplex'd,
And with these strange proceedings vex'd,
Threw down his load, and, interposing,
Stopt her as she the door was closing ;
And cried, " Fie, Margaret ! what the devil
Has made you all so curs'd uncivil ?

For young and old, I think, egad,
Are, rich and poor, enmasse gone mad !
Why, wife ! this all seems wond'rous strange ;
What witchcraft can have wrought this change ?
Why, I'm thy Hodge, Mag ! dost not know me ?
Now don't be foolish—but come to me !"

She shriek'd again, and faltering said,
" This seven long years have you been dead !
The fact I recollect too well,
As all the neighbours round can tell."
" Dead ! (exclaim'd Hodge,) why, what the curse,
Can all this mean ? 'tis worse and worse !
Why, sure you know 'twas but to-day
That to the mill I took my way.
To bring some meal in that same sack,
Which I've just tumbled from my back ;
I'm sure I stopt not on the road,
Nor ever once set down my load,
Save for a trice I stood to view,
In yonder cot a merry crew ;
Who, with their cap'rings and vagaries,
Were frisking like so many fairies.
And then they kept their time so duly,
Their music it was charming truly ;
And had yourself been there to see,
You would have stay'd as well as me ;
For I protest, my dearest wife,
I ne'er saw th' like on't in my life.
But surely I ha'n't stopt so long
That you should set up this war song ?

And all the town play hide and seek,
As if I'd been away a week."

"A week! (quoth Marg'ret) by these tears,
You have been dead, these seven long years!
We know you once went to the mill,
For ought we know, you are there still;
For since you first went out, good lack!
None e'er beheld you yet come back,
And 'twas concluded, all around,
That you'd been murder'd, 'witch'd or drown'd,
And as, alas! you ne'er return'd,
For you, one tedious year I mourn'd—
For you, the widow's weeds I wore,
And patiently, my sufferings bore;
And when I'd thus, a twelvemonth tarried
Single—for you—again I'm married.
And to my second spouse, have brought
Six chopping children—who are thought
To be as stout ones, and as viewly,
As any in the village—truly!

"Married again! (quoth Hodge) adzooks—
The woman's mad!—Lord! how she looks!—
She trembles too; and turns as white,
As if I were some hell-born sprite:
For God's sake!—Marg'ret, let me hold thee,
And in these longing arms enfold thee!
She backwards reel'd, and with a shriek—
Swoon'd, for she hadn't pow'r to speak.

Some neighbours, bolder than the rest,
Mov'd, to behold her, thus distress'd,

Resolv'd, as 'twas a work of merit,
At least, to parley with the spirit,
For well they knew, the worst and most,
That could be done, by any ghost,
Was only to a fix'd extent ;
And this, with ease they could prevent ;
For should the fiend, begin to riot,
Him soon, the priest had pow'r to quiet.
So, in a phalanx gath'ring round,
With circles, fortified their ground ;
And mutt'ring o'er their paternosters,
Slowly advanc'd, in various postures.
But Hodge, not waiting salutation,
Thus spoke the trembling congregation.
" Good neighbours, now, for God's sake ! say,
What is your meaning ?—tell me, pray.
Are you all mad, as you appear ?
Or are you but dispos'd to jeer
And tamper me with ridicule,
Because you think I am a fool ?"
" Stop there, good ghost, (said one most gravely)
No doubt, we'll answer thee most bravely.
But first, to answer us prepare—
Quite rational our questions are ;
Say, why, now seven long years are past,
Hath the cold grave releas'd at last,
Thy pent up spirit, thus to range,
To frighten us, in form most strange,
And carry terror and dismay,
Ev'n in the very face of day ?

Ghosts were of yore, we know permitted
To roam at midnight ; and have quitted
Their sepulchres ; and in those times
Did penance for their former crimes :—
But, when seven years thou hast laid quiet,
Now to come here and make a riot,
Is what we cannot understand,
For which, thy reasons we demand ;
Moreover thus to fright thy wife,
Who lov'd thee, in thy nat'ral life,
As well as any woman could do,
Is what no Christian spirit should do.
'Tis true she has again got married,
But then she for a twelvemonth tarried,
Which seems an all sufficient season,
For anything in common reason."
" Why, zounds ! (quoth Hodge) d'ye all agree
To make a simpleton of me ?
Thus proving what my wife hath said—
Spite of my senses, swear me dead !
I know I've oft been banter'd duly,
But this is too egregious truly !
And let me tell you, and my wife,
I am not dead—upon my life !

" Not dead ! (exclaim'd the wond'ring train)
Then you must be bewitch'd, 'tis plain.
'Tis just seven years, this very day,
Since, to the mill you took your way ;
And, from that moment to this hour,
You never have been seen before !

'Tis now quite evident, the crew,
You stepp'd into the cot to view,
Who pleas'd you so, with their vagaries
Have been a set of spiteful fairies,"
" Nay, then, (quoth Hodge) the thing's unriddl'd,
For seven long years, they danc'd and fiddl'd,
And mine the folly—not the crime,
Was looking at them, all the time.
I find, I've been a stupid elf;—
Now, let me haste, and hang myself."
" Just as you please, for that, (quoth they)
But Hodge contriv'd another way;—
Disliking death, and single life,
He went and sought another wife.

SIR ADAM OF CROOK DAKE.

A LEGENDARY TALE.

ARGUMENT.

CROOK DAKE is an inconsiderable hamlet, about five miles west from Wigton, in Cumberland, where stands a hall of some antiquity. We know that the existence of a troubled spirit of a lady, who was supposed to be murdered here, and who still continues to haunt the mansion, often making her midnight excursions two or three miles from the place, to the great terror and annoyance of the country people, is as generally believed as is the existence of Crook Dake Hall itself, (I mean by the credulous of that neighbourhood.) We are not in possession of many biographical anecdotes of Sir Adam; and indeed the most we know of him is, that in the church wall of Broomfield there is a niche, containing a stone coffin, bearing this inscription:

HERE LIES ENTOMBED, I DARE UNDERTAKE,
THAT MIGHTY WARRIOR SIR ADAM OF CROOK DAKE,
KNIGHT.

He died sometime in the forepart of the sixteenth century, and has probably been one of those heroes who rendered themselves illustrious in the moss-trooping wars, as the frontier counties of both England and Scotland were in those times in most calamitous situations, being under continual alarm, and perpetually exposed to assaults and invasion, and very frequently the borders of both kingdoms suffering, by turns, the most horrible ravages of predatory warfare.

OF all the chieftains of the North,
Since fam'd Sir Lancelot Du Lake,
Not one that led their vassals forth,
Could boast more valour or more worth
Than brave Sir Adam of Crook Dake.

When clad in armour, glitt'ring bright,
The threats of war the hero scorn'd ;
Still foremost in the thick'ning fight,
Both friends and foes confess'd his might,
Whilst dignity his brows adorn'd.
Far scatter'd lay his vast domain,
Whilst crowds of menials throng'd the hall ;
Five hundred warriors of his train
He yearly muster'd on the plain,
With horse and harness for them all.
When England's pow'rs great Surry led
To meet proud James on Flodden's field,
There, at his valiant legions head,
The knight thro' fair Northumbria sped
With shining helmet, lance and shield.
Here, midst the furious rage of war,
The champion like a lion press'd ;
Whilst fell dismay before his car
Proclaim'd his prowess from afar,
And vict'ry hover'd o'er his crest,
Uncertain long the conflict stood,
With equal strife the battle rag'd ;
Whilst Tweed pour'd down a crimson flood,
And ev'ry furrow stream'd with blood,
Where ire with equal ire engag'd.
Where'er Sir Adam led his train,
Chang'd was the aspect of the fray ;
Before him heaps on heaps are slain,
That check his course, and dye the plain,
Whilst devastation marks his way.

At length by force superior press'd,
The Scots forsake the carnag'd field ;
And night, in gloomiest darkness dress'd,
Pursuit and slaughter to arrest,
Descends, and either host conceal'd.
Nor till returning morning's light,
Wist Surry of the foes' dismay ;
But, under arms, the troops all night
Repose, to recommence the fight
With the commencement of the day.
Up rose the sun, with dazzling glare,
O'er Cheviot's hills and Noreham's tow'rs ;
Whilst all the host, with busy care,
For the renewing fight prepare,
And Surry musters all his pow'rs.
Along the Tweed the length'ning lines
To east and west their front extend ;
The chief to each concern inclines,
To each his proper part assigns,
Shews where t' attack, and where defend.
But what surprise possession took
Of each expecting warrior's face,
When with th' encreasing light they look,
To find the Scottish camp forsook,
Nor one alive left near the place.
Conceal'd by night the Scots had fled,
And left the hard contested plain ;
Around the gore-stain'd space was spread,
With heaps on heaps of mangled dead,
And e'en their valiant prince was slain.

Till now suspense uncertain sway'd
Each soldier's breast with anxious care;
But, when no more on high display'd
The hostile ensigns are survey'd,
Loud shouts of triumph rend the air.
Awhile for short refreshment pass'd,
The English quit the crimson'd plain,
And, marching by the trumpet's blast,
The northern borders leave with haste,
For their respective homes again:
Sir Adam, with his valiant band,
Up Tiviot Dale their journey take;
But, ere they march'd, he gave command:
That none to halt should stop nor stand;
Till safely landed at Crook Dake.
Well pleas'd, they wander'd all the night,
O'er bog and burn, full many a mile,
But fair they view, by morning light;
Not distant far, to glad their sight,
The lofty tow'rs of fair Carlisle.
Well pleas'd, the weary troop survey
The well-known prospects scatter'd round;
And as they nimbly post away,
Each bosom cheers, each face looks gay,
As if new spirits they had found.
And when they to the city came,
Loud shouts of victory they raise;
With louder shouts the crowd proclaim
The fall of Scotland—England's fame,
And valiant brave Sir Adam's praise!

From hence a herald flies to bear
The tidings, with what haste may be ;
And to direct his lady fair
A splendid banquet to prepare,
For him and his brave company.
And now afresh their march begun,
Forth thro' the western gate they take ;
With eager steps they onward run,
And, long before the setting sun,
The gallant squadron reach Crook Dake.
Here sounds of music charm their ears,
And shouts of welcome glad their hearts,
Fatigue is fled to join their fears,
Each face the smile of pleasure wears,
For each to each his joy imparts.
Meanwhile the knight, with courteous care,
Around, on all, indulgent smiles ;
Directs the servants to prepare
The banquet, that his friends may share
His bounty, as they shar'd his toils.
And soon the spacious board his crown'd
With choicest viands, dress'd with grace ;
Whilst music lends its cheering sound,
And swift the copious bowl goes round,
And noisy mirth pervades the place.
The knight's fair lady, on the throng,
Pleas'd as her lord, indulgent smiles.
The minstrels raise the martial song,
The vaulted roof the sounds prolong,
And ev'ry heart forgets its toils.

Fair Catharine was a lady bright,

For beauty widely known to fame ;

Her fortune might no baron slight,

Sole heiress of a wealthy knight—

Sir Guy De Valibus, by name.

Her lord's return she saw, well pleas'd,

Victorious—safe, from Flodden's fight ;

His happiness, she thought, increas'd

The zest of their convivial feast,

With joy t' improve seem'd her delight.

Dame Catharine had a cousin, fair—

Young Maud—for beauty fam'd was she,

Her father's darling, and his care,

Who was a baron, rich as rare,

For lord of Milham then was he.

Full swift, the mirthful moments flew,

Loud laughter rung throughout the hall ;

The bowl capacious, they renew,

With bumpers drench'd, the clam'rous crew

Forgot fatigue—respect—and all.

In fact, the can was briskly toss'd,

For goblet fast, on goblet press'd ;

Sir Adam, he, the knightly host,

Seem'd all reflection to have lost,

And madly bruted with the rest.

Thus lost to sense, the beauteous dame—

Fair Maud, all blooming, met his eyes ;

His bosom caught a lawless flame,

Which reason was not left to tame,

Or calmer prudence to advise.

Long, basely, he occasion watch'd,

His foul desires to gratify ;

The maid went forth, the trice he snatch'd,

And in his arms, the fair-one catch'd,

And forc'd her—struggling—to comply.

Thus wrong'd—debauch'd without consent.

The beauteous fair-one, in her prime,

Is forc'd, howe'er she may repent,

The knight's exposure to prevent,

To repetitions of her crime !

So, from a frequency of sin,

Which Maud, perhaps, at first might mourn ;

Who, tho' reluctant to begin,

Is now in guilt so far stepp'd in,

The greater task, is to return,

Long, their illicit commerce pass'd

Without a bar, their bliss t' annoy,

But shameful pregnancy, at last,

Threat'ns their intercourse to blast,

And shame, at once, their guilty joy.

Poor Maud, now conscious of her state,

With keen remorse, and shame oppress'd,

In secret mourns her hapless fate—

Curses her crime, when now too late—

But conscience never let's her rest.

Fast from her cheek, the roses fade,

Her charms to captivate, now cease,

A sickly languor doth pervade

Those eyes, which once such charms display'd,

In days of innocence and peace.

Where now, to hide her guilty shame,
How should the fair, deluded know?
To none, can she her griefs proclaim—
No cause for all her sorrows blame,
But he, the author of her woe.
To him she makes her plaintive moan,
To him, she tells her hapless tale;
But, foul reflections of his own,
His bosom occupy alone,
And little boots her bitter tale.
Indeed, he tries to sooth her grief,
And kindly solace would impart—
But say, what tongue can speak relief,
When conscience, like a guilty thief,
Incessant haunts th' affrighted heart?
In guilt commutual—so, in woe,
From neither—neither hope can find;
As from one common channel flow
Their crimes—one common grief they know,
And each afflicts, each other's mind.
Grown tir'd with ev'ry social sport,
Poor Maud each busy circle shuns,
Oft to the forest would resort,
Relief from solitude to court,
Yet meets that woe, from which she runs.
It chanc'd, one ev'ning, with the knight
A walk the 'wailing damsel took,
The twinkling stars scarce lent their light—
Loud blew the wind—cold was the night,
As slow they wander'd near the brook.

Hoarse croak'd the raven, 'mongst the trees,
The screech owl shriek'd with hideous scream ;
When, lo ! Sir Adam stopp'd, to seize
The hapless fair one, and, with ease,
He plung'd her headlong in the stream !
In vain she shriek'd—no aid was nigh—
Deep was the pool with recent rain ;
And if poor Maud should haply try
To swim, Sir Adam, standing by,
Remorseless, dash'd her down again.
Home to his house Sir Adam flies,
And mingles with the jocund train ;
But cheerfulness he vainly tries,
His countenance his heart belies,
And ev'ry effort proves in vain.
“ Where is my lovely cousin Maud ?
(Dame Catharine said) where doth she stay ?
I ne'er could charge her yet with fraud,
But now, methinks, I can't applaud
At midnight stealing thus away.”
The midnight pass'd, the rosy dawn
Return'd, but brought not Maudy fair ;
They sought her all across the lawn,
But found her not, till near withdrawn,
Thay sought the brook, and found her there.
Fair Catharine mourn'd for Maud right sore,
Sir Adam feign'd to do the same ;
Her corpse six spotless virgins bore
To her cold grave, and all deplore
The fate of this unhappy dame.

But now her sadly-injur'd shade

Sir Adam haunts, both night and day ;
Stung with remorse, with fear dismay'd,
He shuns the city and the shade,

But finds no peace, change where he may.
Thus horror, unallay'd, doth dwell

Within the guilty conscious breast ;
Each mental comfort to diapel,
And in the heart erects a hell,

That never lets the villian rest.
One ev'ning, with his friends around,
Sir Adam sat within his hall ;
When, lo ! the bell, with solemn sound,
Struck—ONE !—The awful knell profound,

With horror quite surpris'd them all.
Loud bursts of thunder rend the air !

Which seem'd to shake the fabric's base
Successive quick the light'nings glare
Each bosom melts with dire despair,
And heart-felt horror marks each face.

And next a dreadful shriek was heard,
Like one that doth for succour call ;
The windows shook, the doors were stirr'd,
When, by the glimm'ring lights appear'd
A spectre ! standing in the hall !


All dripping wet, with frightful mien,
A skeleton appear'd the face ;
And in those holes where eyes had been,
Two filthy pebbles might be seen,
And slime besmear'd the vacant space !

The crowd with consternation look,
Unknowing how to act or say ;
But most the knight with horror shook.
His heart sensation quite forsook,
And, stunn'd with fear he swoon'd away !
When thus, with more than human sound,
The phantom broke the awful pause ;—
“ Rise up, base man ! can I confound
Or drive with fear a wretch to ground,
That dares defy all human laws ?
“ Was't not enough, perfidious knight,
My honour first to violate !
In hospitality's despite,
Unguarded ; 'mid the gloom of night.
But murder, too, to perpetrate !
“ What tho' no eye was by to look,
No ear to hear, nor arm to stay,
When you, by force, my honour took,
Or when you plung'd me in the brook,
Yet near is retribution's day.
“ That all my wrongs aveng'd shall be,
Eternal justice has decreed ;
This dagger here accept from me,
And when I claim it next from thee,
Prepare to follow me with speed !”
So said—she toss'd the blade to ground,
When straight a hideous shriek was heard
Without, terrific thunders sound,
Within, blue flames fly hissing round,
And quick the spectre disappear'd !

Th' affrighted company withdraw,
 Confounded at the horrid scene ;
So much their minds were fill'd with awe,
They scarcely trusted what they saw,
 Nor recollected what had been.
Fell horror fill'd Sir Adam's breast,
 And conscience, with its fell dismay ;
The pangs of hell his heart infest,
Go where he will he cannot rest,
 The murder haunts him night and day !
Thus shall the base deceiver know,
 Tho' guilt, unpunish'd for a time
May pass, yet justice sure, but slow,
Unerring aims th' impending blow,
 Nor pass'd by heav'n is such a crime
Nor long the knight unsummon'd stay'd,
 His various crimes to answer for ;
The ghost of Maud, much-injur'd maid,
Return'd, and claim'd the fatal blade,
 She, as a token, left before.
O'ercome with horror at the sight,
 With guilt and fear alike oppress'd ;
Urg'd to despair, the cruel knight,
Quite frantic, in his friends' despite,
 The dagger plung'd into his breast !
So fell Sir Adam of Crook Dake ;
 So may all guilty villians fall !
But, if 'tis true what neighbours speak,
Strange gambols doth the lady make,
 Ev'n to this day, at Crook Dake Hall.

At midnight, by the moon's pale beam,
Oft will she glide across the moor ;
Or wander near the fatal stream,
And with remember'd horror scream,
And fright the lone benighted boor.

To a Young Lady, with a parcel of Dramatic Works



MADAM, these plays to you I send,
Lest disappointment should offend,
The conscious lovers I applaud,
Because devoid of guile and fraud,
Here self conviction stands confess'd
With bashful innocence impress'd,
Here smooth sincerity appears.
Bath'd in the soul's contritious tears ;
Copy the moral nor despise
The plot, though in obscure disguise,
Amend thy soul by the design,
Where truth doth with contrition join,
Tho' oft in fable thus conceal'd,
Fair truth her precepts has reveal'd,
When you peruse, you'll find them pleasant,
But I've no more to say at present ;
Though hence in love I stand most fervent,
Your most devoted humble servant.

A NEW YEAR'S EPISTLE,

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO

Mr. John Wilson, of Burgh.

JOHN o' West-End—auld friend ! how fen you ?
Wul this New Year for better ken ye ?
Or like me, rather marr than men ye
By its addition ;
In sic a case, we 've nought, depend ye,
But forc'd submission.
But faith, to daunt you I'd be sweer,
I wish you luck o' this new year ;
May, friendly cracks, and Christmas cheer,
Relax your care ;
Wi' health, lang life, and rowth o' geer
For ever mair.
Tho' goodness wi' this new year gift ye
Another eking to your fifty,
As tho' by step and step 'twould lift ye
Clean ovr the dyke ;
Yet let nae snaffling cares e'er drift ye
To pine, fool-like.
Shame fa' the doughy gowks that grumble
At wasting time, and munge and mumble,
Cause they, like millions mair mun crumble
In death's dark dungeon :
What nonsense thus, life's lees to jumble—
What madness munging !

Hoot man ! what signifies repining ?

Ow'r granking, snivling, twisting, twining,

If down life's hill we be declining,

And cannot slack ?

Then gang on bravely, without whining,

Or stending back.

What tho' reluctantly we drag on,

Down life's steep bray, Time's weary waggon ?

But little boots our finching, flagging,

Or jerks contrary ;

He aye mun hae the maist to brag on,

Gangs voluntary.

Life, make the best on't's nought ow'r pleasing,

As ev'ry day some fash comes teasing,

And oft enough the wheels want greasing,

To keep them ga'n ;—

Then breeze about, nor take such preezing

To use our ain.

They're poor, ill-natur'd fools that cry,

This wardle's destitute of joy—

We ken it's false, and if we try,

Sic thoughts are banish'd :

Ow'r lot of life 's not far a-jy,

If wisely manish'd.

'Tis true some hae a weary lease

O' life, nor pleasure find, or peace,

But all mankind, are not like these,

Heav'n has decreed ;

The worst o' illa will sometimes cease,

Or find remede.

But if man cannot be content
 Wi' blessings sic as heav'n has sent,
 And obstinately will prevent

Wise Fate's decree ;

Sic folk mun just abide the bent

O' their ain bree.

As for me, neighbour, lang as living,
 I've striv'd to be resign'd to heav'n,
 Cheerful enjoy the good things giv'n,

Nor think of torfit ;

Lest for the shade, I pass'd retrieving

The substance forfeit.

What if the hand of Fate unkind,
 Has us'd us harshly, need we pine ?
 Tho' you've lost your seeght, and me mine,

We cannot mend it ;

Let us be glad the Pow'r's Divine,

Nae war extended,

Let us syn life is but a span,

Still be as canty as we can,

Rememb'ring heav'n has order'd man,

To be resign'd,

And not to murmur 'neath his hand,

Like fuols unkind.

Methinks I hear you cry out—stop !

And let sic lifeless preachments drop,

It 'minds me o' some surplic'd fop,

I'th' pulpit ranting.

Why, then, we 'll e'en this subject drop

And cease this canting.

Yet, man, 'tis lang syn we together,
Hae had a crack wi' ane anither,,
And now I'm nowther laith nor lither,
If you've a mind,
To grub first this part and then tother,
Of auld lang syne,
In spite of what ill-nature says,
We know we once had happier days,
When pleasure smil'd on all our ways,
In hall and bow'r,
Tho' now the heart-inspiring blaze,
Is mostly o'er.
Of all the scenes in life's lang round,
Sweet youth, like thee, none can be found,
With pleasure thou dost most abound—
Thrice happy time ;
With joys quite perfect, fair and sound,
Unclogg'd by crimes.
Or when of love, the tickling dart,
First quivers i' th' unconscious heart,
Wi' a' the pleasing, painful smart,
Sic passions own ;
And raptures dirl through ev'ry part,
Before unknown.
Then doubly sweet the lav'rick sang,
Then doubly sweet the cowslips sprang,
And a' the grove wi' gladsome chang,
Their joy confess'd,
And happiness the whole day lang
Glow'd in each breast.

Oft on that season, calm and bright,
Do I reflect with fond delight,
And to myself those joys recite,

Now parted far,
Those moments which in youth we allight,

Now precious are.
Oft times I think, by mem'ry led,
What curious arguments we've had,
Or crack'd, till by our cracks misled,

They've nearly drown'd us,
And all the rest, by sleep o'ersped,

Were snoring round us.
Oft in the weary winter's night,
The Diaries have lent delight,
With Rebus or Enigma tight,

Had many a bout,
And baith have oft been puzzl'd quite,

To make them out.
Sometimes we politics pursu'd,
The rights of man by turns review'd,
The war, or whate'er else accru'd,

Just as it chanc'd;
The parish clash, or private feud,

By turns advanc'd.
For subjects we but seldom sought,
They frequently were neest to nought ;—
Ne'er heed, they still amusement brought,

And that was plenty;
We freely spake, whate'er we thought,
Nor e'er were stenty

**When love my youthful footsteps led,
'Towards my Emma's peaceful shed,
What beauties then the prospect spread—**

'Twas charm divine ;—

But where are now the beauties fled,

Of auld lang syne.

Yes, fled with thee, all we held as good,

Fled with the years beyond the flood,

Whilst Mem'ry sits in pensive mood,

Their loss to mourn.

And o'er departed joys to brood

Shall ne'er return.

As thro' the lone church-yard I stray,

Surrounding heaps of kindred clay,

In dumb monition seem to say

Wi' ghaist-like ca'

Stop—neighbour, and a while survey,

The end of a'.

Here my ance-gay companions sleep,

Or Ableans in yon mouldering heap,

Some lovlier female form I weep,

And long may mourn.

Or with a briny tribute steep

A parent's urn.

But, Fancy quit this mournful scene,

Sic objects gratify our spleen,

And no occasion should be gi'en

To melancholy :

Life's joys are far ow'r few, I ween

T' excuse such folly.

No, let 's be happy while we may,
As life's but like a winter's day,
And hour on hour flees fast away,
To reel off th' rest on 't;
Let us, syn we 've not long to stay,
Just make the best on 't.
If Fortune kindly shall supply
All our desires, let us enjoy
The welcome gifts, nor thrust a-jye
The gracious deed.
Lest unassisted we apply
In time of need,
But if, beneath Misfortune's hand,
We bend and feel her smarting wand,
Let us with fortitude, withstand,
The lash extended;
As a' things are by heaven's command,
And whae can mend it.
Still be your lot that happy state,
Unken'd by a' th' extremes of fate,
May peace and plenty on you wait
Throughout your life
And may nae skaith, at any rate
Mislear your wife.
Lang be your heart and happings hale,
Neer may your constitution gale,
But sups of drink, and good lythe kale
Cheer up each day.
Lang as the Beck. down Segging Dale
Shall wind its way.

now good friend—good ev'ning to you—
getting late—so peace be wi' you :
nought except my pray'rs to gi' you—

Ye ken me true ;
some day soon step o'er and see you ;
Till then—adieu.

A CHARADE.

first was once the mother's joy,
e father's hope, a darling boy,
all their wishes seem'd to share—
fine, he was their only care ;
t with my second would he take
saunter by the glassy lake,
through the tufted heath would stray,
where the watchful covey lay,
eve, amid the peaceful shade,
e'd court fair Science, lovely maid.
metimes he would my whole assay,
spring or autumn, night or day,
sent me one, not far amiss,
was just the very same as this.

TRANSLATION
OF A PART OF
THE HISTORY OF THE INCAS;
OR,
The Destruction of the Empire of Peru.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF MARMONTEL.]

THE ARGUMENT.

HERNAN CORTEZ, who commanded the Spanish expedition in South America, having imposed upon the credulity, and ingratiated himself into the good opinion of several of the Mexican Caciques or Princes of the Empire, by persuading them he was come to suppress the tyranny and overgrown power of Montezuma, and to establish their own independency, conducts his measures with such policy, courtesy and address, that several of the Chiefs of the country voluntarily engaged to become of his party, and to assist him against their Emperor. Cortez, having thus augmented his army by the enlistment of these auxiliary Caciques, soon appears at the head of a formidable body of forces. Montezuma, alarmed at the audacious conduct of Cortez, who had already, by hasty marches, penetrated into the very interior of his empire, remonstrates against his arrogant and inimical proceedings, which the Castilian listens to with apparent negligence and contempt. Montezuma, still hoping to succeed in an accommodation, rather than come to a rupture with men whom he deems of a superior nature, accordingly prepares an embassy, together with presents of an immense value, which are sent to the camp of the Spaniards, with which he hoped, if possible, to divert the intentions of the General. He accepts the presents, but steadfastly persists in his first resolution, viz. of coming to an interview with Montezuma, which affair the Emperor declines with a great deal of address, and very politely offers many objections in vindication of his behaviour. About this time the poem commences. Orizimbo, one of the nephews of Montezuma, after the total conquest of the empire, and the death of the Emperor, attended by a great number of the royal party, flies with his friends to the court of the Incas of Peru, there to solicit the protection and assistance of these Princes, before one of whom he relates the melancholy circumstances of the fatal destruction of his native country of Mexico, which narrative is the subject of the greatest part of this poem.

THE HISTORY.

THE mighty Sov'reign now survey'd with dread,
Wide o'er his empire sad dejection spread ;
The num'rous princes that compose his state,
Desert him in his sad reverse of fate.—
He seeks but vainly seeks to find relief,
(Fearful to whom to trust his secret grief.)
Great Montezuma long had fill'd the throne,
Till now, alike, to ev'ry fear unknown.
His mighty ancestors of race divine,
Had worn the crown in long successive line ;
Eight powerful kings had fill'd the regal place,
He made the ninth of that illustrious race.
His noble form was fashion'd to delight,
Wise in the council, vig'rous in the fight :
Regions remote he shook with dire alarms,
Or forc'd to yield to his victorious arms.
To rule was all the passion of his soul,
And with superior hand his princes to controul ;
Yet, tho' extended wide his empire lay,
Tho' num'rous provinces confess'd his sway,
Tho' wealthy sov'reigns crouch'd at his command,
Still disaffection lurk'd within his land.
Numbers in secret mark'd his growing pride,
But hopeless of redress their murmurs hide ;
From foes like these the prince had nought to dread,
Whilst well supported order shields his head.
But now a foe more terrible appears,
To prove his prowess and excite his fears ;
Wide through his lands, in terrible array,
Victorious Cortez urg'd his onward way :
Great Montezuma his advances saw,
With sad concern and shook with panic awe.
What are these men ? th' afflicted prince exclaim'd,
They seem of more than human nature fram'd ;
Their manners, language, and their diff'rent hue,
Show them sublimely, terrible to view .

Like gods in enterprize their actions prove,
Their high descent and origin above ;
Concurring rumours still in this agree,
T' assert their high superiority.
These huge machines, which steer'd by their command,
O'er stormy seas, have brought them to our land,
Whose ample pinions, flutt'ring in the breeze,
Seem like a floating forest on the seas ;
And these tremendous engines, loudly dire,
That vomit from their mouths destructive fire :
Those monstrous animals, which they bestride,
And with facility and order guide ;
All these to prove their high descent combine,
And check the folly of our rash design.
Then let us strive to parley with a foe,
Who such superior skill and prowess show ;
Rich presents offer'd may their hearts engage,
And turn aside the torrent of their rage
Thus spoke the king, the grave assembly heard,
A silent sadness in their looks appear'd ;
To contradict the king's resolve is vain,
Still positive in what he shall ordain,
To them no mild alternatives remain.
Rich gifts in the commission they inclose,
And loads of wealth their servile bribe compose ;
The embassy prepar'd, by his command,
Is then entrusted to a faithful band :
Thus charg'd, they haste to the Castilian train,
Who lie encamp'd upon the eastern plain ;
Here soon arriv'd, their embassy they show,
And at the general's feet their off rings throw.
'Th' audacious Cortez, with indignant air,
Accepts the presents, but rejects the prayer,
Refuses longer restive to remain :
Teaz'd with delays upon the barren plain,
Urges an interview—in vain they plead,
Their just remonstrance can but ill succeed ;
Fain this disgraceful parley they'd refuse,
Their king's reserve and shyness to excuse,

rain apologies like these they bring,
him resolv'd, on visiting their king.
To their prince the injur'd chiefs return,
For their country's fate in silence mourn,
Montezuma's palace soon they wait,
All their fruitless embassy relate :
Cortez, said they, inspir'd with matchless pride,
His gifts receiv'd, but our requests denied ;
I with audacity he doth demand,
To leave to march his forces thro' our land :
Will we with abject meanness then receive
His terms that this insulter deigns to give ?
To arm our forces, and their veng'ance brave,
Mexican will yield to be a stranger's slave.
The cacique thus, when thus the king replied,
His arms shall yet this dread event decide,
That be our last resource—but yet again,
Now first what gifts and presents can obtain :
Another offering for their chief prepare,
And still avoid the issue of a war ;
And him that interviews are servile things,
Beneath the sacred dignity of kings.
The chiefs again obedient to their king,
Hernan's tent their costly presents bring.
The gen'ral as before their gifts receives,
And the same answer to the envoy gives :
That what was now their horror and surprise,
To see him leagu'd with numberless allies,
The disaffected chiefs had join'd his train,
And led their forces on the opening plain ;
The chief of Zampoilla foremost stood,
Montezuma near allied in blood.
The here, said Cortez, pointing to his friends,
The here the aid that heav'n its fav'rite sends,
You I promis'd freedom and redress,
Firm, be free, you shall not find me less ;
The me alone the injury belongs,
Is mine to punish then these obvious wrongs.
Our prince, uninjur'd, sternly has decreed,
That we these territories quit with speed,

With him an interview I sued in vain,
Still that confrence now but hopeless to obtain ;
This low request still harshly he denies,
Contemns my veng'ance and my pow'r defies.
But say shall he your sov'reign thus engage,
With foul impunity to mock my rage ?
No ! injur'd as I am, I still possess
The means of my revenge, and your redress.
Thus Cortez spoke, when thus the chief replied,
Whose bosom glow'd with patriotic pride—
Presumptuous man, can nothing check thy soul,
Nor pray'rs, nor gifts thy hostile rage controul ;
Still, thus refuse on terms to accommodate,
And urge to cruel war our tranquil state :
To thee our emp'ror on friendship bent,
Hath peaceful terms and costly presents sent,
Here, when a stranger, in a land unknown,
Hath he to you a kind reception shewn :
What honor sanctions in a king to do,
He will perform, but meanness ne'er will shew,
Nor from imperial dignity will bow :
Then at your peril seek to urge no more,
But straight prepare to leave this peaceful shore ;
The winds blow fair, your ships are at the strand,
To-morrow you prepare to leave the land,
Nor longer ling'ring dare to thwart his high command ;
Lest veng'ance long forborn with double dread,
Shall hurl destruction on your guilty head.
The chief thus ended, when thus Cortez spoke,
Nor war I seek, nor study to provoke,
Your prince I honor, but my master more,
Nor will I basely quit this interdicted shore :
To-morrow wait me, near the wat'ry main,
There my resolve and purpose I'll explain.
Thus Cortez, with a countenance serene,
Whilst deep suffusion kindl'd in his mien,
Becken'd his troops—the ready troops obey,
But foremost brave Pizarro leads the way ;
With loud applause his conduct they admire,
In silent rage the Mexican's retire ;

Their tale of fruitless embassy to bring,
Sad consolation to the anxious king.
Now to the tent, where mighty Cortez lay,
A band of Spaniards, rush'd in sad dismay :
With them the general secretly retires,
And soon the cause of this alarm enquires ;
Inform'd, the chieftain to his army flies,
With rage and horror sparkling in his eyes ;
Bids them to arm and for the march prepare,
With him new toil and enterprise to share ;
So said, he quickly leads the glitt'ring host,
In form'd battalions, to the winding coast ;
Here on the margin of the foaming flood,
In gothic style, a stately temple stood ;
To this Pizarro leads his martial train,
Who furious rush into the sacred fane,
Just when the people, with religious care,
Had met to urge their gods with frantic pray'rs,
When now the priests, amid the mingl'd cries,
With murd'ring hands, prepare the sacrifice
Of human victims, which infernal sight
The Spaniards struck with horror and affright.
Amongst the number destined to the flame
A youthful pair of royal aspect came ;
Their mien was mark'd with a majestic air,
And more than vulgar grief they seem'd to share :
The first a youth, upon whose blooming face,
Sat majesty and every manly grace ;
The other victim was a blooming maid,
Whose look, a virgin's modesty display'd ;
One mutual love within their bosoms burn'd,
And each the other's woes successive mourn'd ;
These to the altar led, with streaming eyes
Sue for relief in vain with piteous cries ;
Dissolving in despair, join'd hand in hand,
Before the sanguinary pyre they stand ;
'The savage priest with his uplifted knife,
In haste prepares to terminate their life ;
A numerous concourse at the rites attend,
That to their cruel gods devoutly bend ;

But now the Spaniards rush amidst the crowd,
Whilst to their gods the Indians call aloud,
Implore their vengeance on the impious band
Who thus their rites suspend with sacriligious hand;
Increasing still, the tumult grows more loud,
And indicates fell danger in the crowd :
But Hernan, who with penetrating view,
Beheld the ill effects that might ensue,
Attended by his guards, now sweeps along,
And rushes furious on the murmuring throng.
High on a gallery in lofty state,
In regal pomp their prince resplendent sat.
Cortez, with fury glowing in his face,
Fierce as a panther mounts the royal place,
Grasps in one hand the prince unnerv'd by fear
And in the other shakes the threatening spear,
That seems prepared with one descending blow,
To end at once his terror and his woe.
When Cortez thus began, lay down your arms
Nor further urge these mutinous alarms—
Desist, or here by Heaven your prince shall fall,
And common massacre involve you all ;
The sword, impending o'er the prince's head,
Impress'd th' astonish'd host with sudden dread ;
The mien of Cortez, damp'd by no controul,
Struck horror and surprise to every soul ;
His resolutions terrible they saw,
The plot is stifled and they gaze in awe ;
For could their minds with less than awe behold
A man thus impious, insolent and bold,
Who madman like durst enter these abodes,
And interrupt the worship of their gods ;
Such intrepidity his actions bore,
Himself an aspect more than human wore ;
With voice imperious Cortez now commands
The priest t' unbind the trembling victims hands,
Who pale behind the bloody altar lay,
The priests appall'd in ready haste obey ;
Then mounting up on high, the godlike man
To the confounded audience thus began :

nd ye slaves, that here in silence bend,
hus your gods their worshippers defend ?
s treat their votaries with due respect,
r persons and their temples thus protect,
t magic spells their thunders now engage ?
t mighty charms prevent their present rage ?
o you a man, Heav'n's equal gifts I share,
l as you feed, and breathe one common air :
r then suspended can their vengeance lie,
I unpunish'd here their rage defy ?
ay, your errors and your crimes repent,
I know your gods are false and impotent ;
ntoms they are, by hypocrites obey'd,
ich your religious fears have idols made ;
ls who dire slaughters have with pleasure view'd,
as'd but with human sacrifice and blood.
I such impostors e'er your minds deceive,
you their wonder working power believe ?
if you can believe, can you adore
ls, common sense should teach you to abhor ?
orship thus detestable abjure,
: one more innocent, refin'd, and pure ;
nounce these errors of mistaken youth,
d, by conviction led, embrace the truth ;
more these deities, by you ador'd,
more these idol gods shall be implor'd ;
on shall the kindling flames their rage employ,
ese priestly, false imposters to destroy.
re Cortez ceas'd, and the advantage took,
that surprise, that each spectator shook ;
zarro and his train he straight commands
o seize the gods with sacriligious hands ;
nd from their altars where they long had stood,
o pull them down and tread them in the mud ;
eeper and deeper still their horror grew,
ith stupid awe this final stroke they view,
ith dire expectance wait their temples fall,
nd common vengeance to involve them all :
vain they wait, secure the temple stands,
own fall their idols by Pizarro's hands,

Roll'd in the mire, with due contempt are spurn'd,
Or in the spreading flames to ashes burn'd.
When thus Pizarro, in whose lovely mien,
Sat comely ease and majesty serene :
Here Mexicans, your fallen gods behold,
Torn from their shrines and in the kennels roll'd ;
To these damn'd idols, barbarous as vain,
Millions of fellow creatures you have slain ;
Use now your eyes, the impious fraud is gone,
And view with horror what you once have done,
He ceas'd, then orders forth the youthful pair
Who yet were captives in the pontiff's care,
Live, my fair children, (said Pizarro) live,
Enjoy yourselves and life to other's give :
May ease and quiet crown your future days,
And Heav'n receive your gratitude and praise ;
For happier purposes your lives preserve,
Your prince, your country, or your friends to serve,
When they in reason may demand your aid,
Be then your sacrifice in honour made ;
They there in justice for your lives may call,
But here 'tis murder, by your priests to fall ;
And thou, Azuma, youthful form divine,
Accept thy love, and may he still be thine ;
With him, both happy, to your homes return,
Nor ever find a future cause to mourn,
Still may your love augmented pleasures know,
And Heaven protect your lives from every woe.
Pizarro ceas'd, confounded with surprise,
A shower of tears burst from Azuma's eyes :
Prone at his feet, her prostrate lover lay,
His gratitude unable to display,
Strange admiration fills the astonish'd host,
They seem in silent veneration lost,
The chang'd opinion that had taken place
In ev'ry mind, appear'd in ev'ry face,
Their numerous idols from their altars torn,
They madly now insult with frantic scorn.
Unhappy wretches, who from earlies. y. ars,
Had dragg'd the ehains of superstition's fears,

Who long had crouch'd beneath the tyrant-rods
 Of sordid priests, and sanguinary gods,
 Nur'd to bondage, ignorance and pains,
 Thus, on a sudden rescu'd from their chains;
 Told up their heads in raptur'd extacy,
 And taste the air of gracious liberty.
 Like to the features which we here describe,
 Appear'd the state of Zampoilla's tribe;
 While forboding fears their minds employ
 That fetter down their yet uncertain joy,
 Fear that yet the wrath of Heaven, restrain'd,
 In dire displeasure, this interval maintain'd,
 With dormant horror, but anon to fall,
 With more compleat destruction on them all.
 But when their gods they mutilated view'd,
 Torn from their shrines & o'er the pavement strew'd,
 Their loud acclaims and raptures now unfeign'd
 Shew all their late devotions but constrain'd,
 Their hypocritic worship insincere,
 Not th' effects of religion, but their fears;
 Then in their hearts they secretly abhorr'd
 Those very deities their lips implor'd;
 Heav'n is all just! the attentive Inca cried,
 Nor can by such atrocious frauds abide,
 Can prejudice our reason thus controul,
 Thus clog the pow'rs of an illustrious soul,
 To bow to idols, and with fervent pray'r
 T' implore these very gods our hands prepare;
 Reason, that heav'nly guide, when unconfin'd,
 Alike directs, informs and shews mankind,
 That but one God alone thro' nature reigns,
 Whose single pow'r conjunctive rule disdains,
 Such, doubtless, is the God these strangers fear,
 Incited by conviction to revere:
 How great, how grand that Deity must prove!
 How infinite in mercy and in love!
 That could attract the worship and esteem
 Of men like these, we more than human deem.
 The Inca ceas'd: when thus the chief replied:
 With rash or bias'd judgment ne'er decide;

These men, whom you, mistaken, deem divine,
 Whose virtues thus you think illustrious shine,
 Are but a ruthless, fell, marauding train,
 That by hypocrisy, their schemes maintain,
 Ferocious tigers, stain'd with human gore,
 Who desolation spread from shore to shore ;
 Such are these men ;—whence, aptly we infer,
 Congenial is the God which they revere :
 Their's is a God of mildness, they proclaim,
 Benevolence and mercy mark his name—
 These, are the specious doctrines they prepare,
 Our too believing Indians to insnare :
 But how contrary doctrines do they teach,
 'Twixt thing they practice & the themes they preach.
 Fierce is their God, implacable his rage,
 Nor prayers, nor gifts his vengeance can assuage,
 His sanguinary soul delights in blood,
 And all his pleasures are averse to good ;—
 Know, mighty prince, that I who here relate
 Their vile oppressions, and our country's fate,
 With grief I've seen, what I here now maintain,
 To their fell God, unnumber'd victims slain,
 Ev'n in his name, have they not caus'd to flow,
 Torrents of blood, and fill'd the world with woe ?
 Nor ev'n this, his vengeance can assuage—
 Still millions more must bleed to glut his rage ;
 Allow me yet my story to pursue,
 And in their proper light this people view :
 Soon as the sun had ting'd the eastern dawn,
 Pizarro led our princes o'er the lawn,
 Down to the main, where near the tossing flood,
 Braving each wave, the ships of Cortez stood ;
 He bade us wait until his chief should come,
 And see the final issue of our doom :
 In dire suspense we wait, whilst ev'ry breast
 Appears with more than common care oppress'd,
 The sad events of the preceding day
 Had bound each mind in horror and dismay ;
 Th' ascendancy that Cortez had acquir'd
 O'er all our chiefs, our minds with awe inspir'd,

virtues, or what like to virtues shone,
shrines demolish'd, and our gods o'erthrown ;
sad rememb'rance of these recent woes,
audacious mien of our insulting foes,
n'd on each soul confusion to impose,
ousand sad alarms each bosom rends,
all the past a future woe portends ;
nwhile, as on the sea-beat shore we stood,
ilent wonder, each spectator view'd
ir vast canoes, prodigious to explain,
t highly floated on the swelling main ;
g timbers bent, their diff'rent sides compose,
ich all in regular succession rose ;
t seem'd contriv'd and bow'd with equal ease,
bends the bull-rush with the vernal breeze,
ft their ample pinions wave in air,
stuff, which doubtless they from bark prepare,
pended high, large poles the bark sustain,
as the loftiest cedar on our plain,
is fix'd, while o'er the deep their outspread sails
fill'd and driven by th' impulsive gales,
hence from plain experiment we find,
se huge machines are govern'd by the wind,
oar which with the vessel's stern connects,
passage thro' the trackless deep directs,
speculation wrapp'd, and deep amaze,
this flotilla wonderful we gaze.
en Cortez, on the distant plain we view,
ended by his formidable crew,
ift to their ships the stern battalions bend,
nimble their black, tow'ring sides ascend,
h access seems in haste to be explor'd,
ev'ry Spaniard soon is seen on board.
w a short interval of dawning joy
as for a while each Indian's mind employ ;
h active care we see the busy host,
if preparing to depart the coast ;

Dup'd by these flattering hopes, the Indian train,
 Expectant stand on the adjacent plain,
 To see our foes adventure to the main,
 But soon these hop'd for visions are suppress'd,
 By sorrow unforeseen in ev'ry breast.
 What tongue has pow'r our wonder to display ?
 What mind conceive our horror and dismay,
 When we behold our foes with busied toil,
 In active rage themselves their ships despoil,
 Yards, masts, and cordage from the hulls they tear,
 And to the shore these spoils triumphant bear ;
 This done, the general with a frantic hand,
 Snatch'd from th' adjacent fire a flaming brand,
 By his example fir'd the furious band ;
 Each with the same destructive weapon flies,
 And to the ships the wasteful flame applies ;
 The conflagration runs with horrid sweep,
 Like fire terrific issuing from the deep ;
 From ship to ship the direful conflict flies,
 And soon the fleet a heap of ruin lies.
 And whilst the raging flame destructive ran
 Th' insulting Cortez, turning, thus began :
 Indians, whilst here secure these vessels stood,
 And you with doubting eyes my movements view'd ;
 Whilst still the means of leaving you were mine,
 You and your prince might doubt of my design.
 Go, Mexicans, and to your king relate
 The wonders that are happening in your state,
 That if he will not friendly welcome shew,
 Let him prepare to meet me as a foe.
 He ceas'd, for our departure we provide,
 Shock'd with his arrogance and hostile pride ;
 Dismay stood stamp'd on every prince's brow,
 That spoke the ferment of their heart below :
 Great Montezuma with impatience burn'd,
 Rack'd with a thousand doubts till we return'd ;
 On our reports depends the future fate
 Of Montezuma and his tottering state.
 Around the king the princes of the line
 Attended by their priests in splendour shine,

In fix'd attention bow'd each man to hear
The purport of the embassy we bear ;
Check'd by the presence of their sacred train,
We dare not to the prince our news explain,
Their presence but forbad us to reveal
Sad truths which 'twas their interests to conceal.
Their pressages so favourable of late
But ill responded to our present state.
We durst not to the sage predictors shew
Our country's and our god's sad overthrow,
How Hernan's power our deities had found,
Inglorious burnt and dash'd upon the ground,
Our temples ransack'd and their priests abus'd,
And our most sacred rites profanely us'd ;
The rest in truthful narrative we tell,
What to ourselves and what to those befel,
Meanwhile before the sovereign we display'd
The hieroglyphic pictures we had made.
On which we stamp'd the forms of things whose frames
We neither knew in purposes or names ;
Drawings of each strange object we had ta'n,
Which serv'd where words were wanting to explain,
The monarch heard us with a fix'd surprise,
Prone on the earth he bent his pensive eyes,
An universal gloom his face oppress'd,
That shew'd the smothering anguish in his breast ;
A torpid stupor seem'd to seize the man,
When thus with fault'ring accents he began :
Ye reverend priests and princes of my land,
That now before my throne obsequious stand,
What shall we say, what's properest to be done,
What resolutions best to fix upon ?
My heart, in wonder lost, its pow'r forgoes,
And leaves me in unextricable woes :
Those strangers, who have landed on our shore,
To us unheard of and unknown before.
Who with contempt deride our powers supreme,
Who more than men in all their actions seem,

Who more than human in their courage shew,
To Heaven their mighty origin must owe ;
'Twixt them and us the difference is so wide,
As plainly shews them to the gods allied !
Superior powers their passions must refine,
And vindicate their race to be divine,
From all you say, from all that I conceive,
But prompts me more their greatness to believe,
Their courage and superior skill in arms,
Have fill'd my soul with wonder and alarms :
What strength like ours oppos'd to strength divine,
'Twere madness to attempt the rash design ,
What to resolve I know not, what advise,
Assist my friends, your king for counsel cries.
Thus spoke the prince, when great Pilpato rose,
To soothe his sov'reign and console his woes ;
That they are more enlightened I allow,
And more perform than we pretend to know ;
Yet can these sciences, in which they shine,
Make them immortal, render them divine ?
Know, mighty prince ! like thee these strangers feel,
The various wants and woes that mortals feel :
Sleep, hunger, pain with every other woe
That Indians feel, these great Castellians know ;
That from an Indian's hand the sharpen'd dart,
With the same ease can reach a Spaniard's heart,
And launch his spirit from the streaming wound,
As lays a Mexican upon the ground :
Thus much I from inquiry could obtain,
And more to know were but to know in vain ;
Like us they are but men, of race unknown,
Like us to pleasures, pains, and passions prone ;
And tho' in works of art they may outshine
Yet these perfections mark not them divine ;
Then, mighty prince ! dispel those anxious fears,
That ill befit your dignity and years,
Rouse from your panic, summon all the land,
And hurl revenge on this insulting band.
Thus spoke the sage, the monarch heard unmov'd,
Nor more his counsels prais'd than disapprov'd ;

Wrapt in profound dismay, he scarcely hears,
And words are idly wasted on his ears :
Nor arguments persuasive could controul
The settled anguish of his pensive soul ;
Firm on the priest he fix'd his ardent gaze,
With meditating eyes as tho' to trace
His future fortunes in his holy face.
The pontiff, who the kings confusion view'd,
With haughty mien the subject then renew'd :
Dread sovereign, ill become those tim'rous fears,
Him who like you the weight of empire bears ;
Think not our gods are impotent or dead,
Though strangers arm, our country to invade ;
And tho' our temples they have tumbled down
And with contemptuous threats insult your throne,
Yet, mighty prince, let not those threats infest,
Nor fill with fear great Montezuma's breast.
The mighty god of evil we've implor'd,
The god who bears a dread avenging sword,
The power by all inferior powers ador'd.
He to our view last night in splendor shone,
High on yon pointed spire was fix'd his throne ;
Night's gloomiest horrors roll'd about his head,
And thick'ning clouds beneath his footstool spread ;
To Heaven his high aspiring head ascends,
Whilst round the globe his arms he wide extends ;
From his wide mouth malignant plagues transpire,
And from his eye-balls blaze devouring fire ;
One arm the shaking javelin huge sustains,
Whilst in the other clanks the captive chains ;
His voice like peals of thunder shakes around,
And human ears are deafen'd with the sound ;
He cries, the sordid slaves my rights profane,
And my neglected altars thirst in vain.
What are the victims you for me prepare,
Save the lean captives of a meagre war ?
Where is the time, when in one single day,
A thousand captives on my altars lay,
From the resounding rocks no sound return'd,
But the loud shrieks of anguish as they burn'd ;

These shrieks of torture were to me delight,
'Twas scenes like these that gratified my sight ;
The smoking altars run with streams of blood,
And costliest gifts around the spires were strew'd,
Can Montezuma here neglectful prove,
Of me the highest, greatest power above.
Are not the plagues dire ministers of Heaven,
At my command amidst the nations driv'n ;
Wild inundations, earthquakes, tempests dire,
And all the dread that horror can inspire ?
Inferior powers securely you condemn,
Their meanness claims the scorn you shew to them ;
When from their heaven-born dignities they swerve,
Their baseness but contempt can e'er deserve,
Who impotent can view their temples blaze,
And on their rights profan'd supinely gaze :
But let your prince great Montezuma know,
The mighty god of evil deals not so ;
Him to neglect were impious, madness—worse,
Sure cause of ruin and eternal curse :
Think not that I, to your indifference blind
Will stem the storm of rage for you design'd,
Unless by smoking hecatombs and pray'r
You expiate revenge, my wrongs repair :
Rebuild my altars, let the carnage flow,
And Heaven's high arch resound with shrieks of woe.
Here ceas'd the priest, the prince with horror hears,
Those foul injunctions but enlarge his fears,
Then with a mandate stern the guard compels,
To drag the prisoners from their dreary cells ;
By laws inhuman, tear from their abodes
A thousand victims to appease their gods ;
These with delicious food he bids to feed,
And fatten their worn carcasses with speed ;
That done with expedition to prepare
The slaves to sacrifice, with gifts and prayer,
Red indignation in the Incas flam'd
At this recital, when he thus exclaim'd :
Heavens ! shall I credit Cacique what you say,
A thousand helpless victims in one day,

Condemn'd to sacrifice by tyrants nod
T' appease and glut a sanguinary god :
Yes, generous prince ! 'tis true, the chief replied,
On what I here advance you may confide,
Such complicated sorrows have been hurl'd
Upon the helpless tenants of the world,
Such scenes of murder, rapine, war, and woe,
Have vex'd and plagu'd poor mortals here below ;
That they conclusively are led to deem,
That love of mischief guides the power supreme ;
Hence men are led this vengeful power to praise,
And his malignant influence to appease,
With human blood his hellish altars slain,
And laws divine and human they profane,
T' avert that rage that man can not restrict,
A thousand horrid murders they inflict,
Such is the worship man to him affords,
Which worship with his nature well accords :
For since from evil, evil still proceeds,
And devilish power is served with devilish deeds ;
But chieftains think not this relation odd,
This foul infernal worship of our god ;
Like us to him these strangers homage pay,
Like us his sanguinary laws obey ;
And but for him on whom could they bestow
Those offer'd streams of blood they've caus'd to flow ;
But if of other gods they hold their own,
To us his name and worship are unknown :
We know another deity they hold,
But whom or where they scruple to unfold ;
Yet such he is their persecutions say,
As him whom we poor Mexicans obey,
To whom the blood, the tears, the groans, the cries
Of innocence oppress are grateful sacrifice.
But these digressions little here avail,
He said, and thus resum'd his rueful tale :
The priest-ridden prince, by these persuasions lur'd,
Thought Heaven's protections now were well secur'd
When he this edict fanatic had given
For this detested sacrifice to Heaven :

But whilst the king these useless projects chose
With hasty strides advanc'd his dreadful foes ;
The nations who had dar'd him in the field
Had by his valour been compell'd to yield,
A gen'ral rout the foes of Cortez find.
And numberc his victorious host have join'd.
Formidable the conqueror onward bends,
And far and wide his lengthen'd line extends ;
The king no longer now conceals his fears,
But deep despondence in his aspect bears :
Once more on treaty vainly he relies,
Once more with tampering gifts the hero tries,
With him, in spite of all his native pride,
His realm he meanly offers to divide ;
Proffers their shatter'd navy to repair,
And reimburse th' expences of the war—
Mean subterfuge, which only serves to shew
Those servile fears which none but cowards know,
Fears that embolden his presuming foes,
And more their sordid purposes expose,
Erected by his gifts the insidious train,
And taught still greater treasures to obtain ;
To him th' imperious Cortez doth protest,
His soul these abject schemes can ne'er digest,
That this submission's more than he requires,
Who but a parley with the prince desires ;
Nor can his gilded embassy have force
E'en to divert, much less obstruct his course,
Nor gold should iure, nor promises unbind
One single purpose of his rigid mind ;
Th' offence was such, the crime so flagrant stood,
As never to be cancel'd, but with blood,
And since the line of friendship was remov'd,
Since ev'ry overture succesless prov'd,
He now resolv'd by violence to gain,
What moderation had pursu'd in vain.
That once gay town, whose turrets pierc'd the skies,
Whose grandeur now a heap of ruin lies :—
Ill-fated Mexico once beauteous stood,
Deep in the centre of a lake, whose flood

Wide spread its lucid, circling waters round,
As if by nature meant, a spacious mound ;
Glitt'ring on high its gilded temples shew,
As if emerging from the lake below :
O'er num'rous causeways was th' uncertain way,
By which an entrance to the city lay.
O'er that where Cortez made his hostile train,
My rev'rend sire the late command had ta'en,
Propos'd he stood their passage to prevent,
Nor ought delay'd, but for the king's consent :
But Montezuma, now by fear unmann'd,
The war forsakes—the troops neglected stand :
The chiefs of war no orders can obtain,
And ev'ry argument is tried in vain,
Sunk in suspense and stupified despair,
His own security scarce seems the monarch's care,
Thus self-disarm'd by fear, there nought remains,
But mean submission to the victor's chains,
With patience our sad destiny to meet,
And sue for mercy at our conqueror's feet ;—
What indignation kindled in my breast !
The sov'reign's mandate how did I detest !
Detest the orders of a man so base,
That mark'd him with indelible disgrace ;
With what contempt shall future times survey,
A mighty empire meanly cast away
By the vile fears of one, whose chiefest end
And aim should be that empire to defend :
Alone, unarm'd, the prince in person goes,
Like friends, to welcome his audacious foes
In proud magnificence he vainly tries
To hide that shame too obvious in his eyes ;
With marks of joy and friendship he receives
Th' intrusive chief, and costliest presents gives,
Then to the dome of his illustrious sire,
Invites the proud usurpers to retire ;
This done, in secret, homeward he repairs,
Remov'd from all, but self-perplexing cares ;
His people he avoids with conscious shame,
And none but strangers can his presence claim :—

Cortez in all dissimulation skill'd,
With all the phrase of adulation fill'd,
The feeble monarch's confidence acquires,
And soon conforms him to his own desires :
Such was the strange address of him, whose heart
Appear'd the source of each perfidious art.
The royal palace, once sublimely great,
Where long the kings of Mexico had sat,
Adorn'd alike for purpose and for shew,
With all that pride could ask, or art bestow,
This once magnificent and sacred court,
Now vilely chang'd, becomes a hostile fort,
Where Hernan and his proud Castilian hand,
Usurping bore an absolute command :
But pitying here, O, prince, whilst I relate
The sad catastrophe, our sov'reign's fate.
Our country doom'd to conquest, chains and death,
These sorrows to relate, suspend my breath ;
The times on which the epochs are built,
Of all their rapine, cruelty and guilt,
Close on that town, where late with ample sway'd,
Great Montezuma rul'd, where all obey'd,
Where base submission bow'd upon each street,
And servile flatterers lick'd a tyrant's feet ;
Even to the palace of his noble sires,
O'erwhelm'd with secret grief the king retires ;
There like a pris'ner pent, his fate to moan,
Detain'd by force neglected, and alone !
Such is the will of his imperious foe,
Who stops not now his perfidy to shew :
Nay, worse, these fiends implacable, provide,
New study'd insults to reduce his pride ;—
His royal feet in galling chains confin'd,
His hands with abject manacles they bind,
Doom'd like a slave in vile coercion's chains,
Or malefactor whom the law arraigns,
The fallen prince his former pride forgoes,
Tanght to be humbl'd by his recent woes ;
The total change his circumstances find,
Seems to produce an equal change of mind ;

Remember'd pow'r but serves his pride to sting,
And as his fortune sinks, so sinks the king,
He unrepining yields to their commands,
And to their bonds submits his passive hands,
Nay, with such meanness is the monarch seiz'd,
That when at intervals he stands releas'd
T' amuse his cruel foes the fall'n king,
Ludicrously affects to dance and sing.
Now from his seat great Orizimbo* rose,
And thus resum'd the story of his woes :
Not long the king surviv'd his wretched fall,
For as he stood, high rais'd upon the wall,
Disputing with an armed force below.
Who now insult his fall, and mock his woe ;
Hurl'd from a hand unknown, a fatal dart,
Deep pierc'd the hapless monarch to the heart.
Disorder fills the town, and loud alarms,
Whilst ev'ry Mexican proceeds to arms.
Their monarch slain, they now attempt in vain
T' expel the foe—and freedom to regain,
In vain the Indians on their arms rely,
In vain attempt to fight, in vain to fly ;
The Spaniards with confusion fill'd the place,
And wild despair sits mark'd on ev'ry face.
They sack the town with sacrilegious hands,
And to the temples toss'd their flaming brands :—
Here stopp'd the chief, with gen'rous grief oppress'd,
His tears confirm'd the feelings of his breast,
His country pillag'd, and his sov'reign slain,
Awoke the pangs of sad remember'd pain ;

The prince Orizimbo continues his narrative ; Cortez, after having reduced the provinces of Mexico, returns to Old Spain for reinforcements, with which he means to prosecute the war in the southern provinces. Alverado is left Lieutenant Governor, who conceives a design of subduing the empire of Peru, or at least, of ingratiating himself into the favour of the Inca, through the interest of Amazilla and Telasco ; the one the sister, and the other the friend of Orizimbo :—Gomez, the Lieutenant, is sent about by sea for that purpose, whilst the Governor marches thither by land :—the poem concludes with the shipwreck of Gomez, and the delivery of Amazilla and Telasco.

The friendly Inca saw th' affecting part,
And clasp'd the sorrowing stranger to his heart,
Promis'd what tho' he could not yield relief,
He yet might sooth the sharpness of his grief.
But now that this eventful deed is done,
And Mexico, ill-fated, overthrown.
Pizarro means to quit the hostile plain,
And cross old Ocean to his native Spain,
There to recruit his army, and obtain
The reinforcements for his next campaign.
Pizarro, gone with the first favouring wind,
Leaves Alverado in his place behind ;
His absence this ambitious hero fires
With schemes of conquest his proud soul inspires ;
Left in possession of the sole command,
He grows a pow'rful rival in the land ;
Yet, in the number of that 'vent'rous host,
Who stood embattl'd on a distant coast,
Not one a character so spotless bore,
Nor more of greatness in their aspect wore ;
Soft majesty adorn'd his manly face,
And all his actions bore the mildest grace ;
Much by his valour and unwearied care,
Had been achiev'd in this romantic war ;
Not one in all the warlike Hernan's host,
Of more essential services could boast ;
On him a recompence to merit ow'd,
An ample province Cortez had bestow'd.
Here the lieutenant-governor remain'd,
Or rather like a sov'reign singly reign'd ;
Tho' thus preferr'd, still by ambition fir'd,
To higher dignities his soul aspir'd ;
Still in his heart the thirst of treasure burn'd,
And oft his eyes with anxious looks he turn'd
Towards the southern climes, whose glitt'ring spoils
He knew could well reward his various toils ;
To him in consequence of labours past,
When for the spoils of war the lots were cast,
Had fallen as his prize a lovely pair—
Telasco he—she Amazilla fair ;

She warlike Orizimbo's sister prov'd,
And he the friend of Orizimbo lov'd,
They through the sad vicissitudes of fate,
That still on the unfortunate await,
Some soft and soothing comforts still possess'd,
Howe'er afflicted, injur'd, or distress'd ;
They still together could support their pains,
Give mutual aid to ease each others chains :
Yet still in vile captivity they groan'd,
And their reverse of fortune oft bemoan'd ;
To their release he still refus'd consent,
Tho' not unconscious of their high descent.
But now intelligence around was spread,
That to the regions of the south were fled,
The friends and followers of the sov'reign slain,
Who had escap'd the carnage of the plain,
Fled to the regions where he had been told,
Were hid those glitt'ring piles of tempting gold ;
From these accounts new views engag'd his mind,
And daily to his thoughts employment find,
Those heaps of wealth possess'd by southern pow'rs,
Were still the subject of his vacant hours.
Amongst the few who seconded his aim,
Was a Castilian—Gomez was his name ;
A thirst of enterprise inspir'd his breast,
That ever active scorn'd inglorious rest.
It chanc'd as walking on a certain day,
With Alverado near the winding sea,
On various themes their conversation ran,
When he, the chief, to Gomez thus began :
Attend, my friend, to what I shall disclose,
But then my project see not to expose ;
To you alone my schemes I have reveal'd,
To you alone my secrets unconceal'd ;
So long as we did second Cortez's plan,
Till now, where'er his mad ambition ran,
With promptness we obey'd his proud commands,
Like instruments intrusted to his hands ;

Still unrewarded, still unknown to fame,
Our labours could but little honours claim,
Lost in the splendant lustre of his name.
But now that fortune graciously inclines
To crown our toils, and with the occasion joins,
Let us the opportunity embrace,
Nor blindly spurn this incident of grace.
What chance our equal glory can compel,
Nay, too, 'tis possible we may excel,
Excel his gilded series of success,
And flatt'ring fortune promises no less ;
Far to the south of this new conquer'd world,
Where Spain her ensigns never yet unfurl'd,
A country lies for wealth and greatness fam'd,
'The Golden Empire of the Incas nam'd,
Whither impell'd, by war and deepest dread,
Our hapless Montezuma's nephews fled,
In hopes a safe asylum to obtain,
From the great princes of the southern main.
The scheme I first propose is now to use,
That int'rest which these exiles can't refuse,
T' obtain the confidence of him before,
Whose throne these chiefs' assistance now implore ;
With those who in the south have shelter found,
Is Orizimbo, much in war renown'd,
His sister and his friend, a youthful pair,
Are both my captives by the chance of war ;
Nothing more tender or sincere can prove,
Than is their mutual intercourse of love.
Now he that could an interview prepare,
Between the prince and Amazilla fair,
Might to good purpose use the captive pair.
Hence Gomez, as you value me your friend,
To this, the crisis of my scheme, attend ;
For you, close moor'd upon the shelving strand,
A vessel waits, with skilful seamen mann'd ;
An hundred of the bravest of our crew,
Sworn to the secret and attach'd to you.
But ere for sea yon vessel is unmoor'd,
Let these two slaves be first convey'd on board,

To them a due respect and kindness shew,
And when th' auspicious wind begins to blow,
Your anchors weigh, and with your faithful host,
Explore, with swiftest sails, the southern coast ;
The country found, immediately resort
With these instructions, to the Incas's court :
Let Orizimbo know that you possess,
His friend and sister, and that their success
Depend on that assistance he may lend,
Whose interest you solicit as a friend,
And that with you it optional remains,
As he your friendship studies and maintains,
To bind or to release his friend and sister's chains.
Tell him on board your brigantine they wait,
On you, expectant, of their future fate ;
That if he can, by pow'r or int'rest, bring
You to obtain an audience of the king,
'Tis all the recompence that you expect,
And who would such advantages neglect ?
Your own good prudence will to you suggest,
As things may turn, what methods will be best,
How much on secrecy the scheme depends,
And what may answer most our mutual ends ;
And that the captives, with some careful hand,
Still in the same predicament should stand,
Let all your actions cautious silence hide,
Till time may with your purpose coincide,
Or chance to the eventful issue guide.
On your discretion solely I depend,
Whose prudence made me choose you as a friend ;
Go then, my friend, and with a common care,
Against to-morrow for the voyage prepare.
He then commanded, and with speed were sought
The lovely pair, and to his presence brought :—
Go, hapless youths, said he, by me resign'd,
Your friend and brother Orizimbo find,
Like you he, too, is Alverado's friend,
And for your ransom I on him depend ;

To Gomez I this business have consign'd,
And Orizimbo soon expect to find.
But ah ! what tongue can speak the glad surprise
That sparkles in the two, fond lover's eyes,
Wild agitation seems to rend each breast,
By hope now cheer'd, and now by doubt oppress'd,
Now they anticipate their happier love,
Now fear those hopes may but delusive prove,
And dread those artful wiles which men prepare,
Which unsuspecting innocence ensnare ;
With eyes transfix'd, they on each other gaze,
And to the gods their hands devoutly raise,
Then on the general look with fix'd surprise,
To read their future fortunes in his eyes,,
When Amazilla the long silence broke,
And thus the brave Castillian chief bespoke :—
Sov'reign dispenser of our joys and woes,
How cruel is the kindness you propose !
Perhaps you but design to mock our grief,
To increase our woe, and yet withhold relief.
Doubt not my words ! the gen'rous leader cried,
Since on my promise you may now confide ;
Distrust me not, 'tis but the coward's part,
T' insult the weak, and vex th' afflicted heart.
For other's woes I feel an answering pain,
And mourn to hear this injur'd land complain,
But more for you my partial bosom heaves,
For you my heart with greater sorrow grieves,
Because your former elevated state,
More painful renders this reverse of fate ;
Then on my word implicitly rely,
Which time e'er long to you shall verify.
How, cried Telasco how shall I believe
These flatt'ring speeches studied to deceive ;
Have I not seen thee with vindictive ire,
With hostile vengeance, bear destructive fire,
Even to the palace of my royal sire ?
Thy murd'ring hands have I with horror seen,
Red with the carnage of my dearest kin ;
Nay, more, you cruelly myself have bound,
~~These hands~~ with basest fetters too you wound,

In dungeon vile, detain'd, in deepest woe,
'Midst all the horrors guilt is doom'd to know,
But tho' so poignantly I feel distress,
Tho' torments infinite, around me press,
Tho' num'rous woes o'erwhelm my native plain,
Her gods defam'd, and all her patriots slain ;
All this, nay more, with patience I could bear,
If you could pardon, with intent sincere.
Were I convinc'd of your sincerity,
I'd praise you as a being from on high :—
See how my eyes in grateful transports roll—
Such peerless clemency o'ercomes my soul,
I, who till now have ne'er implor'd thy aid,
Who more for death than for a pardon pray'd ;
Now prostrate at thy feet transported lie,
And from thy lips hear sounds of lively joy,
Thy feet I kiss, and with my flowing tears,
Thus drown remember'd woes, and future fears.
Great Alverado view'd them thus distress'd,
He rais'd and press'd them to his gen'rous breast ;
With pleasure he their grateful grief beheld,
His manly heart with sympathy was fill'd ;—
Retire, my friends, the Spaniard cried—retire,
These marks of gratitude are more than I require,
'Tis not that I rejoice in your distress,
Insult the vanquish'd, or the weak oppress ;
All that I ask, if grateful you're inclin'd,
Is this, when you shall Orizimbo find—
To that brave prince my conduct recommend,
Tell him how far my offices extend ;
Say, that for him alone I broke your chains,
In hopes his friendship would reward my pains,
That all I did, that all you kindly deem,
Was to secure and merit his esteem,
Tell him, tho' skilful in the hostile plain,
Known in the various schemes that conquest gain,
Yet then, when Fortune shall my labours bless,
I know to value and deserve success,
That when the hostile trumpets cease to blow,
And peace shall reconcile me to my foe,

Then social sympathy shall fire my breast,
For those whose liberties I late oppress'd,
By mercy taught, on which myself depend,
I mercy to my fellows can extend!
Soon as Aurora ting'd the eastern dawn, [lawn,
And Sol's bright beams had streak'd the verdant
The joyous pair releas'd, now haste on board,
The wind blows fair, the bark's with speed unmoor'd,
While to the breeze they spread their swelling sail,
And cheerful run before the driving gale,
At this same juncture, to th' Iberian coast,
Pizarro sail'd, t' improve his shatter'd host.
Alonzo, governor was left behind,
To whom Panama was by lot consign'd;
Horror and indignation seiz'd his breast,
To view this outstretch'd tyranny oppress'd
By his associates on a helpless train,
Their country pillag'd; and their hero slain;
A soft humanity his bosom fir'd,
His soul with kind compassion was inspir'd,
Bravely resolv'd at least the lives to spare,
Of the small residue escap'd the guilty war.
Pizarro gone, he ev'ry effort tries,
The Inca king of Quito to advise,
With timely care to raise a pow'rful host,
To save himself and guard his threaten'd coast,
Which soon Pizarro menac'd to invade,
And to the Inca thus Alonzo said:
With toil expensive seek not to prepare,
Strong forts and batteries to repel the war,
A simple wall of turf and sand compose,
Sufficient thus to check the progress of your foes;
No toils in war so terrible appear,
Us'd as they are to conquests ev'ry where,
As long delays, which evil most they fear.
To Tumbez first the Spaniards will proceed,
Then Tumbez we should fortify with speed;
Learn to anticipate their acts with care,
And where they menace first, there first prepare;

Be watchful of their way, their motions mind,
And shew, tho' weak, Peruvians are not blind :
The monarch with the kind precaution mov'd,
Yields to his counsels and his schemes approv'd,
He to Alonzo gives the sole command,
To march to Tumbez with a chosen band,
And the first needful bulwarks to erect,
The works to order and the troops inspect ;
Then Orizimbo joins upon the way,
Resolv'd his toils to share, his works survey,
Along the plains they now direct their course,
And soon at Tumbez halt their little force,
There next with mutual cheerfulness they bend,
Their hands to raise the walls, the lines extend,
A fort they raise upon the spacious plain,
Which threatens proud defiance to the main,
Defencible it seem'd, and artful plann'd,
Well serv'd with stores, with bravest Indians mann'd.
On this the poor Peruvians wond'ring gaz'd,
To see the edifice themselves had rais'd.
Far to the west the now declining sun,
In swift career his circling course had run,
Reflected from the waves the setting beam,
Shot on the lofty hills its fulgent gleam,
When forth Alonzo walk'd upon the plain,
With god-like Orizimbo in his train,
The chief of Tumbez in their walk attends,
And various subjects entertains the friends ;
Amongst the various topics of debate,
That occupied their thoughts, the hapless fate
Of Montezuma oft did them engage,
His ravag'd empire and the christian rage,
That seem'd to cruelty so much inclin'd,
That sought the general slaughter of mankind ;
That they should thus, by barbarous impulse driv'n,
Contrary to the laws of earth and heav'n,
Forsake the plenteous country of their own,
To spread destruction in a land unknown.
Uninjur'd, unprovok'd, with wanton rage,
To spare nor guiltless infancy or age,

But still with ruffian hand where'er they came,
To bear the hostile sword and kindling flame ;
Alternate rage and horror seiz'd each breast,
Their sullen silence spoke their anger best ;
Remem'bring all their country's wrongs they swore,
To brook such cruel outrages no more.
Whilst thus these sad reflections they pursu'd,
Far o'er the curling deep Alonzo view'd,
The ship of Gomez, with expanded sail,
Swift steering to the port before the gale ;
Awhile the hero gaz'd in mute surprise,
With ire vindictive sparkling in his eyes :
Lo ! where they come, he cried, swift o'er the main,
Pizarro, with his pow'rs, return'd from Spain !
Sure heav'n assists them with a partial aid,
Who thus so soon the tedious voyage have made,
The favouring elements their call obey,
And bear their bark auspicious through the sea.
Whilst these remarks the pond'ring chief detail'd,
Midst the delusive calm that round prevail'd,
A distant tempest is observ'd to rise,
And gathering clouds obscure the argent skies,
Loud roars the whirlwind o'er the tossing deep,
And the big surges form a pond'rous heap ;
Wave upon wave the watery column rears,
Like boiling foam th' uplifted pile appears,
While from above the clouds impending lower,
That thick'ning look like an inverted tower,
Clouds under clouds in deep succession roll,
Till joining with the waves the wond'rous whole
A pillar form'd, whose bottom in the flood,
Erect and terrible in aspect stood :
Thus the united elements compose,
A syphon huge by which the water flows,
Press'd by the weight of the surrounding air,
The waves converg'd thro' the vast column rear,
In spiral streams, and as they mount on high,
Th' expanding clouds incessantly supply.
This strange phenomenon Alonzo view'd,
Whose cause to him alone was understood,

That prodigy, which mariners appall'd,
Behold—which they a water-spout have called ;
Whilst he the object terrible beheld,
And view'd the bark with kindred christians fill'd,
Their sad calamity alarm'd his breast,
And all his late resentment is suppress'd ;
Their danger now his ev'ry care engross'd,
And former hate in present fear is lost,
Unmindful he of all the various crimes,
That stain'd their arms in those tumultuous times,
Unmindful of the ruin they had spread,
The streams of blood their barb'rous hands had shed.
All, all is now forgot, this case alone,
Employs his mind, their country is his own,
'That he and they both left one common shore,
Both doom'd alike, perhaps, to see no more ;
Those fond reflections all his mind possess'd,
'These woes rekindled friendship in his breast.
Gomez with horror, now beholds from far,
The dire conflicting elemental war,
Each effort tries that skill and courage know,
To save the ship from the impending blow.
But all their schemes and strength and courage fail
In vain they wear the ship and shorten sail,
Drawn by the waves, the vessel onward drives,
And in the fatal vortex soon arrives ;
Her lofty masts and yards the column break,
Which pond'rous falls a deluge on the deck,
The bark unequal to th' o'erwhelming blow,
With dreadful crash, now found'ring, sinks below.
The storm subsides, the waters smooth around,
And all is buried in the vast profound :
Great Orizimbo gaz'd with bursting spleen,
His eyes unpitying view'd the dismal scene ;
Heaven is all just, he cry'd, thus perish all,
The foes of Mexico, thus each proud Spaniard fall !
'This swarm of tyrants, who with ruthless hand,
Have spread destruction o'er a guil less land.
Forbear, great chief, Alonzo quick replied,
Nor thus exulting in resentful pride,

they live ! th' enraptur'd Indian cried,
at survive the sad destructive tide :
with assistance ere it is too late—
and snatch them from the jaws of fate ;
my friends, and try who first can save
hapless victims from a wat'ry grave ;
your canoes, your bravest efforts try,
I thus singly to their rescue fly.
And, with speed he quits the verdant plain,
and long springs into the wat'ry main ;
and canoes they loosen from the shore,
every nerve, and ply with every oar,
by the tossing waves ere he can make
a plank the prince they overtake,
each the hapless pair themselves sustain,
at the mercy of the bounding main,
floating high upon the billows steep,
sunk'd in an unfathomable deep,
the whirl, as chance directs the way,
on the bosom of the various sea,
the hapless pair now toss'd upon the wave
Orizimbo thus attempts to save,
and recovery all impatient bend,
wonderful to say, his sister and his friend,
two as on the vessel's side they stood,
first the dire phenomenon they view'd,
unconscious of its dread effects agreed,
to the vessel with their utmost speed,
an alternative but this could save
and their fellows from a watery grave ;
both resolv'd, they plung'd into the sea,
and their lives in like uncertain way,
practice taught to sport upon the wave,
now by sad necessity, made brave,
shall need these arts they now employ,
once they practis'd but in hours of joy.
Come, my dear, they come to our relief !
and m'd Telasco, spent with toil and grief,

Maintain your hold, my Amazilla dear,
For see where fate brings our deliverance near !
Ah me ! she cry'd, deliverance comes in vain,
To me, no longer I my hold maintain ;
O, I am sick to death, my heart grows cold,
I sink, I fall, my hands have lost their hold,
One moment more will terminate my life,
One moment parts thee from thy hapless wife.
She said, when swift like coursers in a chace,
With flying oars the Indians reach the place,
When Orizimbo both his arms extends,
To save from opening death his sinking friends.
Live, live my friends, for sure you are no less,
Exclaim'd the prince, when found in this distress,
To you soft mercy should assistance give,
And you, though strangers, shall protected live.
He spoke, the pair with faint imploring eye
Beheld the succour, and return'd a sigh ;
No instant of reflection ev'n was left,
Each seem'd of sense and memory bereft :
With eager grasp the half expiring maid,
Her hands tenacious on her brother laid ;
His sister's hand the prince unconscious prest,
And clasp'd her lifeless to his anxious breast.
But ah ! what tongue can picture his surprise,
When as he mournful watch'd her setting eyes,
Marking each feature, tracing every grace,
He view'd in her, his Amazilla's face,
He shriek'd, then cried, just heavens ! is this sincere
Or do I dream, speak, say, my sister dear,
What strange sad accident has brought you here ?
Leave me, she sigh'd, and kindly strive to save,
My dear Telasco from the swallowing wave.
Soon as Telasco's name assails his ear,
Soft in the bark he lays the fainting fair,
Then wildly leaps into the tossing wave,
From yawning death his sinking friend to save,
Who spent and breathless on the billows borne,
From wave to wave now seems the ocean's scorn,

And just when lifeless, ready to descend,
Seiz'd by the hair, he grasps his hopeless friend ;
With him he plunges through the liquid main,
And both at last secure the boat again.
His features soon Telasco recogniz'd,
With more than common chance he stands surpriz'd ;
Uncertain passions swell'd his wondering heart,
And his extatic soul stands ready to depart ;
His trembling limbs no more their master guide,
Supine he falls at Amazilla's side :
The afflicted chief beheld the breathless pair,
His bosom heav'd with pity and despair :
He deems them dead each effort he applies
For their revival its exertion tries.
Invok'd Heav'n's succour by incessant cries.
Telasco first reviving symptoms shews,
But only to behold new rising woes ;
Pallid she lay and cold as silent death,
Fair Amazilla seem'd no more to breathe :
Between her brother and her love she lies,
The hand of death hard pressing on her eyes,
Great Orizimbo with unwearied care
Upon his knees supports the breathless fair,
And whilst he anxious views her torpid eyes
That yet exclude the light, he deeply sighs ;
Down his wan cheek the briny torrent stole,
That spoke the secret anguish of his soul,
When to her aid her ardent lover flies,
And with his fingers gently opes her eyes,
To see if yet one spark of life remains,
To sooth their sorrow and relieve their pains,
O yet (said he) thy palpitating heart
Heaves high with life ; whilst every other part
Seems by the chilling damps of death o'erspread,
And thy fair frame to all sensation dead ;
Awake, my love ! O let me hear thy breath
Shake off the icy manacles of death !
Telasco calls, my lovely fair return,
If yet life's lamp within thy bosom burn,

'Scap'd from the horrors of the bill'wing main,
From numerous perils on the embattl'd plain,
With the sweet partner of my every care,
With thee for whom I every toil could share,
I scorn'd each danger, all oppression past.
My country's shame, my own to fortune cast,
Superior rose to ev'ry various woe,
Nor e'er submitted discontent to shew ;
Still cheer'd by hope, my poor expecting mind
Still look'd in future, happier days to find,
Till fate thus cruel siez'd thee in my arms,
And bade a deadly hue o'erspread thy charms ;
O ! Orizimbo, who can speak our grief,
What power, save that of Heaven can give relief :
On this eventful day thus deem'd to meet,
This day of all with sorrows most replete ;
Oh ! hast thou then thy sister only found,
To lay her lifeless body in the ground !
Hast thou all vent'rous dar'd the tossing wave,
And snatch'd thy friend from an untimely grave,
Just to behold, then view him close his eyes,
And death's cold hand dissolves the vital ties !
He ceas'd, meanwhile they ply each busy oar
And swiftly urg'd the vessel to the shore ;
Their friends impatient welcome their return,
Unconscious of the cause for which they mourn,
When Orizimbo thus the crowd address'd,
To them thus spoke the anguish of his breast ;—
Princes and friends you here behold me stand,
If fate so deign the happiest of your band,
Could I to life restore this breathless fair
Who is my sister, and who now must share
Your kind attention and our common care ;
He whom you view beneath affliction bend,
Is young Telasco, once my noble friend !
Kind Heav'n has to my longing arms return'd,
All that I lov'd, esteem'd, and long have mourn'd :
Then help me, Indians, and with gen'rous care,
Snatch from the jaws of death, my Amazilla fair !

But now she faintly lifts her languid eyes,
And looks around on all with sad surprise,
The swimming shades of death still dim'd her sight,
Unable to support the glare of light :
Around each object wild confusion seems,
Like the remains of tantalizing dreams,
Full oft she looks around her, in fix'd amaze—
Now here, now there, with wonder seems to gaze ;
But silent, still, as doubtful yet to find
The thing she wish'd, but wand'ring of the mind,
At length she long, suspensive silence broke,
And faintly thus, in faltering accents spoke ;
Yet do I live ? ye gods ! is this sincere ?—
Behold my brother and Telasco here !
My fears the kindly hints of hope controul—
I hope all real—but—I doubt the whole ;
By this attracted, and to this inclin'd,
Speak you, and rectify my 'wilder'd mind—
Where am I ? upon the tossing main—
And yet behold Telasco once again !
In wild confusion is my fancy toss'd ;
And all my reason in my wonder lost !
It was but now, O, my 'Telasco brave !
We sidelong floated on the tumbling wave,
Alone we plung'd amid the tempest's roar,
Whilst now we sit with numbers on the shore ;—
But who is this, thy circling arms enfold ?
Is it my brother Orizimbo, bold ?
Or some fond phantom, deck'd by Fancy's hand ?
Alas ! the sight is more than I can stand !
O, come, my love ! my fleeting spirit stay,
Ere it escape—it's on the loitering way.
She said : succeeding tears began to flow,
That mitigate the pressure of her woe,
The kind effusion eas'd her burthen'd heart,
And from Death's hand snatch'd his suspended dart ;
The kind relief 'Telasco's bosom cheers,
Whilst from his cheek he dries the falling tears :
Let comfort sooth thy agitated breast,
The lover cried, and let those sorrows rest,

Enjoy thy life, to happier periods live ;
So shall my lover sweet return receive,
For thee, the kindest blessings heav'n bestows,
With all of love or joy, that mortal knows,
With suppliant heart thy lover here implores,
Join'd with a brother's prayers, who thee adores.
O, yes, Telasco ! cried the beauteous fair,
And Orizimbo, objects of my care—
Have you, O gracious Heavens ! to me return'd ?—
All that I priz'd, and all I long have mourn'd ?
Yes, yes, 'tis true, my grateful heart o'erflows
With joys that far outbalance all my woes,
But say, what shore is this, on which we stand ?
Or how miraculous, we reach'd the land ?
Or are these strangers that behold our woes,
Come here like friends, or like insulting foes ?
When thus Alonzo, to the beauteous maid :
Of what we are, you need not be afraid,
We are, in whom you safely may confide,
Firm to your cause, by sympathy allied ;
Before you here, the prince of Tumbez stands,
His gen'rous soul will answer your demands,
And far beyond these wide extended plains,
In southern climes, a mighty monarch reigns,
On whose commands with ardour we attend,
And whose munificence makes him our friend :
But ah ! what tongue can speak the glad surprise,
That beam'd in common transport from their eyes ;
The wondering Mexicans by favouring fate,
Thus strange assembl'd in an unknown state ;
The wonderful turn of Providence, who brings
From direst circumstances, happiest things ;
The fell misfortunes which had each oppress'd,
With wonder agitates each Indian's breast :
Oft they review with one admiring mind,
The numerous dangers they had left behind,
And oft as they th' unwearied tale relate,
And mark the eventful changes of their fate,
A pensive gloom each face would overcast,
To think what countless perils they had pass'd.

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF JOHANNA SOUTHCOTT

JOHN Bull, thou art a weary sot,
Pretending to be witty !
Tho' many people say thou 'rt not,
And so much more the pity !
Thou'rt cheated, hoax'd, and humbug'd so,
That one would think thee doating ;
In sooth, thy sense has sunk so low,
Delirium 'tis denoting.

Britannia once both far and near
For common sense was famous ;
But now surrounding states we hear,
Call her an ignoramus.

There's not a year, a week, a day,
So prov'd to all the fact is ;
But what imposture in some way
Upon poor Bull will practise.

• Hard times—mad dogs—flat-bottom'd boats—
With wapping plagues—invasions—
Are made to fill the people's throats
On fifty like occasions.

One beldam fasts for seven years,—

Gets fat by these pretences ;

Another wretch inspir'd appears,

Because she's lost her senses.

A comet, with a fiery tale,

Now threatens desolation,

A Hamburg, or a Brussel's mail,

Spreads equal consternation.

Last year ! a man in childbed died,

How folly does but lark it !

Yet no great wonder, people cried,

As 'twas so near Clare Market.

But sure of all the humbug stuff,

Since nonsense such a growth got,

There's not an hoax, 'tis plain enough,

To match Johanna Southcott,

Johanna, sure that fated name

Hath something mystic near it ;

As they have all been mark'd by fame,

Whose hap it was to wear it,

There's her of Arc, next she, the Pope,

With her of Arragona :

But best and last, this kingdom's hope,

Our Devonshire Madona.

Our poor John Bull, thou hast a skull,

Of thickness most uncommon :

But to be fool'd was vastly dull

' old woman.

To think that she at sixty-three

Would e'er bring forth a Shilo ;

To be incarn'd of any he,

Absurdity, most vile O !

You doting dames, both far and near,

Who've sometimes done a slack trick,

Don't fear the three and sixtieth year,

That notable climactic !

'Tis nine times seven, or seven times nine,

A most important crisis !

When ladies oft'ner seek death's shrine,

Than think of carnal vices.

Johanna's fate a warning be,

Strong as Athenian rhet'ric,

To those wh' expect at sixty-three

The aid of an obstetric.

Good Mrs. Townly ! pious sage !

Ann Underwood—thou also !

Ye Magdalenes of this our age,

Whom justly we may call so.

What will become of you ? good lack !

That now Johanna's rotten ;

Why, droop your tales, sneak off, fall back,

And try to be forgotten.

And ye Johannians, poor and rich,

What are you now a thinking ?

Whose noses this deluded witch

Have verily felt stinking.

No Shilo heaves her sterile womb,
And not ev'n Doctor Towser,
When she's laid in the silent tomb,
To life again shall rouse her,
And yet what pity 'tis that one
With falsehood fill'd, and maggot,
Has to the grave in quiet gone,
More worthy of a faggot,
To justice and to common sense,
Was a more righteous tribute,
Than this old hag, for this offence
T' have tuck'd upon a gibbet.
There would her vot'ries still have seen
Their much ador'd impostor,
And she a lasting scarecrow been,
So long as winds had toss'd her.
Yet who can say's the most to blame,
Of all this sect unhallow'd ?
She who Millenium durst proclaim,
Or knaves and fools that follow'd ?
She had an interest in the fraud,
Whilst so perhaps had many ;
And such as those we must applaud,
Who seek an honest penny.
But who'd have thought, commix'd with these,
Her followers, vile, or silly,
Here to have met with Doctor Reece,
Great Reece of Piccadilly !

And would you, Sir, have held a bet,
I mean a trifling wager ?
Amongst Johanna's flock t' have met
One proselyte, a major !

Yet say, what station high, or low,
Can shield us from Vesania ;
Ev'n princes have, ere now, we know,
Had diff'rent sorts of mania,

But now she's gone, so let her go,
And all her nonsense with her !
Old Nick had ne'er her like below,
So let him take her thither.

'Tis plain her reveries and stuff,
Would fill all hell with laughter ;
And if her sect ha'n't got enough,
Just let them follow after.

THE FRATRICIDE.



ARGUMENT.

THE following Ballad is taken from one in Dr. Piercy's collection, called "Edward, Edward." I remember to have heard another old set of this song, which seems in my opinion, to be more ancient than that of the Bishop's. It began thus—

O where gott'st thou that bloody sword,
Son Davy, son Davy, &c. &c.

The tenor and equivoques of both are nearly the same, except the catastrophe, in which one confesses the blood to be that of his brother, whom he had killed in a passion, for plucking a young willow,

"Which might have been a tree."

The other avows it to be the blood of his father, and curses his mother's evil counsels for having been the virtual cause of the horrid consequences. As the sequels of both are very unsatisfactory, I have thought proper to assign a more probable reason for the fatal rencontre; which, in my opinion, is preferable to the original, which ever it be.

WHY looks my son so ghastly pale,

Why shakes he thus with fear;

Why stands he mute—what can he ail?

O tell thy mother dear!

Yes, tell me, Godfrey, on thy word,

Whence comes that dripping brand?

Why reeking yet appears thy sword,

And whence that bloody hand?

O mother dear ! what needs this fear ;
What causes this alarm ?
The blood which you discover here,
Need indicate no harm.

In Inglewood I chanc'd to spy
Some sport upon the plain ;
My falcon he refus'd to fly—
I wrung his neck in twain !

O son, O son ! to heav'n I would
'Twere sooth as thou hast said ;
But certes, Godfrey, thy hawk's blood
Was never half so red.

O lady mother, trust thy son,
When he the truth shall tell ;
My greyhound he refus'd to run,
And by my sword he fell !

O son, O son ! to heav'n I would
'Twere sooth as thou hast said ;
But certes, Godfrey, thy hound's blood
Was never half so red.

O lady fair ! dispel your care,
When I the truth shall tell ;
This morning as I chas'd a hare,
Full fast on Barrock Fell ;

My good grey mare she restive grew,
Just as I made my start ;
Enrag'd, my angry sword I drew
And stabb'd her thro' the heart !

She was my father's favourite, aye,
With care right costly bred ;
But what will now Sir Prosper say,
To find that she is dead ?

O son, O son ! to heaven I would
'Twere sooth as thou hast said ;
But certes, Godfrey, thy mare's blood
Was never half so red.

O tell me, Godfrey, on thy word,
Whence comes that dripping brand ?
Why reeking yet appears thy sword,
And whence that bloody hand ?

O mother dear, 'tis meet I should,
(T' equivocate is vain ;)
It is my brother Gilferd's blood,
By me untimely slain !

O say, when hell this purpose plann'd,
What demon strew'd the strife,
That thou should'st thus, with murd'ring hand
Destroy thy brother's life ?

Was it for this all-gracious heav'n !
That I two sons have borne ?
That children have to me been giv'n,
To make me more forlorn ?

O sure it is a doleful day,
A doleful one to me ;
That one should thus his brother slay,
And hang'd himself must be !

O mother, 'twas a bitter cause
That urg'd this bitter deed ;
That made me break through Nature's laws—
That made my brother bleed !

My Emma—she, my married wife,
Whom I so dearly lov'd ;
She, whom I valued more than life,
Inconstant she has prov'd !

But oh ! the agonizing tale,
It rends my heart anew ;
And it but ekes unto my bale,
Her baseness to review.

Returning from the morning chase,
The harlot did I see
Within my brother's lewd embrace,
All-yielding as might be !

With anger no one might assuage,
To view such foul disgrace ;
And mad with jealousy and rage,
I rush'd unto the place.

To punish their unseemly lust
My sword in haste I drew,
And, with one furious mortal thrust,
Ran both their bodies thro' !

Then from the fatal galling scene
In haste did I recede,
For common justice, as I ween,
Will hunt me with all speed.

Oh ! but it is a bitter blow,
And death were sweet to me ;
But that, alas ! if seiz'd, I know,
That death were on a tree !
And how would you, my mother dear,
Support the lasting shame ?
Or how the public curses hear,
Mix'd with thy Godfrey's name ?
No ! to the Highlands I will hie,
In solitude I'll mourn ;
Unpitied live—unheeded die—
But never more return !

MEDITATIONS

IN HALES OWEN ABBEY.



THRO' the lone pile, the chambers of the dead,
How solemn at this midnight hour to tread ;
To hear the hollow vaults resound beneath,
While through the ivy sighs the night wind's breath;
Nor moon, nor twinkling stars, the shades affright,
But bats and owls preside o'er death and night.

Oh grave ! this is thy victory—here they rot,
'The past world's lights—extinguished and forgot—
To groaning graves, the mould'ring walls reply,
The night birds howl the song of destiny ;
While e'en the breezes seem the tale to bear,
And warning Sprites to float upon the air ;
The vaults that ring—the winds that vainly sigh—
Breathe but the moral—All alike must die :
And 'midst the tottering ruins all we read,
Oblivion's march, and glory's flickering shade !
There beams no honour from the tombs that shew,
With irony severe the *great* below,
Exalting man with title, power and worth,
To foil the fate that bows him to the earth !
That gild with nauseous praise, and pompous bust,
The loathsome worm that grovels in the dust.

Hast thou, oh Fame ! no worthier gift than this
To nourish thy proud owner's lowliness ;

294 MEDITATIONS IN HALES OWEN ABBEY.

And while thou tell'st the fleeting glory past,
To point the equal home of all at last ?
Hast thou, oh Pride ! no sweeter balm to sooth
The dull cold hour—than this ignoble truth,
That reckless thousands trample on thy tomb
And read from thine the universal doom ?

Then far remote from elegy and praise,
Earth, my calm shrine—the sheltering yew my bays ;
Give me some village church-yard's lonely sod,
(While my freed spirit seeks its home with God—)
Where no officious sage shall ask my date,
Or draw insulting morals from my fate ;
Without an epitaph or flattering stone,
In peace to rest, unhonour'd and unknown :
Since from the vapour fame, no solace springs,
And beggars sleep in death as sound as kings !

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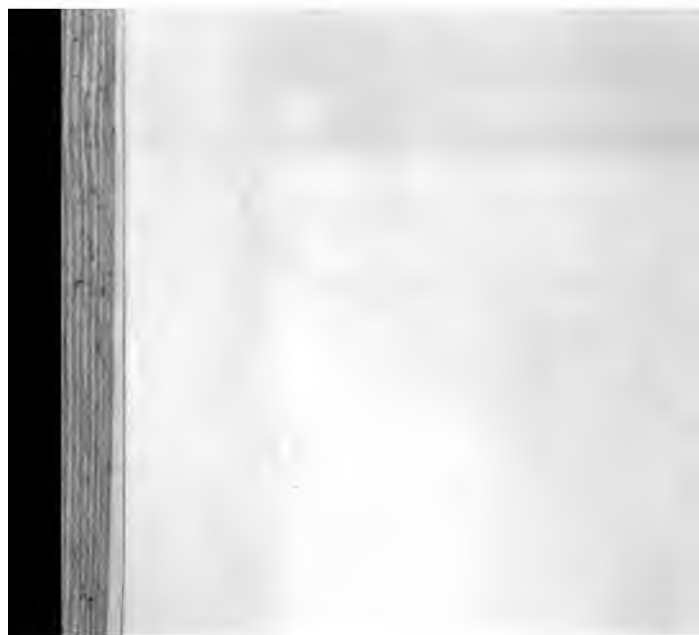
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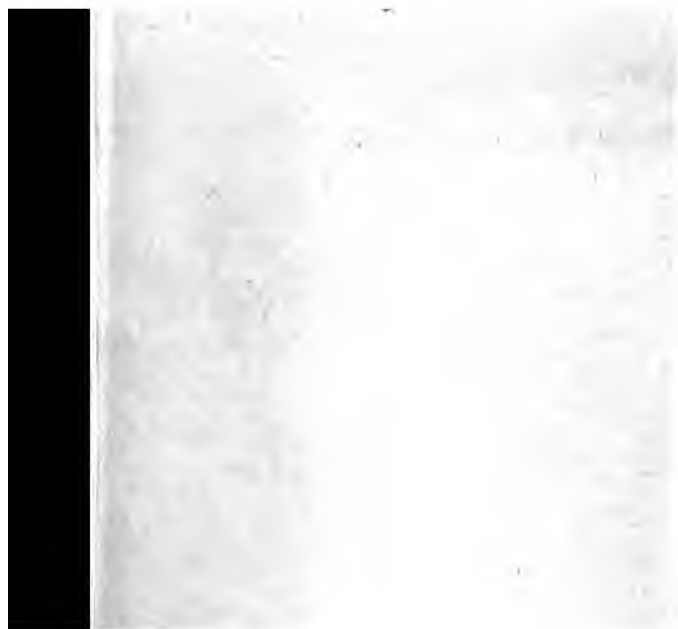
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